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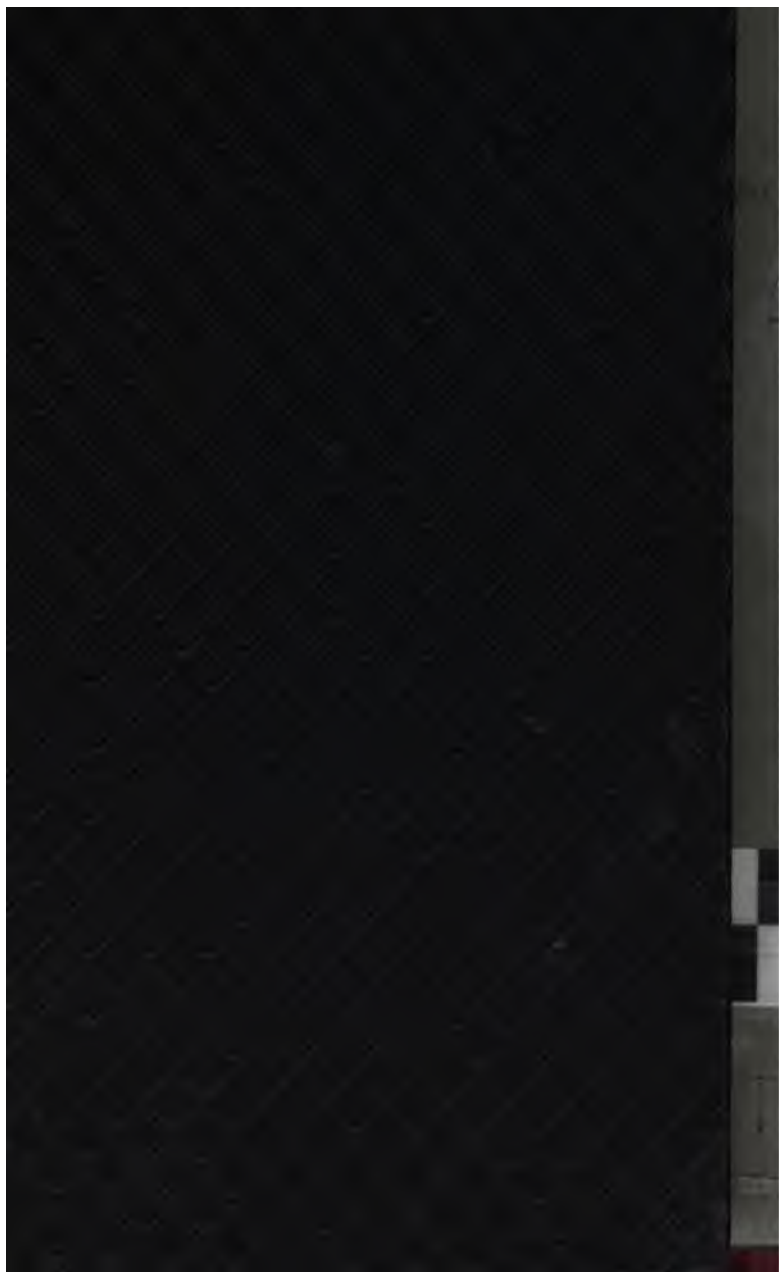
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ECCENTRICITY;

OR A

CHECK TO CENSORIOUSNESS:

WITH

CHAPTERS ON OTHER SUBJECTS.

BY THE

REV. JAMES KENDALL,

AUTHOR OF NUMEROUS PUBLICATIONS.

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P R E F A C E .

THE difficulty of writing prefaces is now more generally acknowledged than it ever has been during the whole history of modern literature. This difficulty does **not** arise so much from not knowing what to say, as from the perplexity of the author's mind. He is afraid of saying too much, and it will not suit his purpose to say too little. Then he is a little puzzled as to *suitableness*, and whether the reader will peruse or omit his preface.

Some books come out without a word of preface ; others with too many. Some are very clever and ingenious ; others anticipate too much of the subject of the book ; and others again have little or no connection with its subject.

As to myself, I have been puzzled in no ordinary degree, but have at length resolved to settle the question. I will have a *short* preface, and as much to the point as the peculiar character of my book will
* *admit of.*

I have just to say then that this book would never have been written, but for the fact that I have been unrighteously censured, and have suffered much from the *result* of censure.

Being from childhood by mental constitution inclined, while in a cheerful mood, to *facetiousness*, I have not happened to please everybody. I have ever had multitudes of cordial and attached Christian friends, to whom this said facetiousness has been agreeable.

Since I have been a preacher, a vast number of good ministers and Christian families, in my own religious connexion, have shewn me as much respect and kindness, *on account of facetiousness*, as for other qualities of a graver kind. But then as some people *don't like* facetiousness, and think it ought to be censured and quietly punished, they have acted on their own grave principles, and very solemnly, and without any provocation on my part, put me to my difficulties. During many years I have borne this patiently. I sometimes tried to think that my grave opponents might be right and I wrong; but I thought *again*, and discovered their errors. Yet I was silent. *After a time*, however, it seemed to me that there

was to be no end of censure ; and when the charge of *eccentricity* came up against me, and procured for me a very disagreeable notoriety throughout the kingdom, alarming the churches, and fetching out those ugly things called *remonstrances*, to annoy and injure me, I saw that this *would not do*.

I determined, therefore, to let all my adversaries know that they were not to be considered so pious as they pretended to be ; and if *they* had no concern for my temporal comforts and ministerial character, I must needs have some concern myself. I therefore wrote this book, and now publish it ; and although it is not likely to be relished by a particular class of readers, yet I know before hand that it will be countenanced by such sensible people as have themselves been censured and ill-treated for wit and humour.

I love true religion, and do what I can to promote it, but I will never succumb to Pharisaism, and hence I offer no apology for publishing this volume, and express no regret. I sincerely respect the judgment of wise and good men ; I love the connexion to which I belong ; I venerate the character and admire the qualifications of all its superior ministers. But as certain *stiff religionists* have recklessly and even

publicly trifled, in their solemn way, with my name, and to my serious detriment, they must expect to be noted and *celebrated* in their turn.

The parts of the book which have no immediate connection either with eccentricity or censoriousness, may, it is hoped, be a relief to the reader who is not interested in my autobiography; they belong to the "Chapters on other subjects," announced in the title page, and are intended for general edification. I have used the same freedom of speech in these chapters as in all the others. I have sincerely aimed to do good by their introduction, and am not without hope that none but the *fastidious* (whose judgment is not quite infallible, and whose tempers not absolutely celestial) will find any considerable fault with them.

Independently of myself altogether, all men should be concerned to defend cheerful Christianity; to preserve its *purity*, and at the same time to stand fast in its *liberty*.

CONTENTS.

	Page
CHAPTER I.—Weather—Cares—Books—Men.....	9
„ II.—Egotism	19
„ III.—Eccentricity	27
„ IV.—Mental Eccentricity.....	32
„ V.—Mental Eccentricity—Its Opponents.....	38
„ VI.—A very remarkable lady—Remonstrators	43
„ VII.—Demons	50
„ VIII.—Ministers—Mrs. Croakem—Mr. Grim- scragg	57
„ IX.—Mrs. Pickholes—Mrs. Scratchwell—Mrs. Candour.....	63
„ X.—Mr. Moneybags—Mr. Honestdoubt	73
„ XI.—London—Remonstrators punished	77
„ XII.—Manuscripts — Politics — Evil Spirits — Disappointments	83
„ XIII.—Mrs. Addlepate and others.....	95
„ XIV.—Disappointment — A Professor — Little Books	99
„ XV.—Mrs. Addlepate and the Author.....	107
„ XVI.—“Beware of Men”—Democritus.....	113
„ XVII.—Mrs. Addlepate and the Author.....	125
„ XVIII.—A Wonderful Schedule	131
„ XIX.—Debt—&c.	136

CHAPTER XX.—Legislative Assembly—&c.....	164
„ XXI.—Criticism—Saul’s Gravity—A Conversa- tion	170
„ XXII.—Dr. Whately—Weak Brethren—Dr. Stil- lingfleet	177
„ XXIII.—Envy	184
„ XXIV.—Eccentricity—An Equipage—Poverty— A Letter.....	189
„ XXV.—The Platform	197
„ XXVI.—The Parlour.....	212
„ XXVII.—Medicine	223
„ XXVIII.—The Parlour	227
„ XXIX.—Itinerancy—Its Hospitalities	236
„ XXX.—Reflections — Mrs. Addlepate — Her Correspondence	250
„ XXXI.—Supplementary—Queer Preaching ...	261
„ XXXII.—Supplementary—Bobby Boy	267
Prototypes—&c.	274
Prototypes of other characters, more or less hostile to eccentricity.....	277
Prototypes of the amiable characters	277

ECCENTRICITY.

CHAPTER I.

WEATHER—CARES—BOOKS—MEN.

SOME novel writers, and other writers whose books very much resemble novels, have a mighty predilection for beginning their chapters with notices of the *weather*. Their fashion of introducing us to the main subject is somewhat like this: “It was on a cold and “dismal December day, the sleet driving before the “wind;”—or, “On a sultry evening in the month of “July, the black and fitful clouds threatening a terrible tempest, when Sir Samuel Sensitive—or Miss “Rebecca Ringlet, (her beautiful tresses gracefully “flowing over a neck of alabaster)—sat alone in the “library in profound meditation,”—[when such and such remarkable things as a matter of course transpired.]

Now this fashion in commencing operations in book making is not exactly to our taste. It is *very* taking with many readers, especially with angels without wings, such as young ladies in America are represented to us by *Mrs. Stowe* and other writers, who

delight in those *minute details* of personal beauty and rare accomplishments, which our consciences oblige us to designate *fiddle-faddle*. But we are not at all *up* to this style of writing, not being sufficiently effeminate; and it is very much to be questioned whether the best of our *British* ladies, or gentlemen either, can relish elegant frivolities in any department of literature. But now about the *weather*. Who but the infirm and sickly, and exquisite ladies with thin shoes, is afraid of it? British men and real British *women* (God bless them!) though not destitute of education accomplishments, etiquette, and all the proprieties of what is termed “good society,” are not butterflies; nor do they spend half their time in reading novels, lounging on sofas, and playing harpsichords. They give due attention to household affairs; they strengthen their bodies and minds too by avoiding what John Wesley calls “softness and needless self-indulgence.” They can, when need requires,—and even when it does not exactly require—become cooks and housemaids in their own families; they can face the outward storm and tempest; they can “rough it;” and they can, in the parlour or drawing-room, maintain themselves in dignified conversation. They repudiate fastidious effeminacy as unworthy of them. The nonsense of affectation they utterly despise. Laziness they regard as a sin. O ye British good Christian women, ye deserve our high esteem, our grateful *affection*! As to patience, meekness, forbearance, *fortitude*, the endurance of suffering, ye make some of

us men thoroughly ashamed of ourselves—for in these grand essential virtues, not a few of you have the pre-eminence. Well, but the *weather* again! For more than thirty years, as a travelling preacher, the writer has braved it in long pedestrian journies, in all its pranks, and rough and tempestuous varieties. He has often been stuck fast in snow drifts, and almost smothered. Deluged with merciless rains, startled with thunder claps, menaced by those fearful lightning flashes, which to men and beasts have proved fatal; pelted with those outrageous hail-storms, which have smashed sky-lights, and done wide-spreading mischief, and yet somehow or other such weather never disposed him to stay at home and neglect his appointment, except in those very, *very* rare cases in which word has been sent to him not to come, because *the people* could not come to whom he was to preach. By God's good providence his *outer man* is strong and tough as ever. Weather, then, does not trouble him.

Does anything else trouble him? Yes, he will confess his infirmity—you may call it sin if you like, but he has been troubled. *Real* troubles are *within* us: "man is born unto trouble," and yet everybody knows there is more trouble than there need be. Unmerited contempt, perpetuated injustice, and unprovoked injury, inflict trouble. Talk of stormy and tempestuous weather! Pooh! Pooh! 'Tis something next to nothing as to our individual experience. But,

"When cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,—

we are in for it, in a sense, immeasurably worse than Miss Mims, who goes out without an umbrella, and on her return is caught in a “*dreadful*” shower, so that she has to change her dress, her dear papa and mamma fearing that without immense attention she will catch her death of cold; and it is certainly as proper to prevent the *results* of a shower, as it is to avoid that *excess* of tenderness which makes it dangerous.

But now as to cares and sorrows, brought upon us by people who, professing to believe the Bible, ought to have behaved better. Must we brood over them? Moralists, philosophers, and divines say, No; yet surely we may enlighten and admonish those whose errors and delinquencies give trouble to their neighbours! This we mean to do, and at once inform the reader, that as we have been deemed *eccentric*, charged with eccentricity as a fault, and as a reason why we should be kept down low in station and finance; and as censorious Pharisees have in a quiet way persecuted us through a great part of our life, we mean to defend ourselves. We intend to check censoriousness, as it is applied to the character and conduct of innocently humorous Christian ministers. To expose the errors of modern Pharisaism, and chastise, by wholesome satirical severities, its spurious solemnity and injurious tendencies; we shall, however, be under the real necessity of saying much about ourselves, which but for the queer treatment we have received, *we should never* have thought of saying. Yet we

shall not *bore* the reader with eccentricity and censoriousness all through the book, but become discursive, and produce original articles, illustrative of various classes of character. We will not use offensive personalities; we mean to be faithful and fearless, yet preserve sincere respect for all good men in office and authority. Whatever extravagance may seem to characterize some of our pages, we think readers of discrimination and good temper will understand and not condemn us. We seek to do good by checking evil. The literature of *flattery*, which sees no vice in anything but outward and visible immorality, will doubtless be preferred by many readers to our own strictures and speculations; but that sort of literature seldom if ever renders permanent service to morality and true religion. And as to professedly *religious* books, while many are to be admired, many also are religious in scarcely anything but phrases and exclamations, dealing in loose generalities about sin and holiness, brow-beating and denouncing "the world," but leaving some of the worst features of a worldly and selfish spirit in some members of the "Church" altogether untouched. We want a clever book about the *sins of the saints*; we do not mean *real* saints, but those demure and sanctimonious personages whose godliness is of such a cast that they make a "*gain*" of it. These ought to be meddled with, told of their faults, and if they will not amend, they should be reminded that we have an express command from God to *withdraw from them*. (1 Tim. vi. 5.) We make

these remarks because selfishness, injustice, and other vices, are so often overlooked, and so frequently, when dealt with at all, merely *touched* by godly writers, and with such ineffable tenderness that nobody becomes the wiser or the better for such *soft* animadversions. Evils of such enormous magnitude ought to be handled roughly.

We will furnish the reader with a small bundle of extracts, to prepare him for some severities which he will soon overtake in his progress through the following pages, and for which preparation is at least expedient, if not absolutely necessary.

From an old book then, published in 1630—two hundred and twenty eight years from the time I write this (1858)—and entitled “WISDOM,” I extract the following:—“Free and hearty admonition is a very wholesome and excellent medicine, and the best office of amitie. For to wound and offend a little, to profit much is to love soundly. A friend goes roundly to work, and respecteth not so much how he may please, as how he may profit, whether by fair means or by foul, as a good physician useth to do to cure his patient.”

A writer named *Glanville*, speaking of a favourite author, says, “Wycherly in his writings is the sharpest *satyr*ist of his time; but in his nature he has all the softness of the tenderest dispositions: in his writings he is severe, bold, undertaking: in his nature, gentle, modest, inoffensive.”

Pope, the poet, referring to some pungent author, says—

“ Yet soft his nature, though severe his lay,
His anger moral, and his wisdom gay;
Blest *satyr*ist ! who touched the mean so true,
As show'd vice had his hate and pity too.”

May we not also, while expressing our sincere and intense admiration for the learned and the critical in the various departments of science and *exegetical* literature, add, that according to *Alexander Pope*, “ The proper study of mankind is *man*.” Yes ; the knowledge of astronomy, geography, geology, botany, chemistry, is useful. The knowledge of *languages*, for which oriental and classical scholars and linguists are indebted to a *powerful memory*—able to retain the declensions of nouns, the conjugations of verbs, and all the rules, and *exceptions* to rules, with the various *niceties* belonging to *grammar*, is invaluable, and the world is very greatly indebted to superior men in *this* department of literature. But *man*, with all his vices and virtues, his faults and excellencies, should be studied.

Hydraulics, hydrostatics, and pneumatics—the first being the science of conveying water through pipes ; the second, that of weighing fluids ; and the third relating to the air, or the laws by which it is condensed, rarified, or gravitates, are parts of knowledge known to be very serviceable, yet only really wanted by a few. But *man* in his mental, moral, and

religious varieties, should be studied by *all*. And when he becomes queer and crotchety, and departs from the pure doctrines and precepts of Christianity, we must look well after him, or he will play sad pranks, and do us mischief.

The writer, during his progress through life up to the present, has seen amongst men much to admire, much to revere, esteem, and love—much to be grateful for. Men under the direct influence of the Christian religion, are sons of God. But when they decline from benevolence to selfishness; when they go from truth to error; when they leave sound reasoning for sophistry; when they make void the laws of God by foolish traditions, or the whimsical fancies of fanaticism; when they call this thing sinful, and that thing sinful, which the Bible contemplates as a matter of pure indifference, and in some cases a real virtue, they then become, if not sons of Belial, yet very troublesome and injurious persons. *Antipathies*, though sometimes very natural and proper, are in some instances very ridiculous and mischievous. The *strabism* of *Alderman Growler* renders his fictitious seriousness very oppressive to his neighbour. He looks at men and things in a light of his own. He has a very great antipathy to facetiousness, and calls it *eccentricity*; meaning by that appellation levity or buffoonery, or something wicked. And his very tender conscience prompts him to repudiate every gospel minister who is so awfully presumptuous as to make *anybody* laugh. Like a turkey cock who gobbles and

attacks a little boy with a red jacket, or a wild bull with an antipathy to a field gate, he makes a run at the offensive object, and mischief is the result. From this bastard piety—a degradation to the human intellect, and a nuisance to all wise and good men—have some of us grievously suffered “in mind, body, and estate,” for very many years. We intend to do more than defend ourselves against it. It shall be attacked as an enemy in disguise.

Balthazer Gracian, a celebrated Spanish author, reports an action of *Peter*, Count of *Savoy*, which we think will illustrate the expediency of a man defending himself while he duly respects the rights of others. “This Count,” says he, “who was a Sovereign Prince, presenting himself before *Otho*, Emperor of *Germany*, to receive investiture from him of his dominions, came dressed after a fantastical manner. His right side was all clothed with embroidery, enriched with precious stones; and his left all clad in armour. The Emperor, demanding the reason of this whimsical habit, he answered, ‘I am thus dressed to show your Imperial Majesty that as on one hand I am disposed to pay homage to you, so on the other I am ready to defend myself against all such as shall in the least offer to deprive me of my right.’

“Ah, well,” says the Reverend Christopher Comfortable, (accustomed as a “dear blessed man” to the enjoyment of good livings, and therefore unable to understand the pressure of difficulty)—“It might be well for *Peter Count of Savoy* to buckle on his armour,

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Balthazer Gracian, a celebrated Spanish author, reports an action of *Peter*, Count of *Savoy*, which we think will illustrate the expediency of a man defending himself while he duly respects the rights of others. “This Count,” says he, “who was a Sovereign Prince, presenting himself before *Otho*, Emperor of *Germany*, to receive investiture from him of his dominions, came dressed after a fantastical manner. His right side was all clothed with embroidery, enriched with precious stones; and his left all clad in armour. The Emperor, demanding the reason of this whimsical habit, he answered, ‘I am thus dressed to show your Imperial Majesty that as on one hand I am disposed to pay homage to you, so on the other I am ready to defend myself against all such as shall in the least offer to deprive me of my right.’

“Ah, well,” says the Reverend Christopher Comfortable, (accustomed as a “dear blessed man” to the enjoyment of good livings, and therefore unable to understand the pressure of difficulty)—“It might be well for *Peter Count of Savoy* to buckle on his armour,

religious varieties, should be studied by *all*. And when he becomes queer and crotchety, and departs from the pure doctrines and precepts of Christianity, we must look well after him, or he will play sad pranks, and do us mischief.

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but our Saviour was meek and lowly in heart, and loved his enemies, and you should be like him!" We reply, our Saviour *did* love his enemies, and laid down his life for them, but he also terribly reprimanded them for their vices. Instead of always being silent, he called them "serpents, a generation of vipers, and asked them how they could escape the damnation of hell?" No *revenge* should be mixed with our disapprobation, nor should we as Christians dare to think of *malice* in our defensive or offensive warfare. But selfishness, gross inattention to the rights of others—unfeeling inconsideration, practical rudeness, jealousy, envy, unprovoked opposition, *perpetuated* injustice,—are evils of so gross a character, that to let them alone is tacitly to sanction them, and thus connive at the peril and danger of the souls of those who cherish and practise them.

CHAPTER II.

EGOTISM.

“As unknown, and yet well known”—“as poor, yet making many rich,” says Paul to the Corinthians (2nd Epistle, vi. 9, 10.) We adopt this language as applicable to ourself. Inconsiderable and obscure; poor in this world, having neither money nor estate, how few comparatively know anything about us, and of those few, how many *care* anything about us? So be it, if it please God; yet we are well known in our own religious community, and though poor,—much poorer than we should have been but for this alleged eccentricity,—we have, by the grace of Christ, instrumentally enriched many with gospel treasures. But really, reader, it is very inconvenient and troublesome to keep on with these editorial phrases of “we,” and “us,” and “our.” To be more explicit and intelligible then, another mode must be adopted, not, accurately speaking, *egotistical*, yet something like it. Say, if you please, in the way of necessary or justifiable egotism. Some writer, in Addison’s *Spectator*, being angry with a certain class of authors, says, “a tribe of egotists, for whom I

have always had a mortal aversion, are the authors of memoirs, who are never mentioned in any works but their own."

I cannot but think, however, that this sensitive critic, though right in the main, was never in *a fix*; never obliged either to write a bit of autobiography, or let the Philistines crush him. These old writers, who, something less than two hundred years ago, figured away in "Spectators," and figured well too, did not know everything and everybody—not one of them was ever a Methodist Preacher, brow beaten and pinched for eccentricity. They did for *their* times, we must do for ours. Despite, then, of all that is odious and revolting in the egotistical style of writing in the estimation of some one-sided geniuses, who *will* not take the trouble to distinguish between the egotism of vanity and that *seeming* egotism, which is nothing more than necessary self-defence,—I shall proceed in my own way, which I deem to be the only way in which I can be understood, and accomplish my design in counteracting some of those colossean evils which result from censoriousness.

In the earlier years of my ministry, though appointed to hard-working Circuits with small salaries, I had no ground of complaint. My *status*, as fixed by the Conference, and my accommodations among the people, though sometimes a little rough, not *from unkindness*, but from poverty,—were quite *as good as I had a right to expect*. But in the pro-

gress of years, I found myself frequently interrogated, and in many directions with questions of this sort:—"How is it you do not get better Circuits? Why don't they appoint you to Manchester, or Leeds, or London?" &c. These questions were followed up by expressions of thankfulness, for religious benefits said to be derived from my preaching. Murmurings, deep and loud and frequent, were uttered, not by *me*, but by my very numerous friends, including not a few of our best Ministers, and Presidents of Conferences; and the exclamation, "'Tis a shame they don't use you better," was so often uttered, that I began to be fidgetty. The questions put to me, were put to some others in power and authority, "Why don't *you* give him a lift?" "What has he done, that *younger* men, and not his equals, should always be much better appointed than he?" Now, as it is always very easy to give an answer of some sort to a frequent and probing question, the reply usually was,—(*as it is now*),—"Why, you see, he is so *eccentric*; he is not serious enough. In the parlour he is facetious, and tells anecdotes,—and 'our people are a *grave* people,' and don't like him to make them laugh," &c.

And this, reader, is the reason why, after thirty-two years of hard service, I maintain the same *circuit status* now (1859) as at the beginning of my career. But this is not the worst of it,—through misrepresentations as to the *kind* and *degree* of my facetiousness, (foolishly called *eccentricity*) I have sometimes, in *spite of the cordial affection* of a large body of brother

Ministers, and multitudes of Christian people, had to tremble lest I should get no Circuit at all.

At the Conference held in Liverpool, 1857, a kind-hearted Minister, who did his best to serve me, said to me, "The Representatives* were unwilling to receive you in their Circuits, because you are a *funny* brother." Thanks to the good and excellent man who *would* receive me when others would *not*. At that Conference I let off a speech against censoriousness; no man replied to it. One of the most eminent and amiable of the ministers said to me, "Well, brother K., you know *I* do not censure you."

It is now proper, however, to anticipate some very reasonable enquiries. To look at questions which though they have never been put to me, *may be* forthcoming—"Do you not think too much of yourself?" "Are you not under a mistake and delusion as to your qualifications?" "Are you not self-conceited?" &c.

Let Facts and Letters answer for me.

FACTS.—By special and official invitation, I have, from time to time, preached Sermons, and advocated Christian Missions, Schools, the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Religious Tract Society, &c., in pulpits and on platforms, in some of the

* Those readers who are not Wesleyans may now be informed that *Representatives* are Ministers selected to *represent*, in Committee and in full Conference, the wants and wishes of Circuits and brother Ministers, as to their future appointments.

largest of our Chapels, in great towns and cities, throughout the kingdom. I have been invited by distinguished Clergymen to speak in Town Halls, National Schools, and Churches. I have lectured in Chapels, Halls, Institutions, and Colleges. I have received compliments, commendations, applauses, and acclamations, and have been treated with every demonstration of esteem and affection.

Is it *customary*, I ask, to invite objectionable and incompetent men to services of this kind,—to give them public thanks, and greet them with applause? Yet from the *difficulty* felt at different times in getting me stationed, and the, at least, seeming impossibility of fixing me in a superior position—the public, hearing of this difficulty and seeming impossibility, must have concluded me to be inefficient, or as the stale indefinite phrase is, “below the mark.” Alas! for that conduct which has often doomed me, as it once did St. Paul, to “speak as a fool.” Shame upon any who *extort* from me an egotism which, under different circumstances, would merit severe reprobation, and which now, though using it from dire necessity, I feel to be tormenting.

LETTERS.—Short extracts from a few out of many:—

Dec. 14, 1841.—“If any opinion or influence of mine could have procured you a status in our heterogeneous Connexion, more worthy of your Wesleyan principles and many powers of usefulness, you would have occupied it some years ago.”

This was from an eminent Wesleyan Minister, and superior classical scholar—now living.

Dec. 6, 1842.—“I shall have great pleasure in using any little influence I may have in promoting your interests. I am quite satisfied the Great Head of the Church has given talents to you for something better than what has generally been allotted to you.”

This was from a senior Minister, *now* sustaining an influential position in the Wesleyan Connexion, and was once President of the Canadian Conference.

Feb. 27, 1846.—“My opinion, and that of many *to whom we look up*, is, that you have been generally appointed to Circuits *beneath your deserts*.”

From a superior and popular Wesleyan Minister, now deceased.

1853.—“For my own part I feel satisfied your preaching would be most acceptable, and I should rejoice on every account to see your name down for City Road.”

From a Wesleyan Gentleman in London of very high respectability, and some time General Treasurer of the Wesleyan Missionary Society.

“My late father (Dr. B.) had a high appreciation of your talents and virtues.”—From P. B. Esq.

This information I am *obliged* to give, because in the first place a man accustomed to travel in inferior, or at least but very middling circuits, is usually deemed unqualified for anything better; and secondly, if *nominated* for a high class circuit, he will be almost certain, without some special recommendation to meet with some determined and desperate official remonstrance; and thus with regard to many poor fellows in this vexatious world, we may but too truly say, *once down always down*.

It is owing to popular error, false modesty, and

stupid ways of thinking, that a man speaking in his own favour is so often disregarded, and sometimes treated worse for asserting himself than while he was silent. Saint Paul, in *self-defence*, was an egotist. This we see in his Second Epistle to the Corinthians. "Would to God ye could bear with me a little in my folly." (Chap. ii. 1.) "I say again, let no man think me a fool; if otherwise, yet as a fool receive me, that I may boast myself a little." (Chap. xi. 16) "I am become a fool in glorying, ye have compelled me." (Chap. xii. 11.) See also his righteous self-commendation in his First Epistle to the Thessalonians. (Chap. ii. 10.)

Jenkins, in his valuable work on the "Reasonableness and Certainty of the Christian Religion," says, (p. 147) "The greatest masters of decency have not thought it always improper to commend themselves, either because they supposed some occasions required it, or because it was a more usual thing when men's lives and manners were more natural and sincere, and they often spoke as they thought, both of themselves and others."

Mr. Jenkins is perfectly right, and we may depend upon it there is often great insincerity in those persons who want to have it thought that they have a very mean opinion of themselves. Sometimes they elegantly style themselves, "crawling worms of earth." Tell them you think they *are* such, and they are immediately transformed into "fiery flying serpents."

The great *Cicero* was not a *vain* but an honest-minded egotist. And in Dr. Johnson's "Rambler," No. 30, I find the following passage: "There are few tasks more ungrateful than for modest persons to speak their own praises. In some cases, however, this must be done for the general good, and a generous spirit will, on such occasions, assert its merit, and vindicate itself with becoming warmth."

A man who plays the egotist when he is not injured is justly reprehensible; but a man who speaks in his own favour, in self-justification, and righteous self-defence, is not really an egotist, though he may seem to be one.

CHAPTER III.

ECCENTRICITY.

I do not now address myself to men of science or adepts in Natural Philosophy: and, therefore, such can, without any offence to me, omit this Chapter. Peter Plainman and Polly Pious, then, can have it all to themselves. Yet, if any astronomer in the plenitude of his condescension should bestow a minute or two upon it, I shall be honoured.

The word *eccentricity*, refers primarily to the motions of certain heavenly bodies, and must, therefore, be considered an *astronomical* term. *Comets*, for instance, by not describing an exact circle in their pathway through the general heavens, are said to take an *eccentric* course, that is, oval, or elliptical.

Deviation from a centre, in fact, is the very thing which constitutes eccentricity. And I may suppose that the amount of eccentricity is in proportion to the degree of deviation. Some good people, however, are not aware that comets are not the *only* bodies in the visible heavens inclined to eccentricity. An old writer, named *Brown*, says, "In regard of eccentricity and the epicycle wherein it moveth, the *Moon is unequal.*" "By reason of the SUN'S eccen-

tricity to the earth, and obliquity to the equator," (says another writer, named *Holder*,) he appears to us to move *unequally*.

And now I observe, that the Sun and the Moon, and all the "host of heaven," including even comets, the orbits of which are ellipses, incur no *censure*; nor can any man, unless an infidel, or a crotchety Christian touched with insanity, ever express *regret* that the Sun and Moon should diminish their dignity, by the slightest irregularity of motion, thus giving sanction to the wild eccentricities of the comets. Stars, planets, and comets, move in the spheres appointed for them by the Creator and Upholder of the universe, and, therefore, can never be said to *go wrong*. Yea, though comets are "hairy," and some have "beards," and others have "long tails," yet no rational man thinks of saying that it is a detriment to the universe to have a comet in it. So far is this from being the case, that comets are exceedingly serviceable. Sir Isaac Newton affirms, that for the "conservation of the water and moisture of the planets, comets seem absolutely requisite." And again he observes, that the "spirit which makes the finest, subtilest, and best part of our air, and which is absolutely requisite for the life and being of all things, come principally from the comets."

Well expressed, Sir Isaac! Had certain characters well known to me, possessed thy philosophy, *instead of their assumed and censorious gravity*, they *would not have rendered their good sense question-*

able, and their ill-will demonstrable. They would have applied their powers of thinking and investigation, which some of them use well enough on *other* subjects, to that of eccentricity, and "not have condemned the guiltless." (Matt. xii. 7.)

We see, then, that in the *material* world, eccentricity is not only not to be complained of, but on the contrary to be *admired*; and God should be praised for admitting it into the systems of His glorious universe.

Superstition and solemn folly, however, have complained of comets. All kinds of evil-foreboding, and all sorts of direful prognostications have been uttered to their disparagement. The magnificent comet of 1811, frightened multitudes. I was a little boy when it made its appearance, night after night, for a long time in the beautiful heavens. I used to gaze upon it with ineffable delight. I had an intelligent and sober-minded uncle, whom the neighbours called a "star gazer." He was not familiar with the science of astronomy, yet he helped me to admire the wonderful works of God, and praise God himself for creating and sustaining them. *He* loved the comet, and we were both sorry when it left us. Its immense stream of brilliant light, (vulgarly called the tail,) put us into a rapture, and on its departure we were disconsolate.

"Hast thou ne'er seen the comet's flaming light?"

Th' illustrious stranger passing terror sheds

On gazing nations, from his fiery train

Of length enormous; takes his ample round

Through depths of ether ; coasts unnumber'd worlds
Of more than solar glory ; doubles wide
Heaven's mighty cape, and then revisits earth
From the long travel of a thousand years."—YOUNG.

The present comet of 1858, is a very beautiful object. I cannot say with the above Poet, that its train is "fiery;" it appears to me to be *vapour*, but I really don't know *what* it is, and astronomers themselves are puzzled about it, and publish contradictory opinions.

Just now, October the 5th, half-past seven in the evening, it stands immediately before a magnificent star. This *orderly* luminary is not offended with the comet, nor complaining that the eccentric stranger stands or *moves* in its way. The star shines with a glorious brilliancy right through the tail of the comet, and both luminaries present to me a spectacle of inexpressible grandeur and loveliness. Ah, we really want a comet now and then to set us a thinking, and arouse us from our dulness !

The poet, *Prior*, ought not to have said—

"Fiery meteors shoot their arbitrary light
And *comets* march with lawless horror bright."

Pooh, Pooh ! comets are neither lawless nor horrible. They move by the laws of the Creator of the universe, and in healthful minds they excite *not* horror, but admiration.

I look again at the star and the comet—I allow my imagination full play. The star seems instinct *with life and animation*, as if to express its delight

that the comet should thus kindly visit its neighbourhood. Just so among stars, planets, and comets, in the universe of intellect. The real and orderly luminaries who move with stateliness and gravity in their respective spheres, love the occasional companionship of him, who takes a different course, but who does the work assigned him. The star before me, if able to speak, and disposed to censoriousness, might say to the comet—"It's like your impudence to place yourself right before *me*, and frisk that long tail of yours right in my face—what must the grave people on the surface of yonder planet, earth, think of you?"

But stars, planets, and comets, don't come into angry and mischievous collision; they are all under orders, and obey them.

Let the silent grandeur, and the glorious combination of sublimity, beauty, splendour, and harmony of all heaven's host, teach the censurers of eccentricity to be silent and behave themselves.

CHAPTER IV.

MENTAL ECCENTRICITY.

I HAVE expressed my contempt for superstitious prognostications on the appearance of comets; yet, I hold in reverence whatever is said in the Bible or collateral history, respecting important events under the immediate control of the Almighty. The "star resembling a sword," and the "comet that continued a whole year," mentioned by Josephus, which stood over Jerusalem, foretelling the "future destruction" of the Jews, should be regarded with real seriousness. Not that I think those extraordinary luminaries were a real star, and a real comet, belonging to the established system of the universe—but, perhaps, *meteors* created for the purpose.

As to comets, properly so called, whether they frighten people or not, we dare not, while we reverence the power and wisdom of the Creator, presume to censure them. But in the world of *mind*, with all its varieties, a man noted, or only *said to be* noted for *mental* eccentricity, is considered "fair game." Some people, professing great holiness, think they have a right to hunt him down; and Pharisees and fanatics are first and foremost in the chase. Gossips, of both sexes, cannot have a better or more relishable subject for fire-side discussion, than the pecu-

liarities of an eccentric man. Their likings and dislikings—their prejudices and prepossessions—their antipathies and sympathies, are all expressed with volubility, and sometimes with the assumed infallibility of an oracle. *Eccentricity*, in mental constitution and habit, is a *very interesting* subject. On this subject powers of criticism can expatiate and disport themselves; and spleen, where it exists, can vent itself without molestation. And we are willing to concede to the most garrulous of the tattlers, that some eccentricities are morally evil; some are of a doubtful character, and some simply harmless. But we are likely to be deemed heretical by them all when we make the assertion, that some are decidedly *beneficial*, restoring health to the body,—furnishing rational and improving entertainment to the mind; and by keeping the heart cheerful, saving the soul from the misery and guilt of bad tempers.

To censure and punish men, whose eccentricity is of this latter kind, and professedly for the honour and glory of God, is a conduct sufficient, were it possible, to exasperate the temper of an angel. Yet this thing has been done over and over again.

The men who have suffered in themselves; in their public reputation, and in their family finances, by such opposition, have done every thing in their power at different times to make themselves agreeable to their Pharisaic censors, but in vain.

Potent Pharisees have made themselves objects, *not of esteem and veneration, but of dread, terror,*

and disgust. Having had to some extent the pecuniary condition of subordinate ministers in their hands, those ministers have been doomed to budge to them.

The day, however, is now past and gone for ever, when potent and primitive censure will be feared and dreaded. Still less will it ever be again succumbed to.

All tattlers and busy-bodies in talking about eccentricity, are apt to use the *generic term* without reference to the different species. Hence, it only needs to be said of a man that he is *eccentric*, and some undefinable suspicion arises, that this man somehow or other—nobody knows how—is in the *wrong*, and faulty. It is resolved that he must be so, *because* he is eccentric, if for no other reason. And let the eccentric man, in question, be a *Christian Minister*, the conclusion is arrived at with a jump, that at any rate he is no better than he ought to be, and churches, parishes, or Methodist circuits, would do well to avoid him. They *do* avoid him, no matter what he and his family suffers from that avoidance. *They*, as they think, are delightfully saved from the awful risk of having him among them. *They* won't have him, and if they are right in this rejection, *nobody else* should have him. He is doomed, therefore, either to be *forced* upon somebody, or go about his business; and the fact of his adding to congregations and churches, and instrumentally blessing *men*, by turning them from their iniquities, is con-

sidered a secondary affair—perhaps, a trifle not worth the mention. This eccentricity has ever been regarded by a class of little-minded people, who have not *seen* it, but merely heard about it from the preposterous and false accounts of men at a distance, as a very *ominous* thing, portending something disastrous,—some hindrance or obstruction to the prosperity of religion, though they cannot say what. Yet to my certain knowledge, some of these half-alarmed men are most objectionably eccentric themselves. Yet they are stone blind to their own real faults, and seem, like the fabled Cyclopes, to have one staring eye in the middle of their foreheads, to look into the imaginary faults of their neighbours.

I have hinted that a kind of horror of eccentricity is felt mostly by little-minded people, and most heartily do I wish that this superstitious feeling had been confined to such people; for in that case, many a pang and much suffering would have been spared to unrighteously censured and degraded ministers. But most unhappily, a few learned divines have connived at this mischievous folly. Their everlasting monitions about being *always* serious, and their strong animadversions upon levity, have been quoted as an authority for censure and repudiation. Utterly overlooking the variety of circumstances in which a man may be placed, and the numerous incidents which occur from time to time, to justify a little humour and facetiousness, they have virtually

taught that a man must have the same expression in his countenance at a wedding, as at a funeral.

Men of this sort are usually of a dejected aspect, and without being aware of it, they disregard our Saviour's express injunction, "Be not as the hypocrites of a *sad* countenance." (Matt. vi. 16.) They may fancy that by this excess of gloomy gravity, they are recommending religion, and producing the impression on their neighbours, that they are holier than most other Christians; but if so, let them at once be undeceived. A few dull and melancholy people, no doubt, have a very high opinion of their sanctity, on account of their sad faces; but as to the majority who know them, they think no such thing. They look out for evidences *far superior* to mere external demureness, to be convinced that any one Christian is superior to any other Christian. For my own part, I have lived too long in this world, and have studied the ways of men too intently, to be taken in by mere appearances. I do not at all question the sincere piety of some solemn looking men; but, there are others, with solemn looks, whose so-called piety, is a thing of their own making. They *put on* gravity to accomplish their selfish designs, though to the unprovoked and lasting injury of their neighbours. O take these men away from me! Some of them assert wilful falsehoods—they defame you—and will most barbarously lacerate your feelings. Should a ruffian with a clenched fist wound *you in the head* and face, a little surgical aid, or a

patch of brown paper soaked in vinegar, might soon heal the wound ; but, when a solemn *would-be* saint, with pious brutality, opposes your true and lawful interests, does you positive and lasting injury, and under the pretext of promoting the cause of God—he is a man to be shunned and avoided ; yet he should be prayed for, that God may undeceive him and make him a better man.

CHAPTER V.

MENTAL ECCENTRICITY.—ITS OPPONENTS.

ECCENTRICITY ! Would the laws of grammar or rhetoric allow me to personify and apostrophize this quality, I might say, " O thou enemy to my comfort and well-doing in this world ! Thou desperate obstructor to all promotion ! Thou alleged cause of innumerable trials, why dost thou so pertinaciously cling to my soul ? Get thee hence ! and let me be an orderly *concentric*—a dear, simple, plain, (not to say) do nothing man ; going in the regular *circle* of other dear, plain, simple men ; never daring even to *do good* unless in formally prescribed ways—letting even opportunities of rendering valuable service go by unimproved, if they cannot be improved except by thy assistance." Thus, if eccentricity might be personified, might I talk to it, and charge it with the moral enormity of prompting me to be in "labours more abundant," and to incur displeasure for doing real and positive good. I was once deemed eccentric, for giving useful lectures in public institutions, though by *such* eccentricity, I secured large audiences and helped their funds—for I never received *pay* for a lecture in my life. Amongst some *Divinity* lectures, in chapels, I once gave one on "*Pulpit Eloquence*," which was well received by unusually large

congregations—printed, approved and commended by the late Dr. Chalmers, of Edinburgh, and the then Bishop of Lincoln—sold off. And yet a grave minister said to me in a letter, “give up all this *nonsense* about eloquence!” I have referred to this in some of my other publications; and I do it here, because I have too much reason to think that some *other* feeling has prompted opposition to me, and that the charge of *eccentricity* has been but a *pretext*. Quite sure I am that the word *eccentricity* is given by the jealous-minded, as a title of reproach, to hinder some useful men from becoming too conspicuous.

Eccentricity! a shocking bad thing, if we believe some ignorant and ill-natured accounts of it. You may affirm of a minister that he is *idle*; “Ah, well,” says Mrs. Sympathy, “the dear man is nervous and cannot do everything.” Say of another, he is *envious*, “that,” says a friend, “cannot be proved.” Say of another, he is *covetous*. “O no,” says Samuel Saveall, “he is only economical.” Say of another, he is *revengeful*. “Why,” says Peter Pugnacious, “he has, to be sure, a little mettle in him, and shows a proper spirit.” Say of another, he is sly, *deceitful*, and disregards truth. “Ah, well,” says, Ferdinand Fox, “we ought to be ‘wise as serpents,’ but he is a monstrous pious man for all that.” Thus are obvious and notorious sins explained away. But let it once come out respecting *another* minister, that he is *eccentric*, and then, as many in the company as do not know *him*, and are more or less inclined to censoriousness,

pronounce sentence against him. Their deluded imaginations, aided by innate hostility, teem with all sorts of vague, undefined and undefinable notions to the man's disparagement. A few present may belong to that class of ignoramuses, who do not *know* what eccentricity means, but *think* it must be something *bad*. Whether it means necromancy, or ventriloquism, or a man standing on his head, or wearing his coat inside out—they can't exactly say. But certainly it must mean some extraordinary deviation from the centre of gravity.

And we agree with these talkers, that if there *should* be men with such oddities, they are unfit for the Christian ministry. It is most profoundly to be regretted that, notwithstanding incessant and extensive preaching throughout the world, there should yet be even among perpetual hearers of the Gospel, so large an amount of ignorance, absurdity, and what may be truly called *narrow-mindedness*." We heartily wish all people to be thoroughly religious and devotional. We would not have them connive at any moral evil; nor can we reasonably object to their censures, when rightly placed and administered with kindness and affection. But the mischief is, the want of efficient pulpit *instruction* in numerous places; the reiterated appeals made from the pulpit to people's passions, to the neglect of their understandings—the keeping them used to one set of *notions*—and the setting up such a formidable barrier *between the godly and the community at large*, as

to exclude the former as much as possible, from all social intercourse with the latter, has made some religionists particularly stupid. As Christians, we all know very well that *sinful* intercourse with the world is interdicted, and as Christians, we have no relish for it. But *social* intercourse, excluding sin, is allowable, and often renders Christians morally beneficial to their worldly neighbours, and witty Christians have often allured worldly people to Christianity, while stiff and gloomy bigots have driven many from it. Stiffness and bigotry, however, though by some interpreted in a most favourable way, as if they were simply too rigid adherents to punctilios of decorum, and to the doctrines of a man's favourite sect, yet well intended and an evidence of a man's sincerity, are not always entitled to so much consideration. A stiff bigot is often a disguised worldling, and a desperate Pharisee. He hates "the pomps and vanities of this wicked world," *professedly* from a pious hatred to their pride and profanity,—but *really* and truly because they are *expensive*, and he loves the *money* better than *these gratifications* which money would purchase. He don't like eccentricity and wit, not because they are always really to be blamed, but because his trickery and selfishness smart under the castigations they administer. He would be thought a first-rate Christian; but the keen and faithful satirist explores him, and exposes his self deception. He makes a great fuss about the *imaginary faults* of his neighbours, and the eccentric

man shows him, to his intense annoyance and mortification, his own *real*, delinquencies. Who then can wonder at the pious horror with which he contemplates *eccentricity*?

CHAPTER VI.

A VERY REMARKABLE LADY.—REMONSTRATORS.

Mrs. ADDLEPATE is an elderly widow lady, of great property; her education in her youth was neglected; yet she seems to have considerable information on various subjects. She is fond of conversation—is not without some pretensions to literature; she reads much, especially new and strange books. She is very, yea, *very* religious; she interests herself much in the appointments of ministers. She delights in gravity, and abhors “lightness” and eccentricity; she uses the Metropolitan *dialect*, as it flourished some fifty years since, in singular perfection. You would think that she imagined the non-aspiration of the letter *h*, and the substitution of *v* for *w*—a mark of aristocracy. She dresses elegantly; for she thinks it “no sin whatsoever for people’s apparel to shute their helewated sitivation in life; as for poor servant *gals*, they should have plain clothes, and never per-shume to aspire at imitation of their Missuses.” She is not without some beauty in her countenance, though some years beyond fifty; she says she has ever cherished a most “righteous aversion to hensegg-tricity.” She cannot but think that eccentricity, (though she does not clearly understand it, and cannot properly pronounce the word) leads people into

bad ways of life; she is, therefore, determined to speak out. Having been informed that *Mr. Whatshisname*, a somewhat eccentric man, is nominated as minister for the place where she lives, she is alarmed. She waxes hot with zealous wrath; her face is very red with pious excitement—and having those large dark eyes, so much admired by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, she becomes angrily beautiful. These orbs flash fire, and she energetically declares against the eccentric. “A caractier of *sich* a description, though he has all the larnin of *Moses* in the Egyptians, and all the heloquence of *Appollo* in the Apostles, would never shute our people.” “And, if,” (says she,) “I must give *my* judgment, *sich* caracters ought not to be tollevated in any part of *Gristendom*. I want a solemn man to preach alarmin sermons, to warn all unconverted mechanics and labourers against the wrath to come; to go about amongst our members, visiting the poor people, specially, now taters is so dear, and they begin to murmur. I want him to pray with them and comfort them, by telling them their troubles will soon be over, and they will want no taters in a better world. Alas, alas! considerin that we are all dust and ashes, and often have dreadful thunder storms, and Mount Vesuffious is in a ruptur, emitten larva, and perdigious stones and brickbats—and that we hear of wars and famine, and robberies and murders, and that we have no good news from nobody about nothing, it is not a time for *ministers* to give us tales and antidotes. No, No,

No ! *hemphatically*, decidedly, and as long as ever this here voice and—and o' mine can be lifted up—I say no henseggtricity ! not a westige of it !”

And, certainly, according to this woman's *notions* of eccentricity, we can allow her all this exuberance of declamation. But, then, she and the whole tribe of ignorants to which she belongs, and of which she is a sample, should submit to be instructed ; should bear to be told freely, how extravagantly eccentric they are themselves ; deviating from the centre of fact and truth, into the mazes of error ; deviating from justice and Christian charity ; and if such wrong headed and wrong hearted people are too proud to be corrected by private admonition, they should see their peculiarities in print, and, if possible, correct themselves.

Mrs. Addlepate has in her time been a very furious *remonstrator*, that is, she has often remonstrated against the appointment of useful Christian ministers ; not that she ever held an appointment in the church, but being a lady of influence, she has given her advice, *gratis*, to men in office, who have acted from her suggestions. She knows it is not proper for women to speak in the churches, or to usurp authority over the men ; but she can speak *out* of the churches, and wield an *influence* among little minded people, which has all the virtue and efficacy of authority. She really must be consulted. It would be a real calamity, to what some would call “*the dissenting interest*,” to offend her. Her dona-

tions and subscriptions are creditable to her liberality, and for these she is thanked and respected. But her obstinacy and self-will, and high towering indignation when her taste is not suited in the nomination of a minister, render it a problematical affair, whether it is best to do with her or without her. It is an evil to let her have her own way in everything; and it is an evil to oppose her wish at the risk of losing money. Of these two evils, the first is thought to be the least—and thus she becomes an instigator of remonstrances. “Tell Mr. Succumb,” (says she, to her man servant,) “that if he don’t *instanto*, (as the Lattins say,) write off against that Henseggtric man wots down for us—I’ll never give nothing no more to the oxilliary fund nor any other; I’ll transpose [transfer] all my bennyfactions to the Lunatic Asylum,—for I have long had the tender-heartedest shimpathy for lunatics. Make haste, John, and urge him to post the letter.” John, “yes, Maam,” [aside] “what a fool’s errand is this!”

Happily, we have religious ladies in the churches who are an ornament to their sex, and who with dignified caution refrain from intermeddling with the appointment of ministers. Their good sense, mental superiority and politeness, will not allow them to be “busy bodies in other men’s matters;” and their piety being untainted with superstition, can not only excuse harmless eccentricity, but dispose them to *give it entertainment*. Who was it that first *originated the miserable dogma* that facetiousness (by

some called eccentricity,) is inconsistent with ministerial dignity and usefulness? Who was it that first undertook to censure and punish it, notwithstanding its being honourably kept out of the pulpit and confined to the social circle? What purblind sour fanatic first ventured to publish, whether orally or in writing, or in both ways, bungling interpretations of texts of Scripture *supposed* to condemn it? What ignorant and arrogant delusionist first began to confound the cheerfulness and humour of the self-governing *Christian*, with the noisy, profane hilarity of the ungodly? Who was it that first set on foot, under the false and nauseous pretence of purifying the Churches, a system of persecution against the witty? How does it come to pass that among philosophers, scholars, and divines, the faculty of discrimination is so rare? My one answer to all this is:—Whoever may have been the human *instruments* in all this error and mischief, the prime *originator* was "*Satan*, transformed into an angel of light." (2 Cor. xi. 10.) It is utterly impossible that efforts made, whether by clergy or laity, to supplant or damage the character and circumstances of useful Christian ministers, can originate from pure and holy motives. And should it be said, that such efforts are not made from bad motives, but from mere *inconsideration*, then I say that even *this* is a fault, and should prompt the inconsiderate person to express regret, and make an apology. I have repeatedly, at different times, acknowledged in Methodism, the connexional right of

remonstrating against preachers; and I admit the propriety of it, where there is an obvious unsuitableness of the man to the place. But in the absence of all *evidence* that any such unsuitableness exists—and when there is nothing whatever to justify opposition, but some wild and personal antipathy, founded upon idle, gossiping, and false reports, a remonstrance is a *sin*. The present wound inflicted upon the discarded minister, and the still further remonstrances called up from other places, by the false alarm of the first objector, places the servant of Christ in a position of peril; and what reflections such remonstrators, *being impenitent*, will have upon a death-bed, they will know better than I can tell them, when that solemn crisis shall arrive.

It is a *fact* that some men, unfeelingly declined by officials, and opposed as I have known them with a desperation, even fiendish, have been repeatedly invited for public services in the first places in the kingdom: and that in these places they have received every demonstration of affectionate esteem. Facts of this sort, (and I could furnish them in abundance,) render it more than probable, that if such men were once lifted to their proper *status*, they would maintain that *status* through life—do extensive good, and in possession of comfortable salaries, save themselves and their families from a thousand anxieties, sorrows, and tortures, which attend rejection, and the poverty which results from it.

In ordinary life we admit that it is a dishonest

and disreputable trick to impose, by false representations of character, a bad servant on a good family. On the other hand, it is piece of refined cruelty to keep a good young man or woman out of a comfortable situation, for small and innocent infirmities not detrimental to their real virtues and competency. For *whom*, then, is that man at work, who with a full knowledge of facts about a minister such as I have referred to, *rejects* him, as if he were a dunce, a blockhead, and a delinquent? I say that such a man is at work for *Satan* !

CHAPTER VII.

DEMONS.

THE language I have used in the conclusion of the last Chapter, will to some seem very extravagant and unjustifiable. But I keep my ground; I have very little hope of convincing headstrong men that I am right—but my prayer is, that they *may* be convinced before the searching, and to them that terrible, investigation of the day of judgment shall take place. God will not allow his faithful servants in the ministry to be (without any provocation given on their part) insulted, degraded, defamed and injured, with impunity.

The cold and calculating manner in which some amiable and valuable ministers are sometimes got rid of, is a thing perfectly horrible in the view of pious and well-judging Christians. Hence, from the peculiar character of some remonstrances, whether against a minister coming into a circuit, or remaining in one a second or third year, the conclusion is evident, that the remonstrators were for the time, and without being aware of it, instigated by an evil spirit. We find from the New Testament, that even a *good* man in ignorance, and while off his guard, may be *the instrument* of a fiend. Hence, *Peter* was once *addressed by his Divine Master*, imperatively and

with righteous severity, in these alarming words :—
 “Get thee behind me, *Satan*, thou art an offence to me.” (Matt. xvi. 23.) I do not say that Satan prompts opposition to a minister, where he is obviously not suited to a place, or where another minister is previously engaged; but I do say, that when in the entire absence of *such* reasons for refusal, a good man is wantonly opposed, the devil heads the opposition.

When the great apostate spirit has a mind to harass a Christian minister, that he may get him, if possible, to resign his charge, and cause uproarious laughter in his own black dominions, he knows how to go to work; and he accordingly, like a skilful workman, selects his proper *tools*. He knows well enough that good ministers set free from pecuniary cares and depressing disappointments, preach well, and do a world of work for their good Master. He don't like this at all. He hates to see large congregations listening to the Word of life; he says he will thin them. He knows how to reduce Chapel audiences of seven or eight hundred to about forty persons,* and he will remove “the person.” He is a famous hand at emptying Churches and Chapels; he is a most expert mischief maker, and never fails, from time to time, to come out with his demonstrations, and let men on earth and angels in heaven know that he is the genuine veritable devil, and no mistake. And *although* the wisdom and goodness

* *This has happened.*

of God will eventually compensate those who suffer from his malignity, yet his guilt remains the same, and he is "reserved unto judgment." (2 Peter ii. 4.) Well, we have said he selects his *tools*. Through the glass of imagination, the reader may see him at work. A minister of adequate and suitable qualifications is put down for a proper place. Away goes the fiend to Matthew Moneybag, Esq., the great and successful remonstrator; he finds him in his counting-house, (and as the child's-book says) "a counting out his money." He whispers into his ear, "I say, old friend Matthew, this fellow put down for us will never do. He is so abominably eccentric, that the other day he had the impudence to say, in a large congregation, 'they that will be rich, fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition.' (1 Tim. vi. 9.) Now, you know very well that this is very rude, coarse, and unpolite—yea, it is low lived and vulgar, and not at all suited to the taste of many rich Metropolitans." O, its *no go*—"Write off against him immediately." Mr. Moneybags *hesitates* a little, *not much*—he cannot *see* the being from whom the suggestion comes, or he might discover a misty form like a man whose body seems made of blue flame, whose clothing resembles steel armour, whose eyes are so piercing and malignant that they seem to pierce through your body and *soul*. A cloven foot—an entire aspect, betokening

the presence of one who comes as a deputy from the regions of "outer darkness."

But he does *not* see him; he, therefore, tries to think all is right—he pens and posts his letter, it takes effect, and the citizens are saved from the terrible mortification of having a Timothy or a Titus, who would give them such preaching, as whether relished or not, all need and ought to have.

Beelzebub returns to Pandemonium and reports success; he is surrounded by an army of subaltern fiends, who *hotly* congratulate him. "Brother Devils," says he, "I was determined to keep that fellow from our numerous cousins in the city; he *has* been there occasionally, and we know that he hindered hundreds from coming to this hot place, by giving us intelligent and respectable devils a dreadful bad character—he is a sly deceitful knave. By his eccentricities, you would think he had no religion; but he is not to be trusted. In the parlour, he works up his very oddities, which make people laugh into instruments of shaming them out of bad practices, while in the pulpit he is so sedate and impressive that you would fancy the sly rogue never uttered a droll thing in his life. No matter *where* he is, or what he says or does, he seems to love Emmanuel, and the souls of men after all. We thought to have secured for him a snug place among *us*—we thought he was advocating *our* interests; but, strange to say, his eccentricities over the fire-side, and in his books and lectures, send many *folk to hear him* preach, and not a few of

them become thoughtful and exemplary Christians. Fellow apostates, hear me ! If we want to strengthen our well-concerted rebellion against the Most High, we must not expect support from the eccentrics. *Pharisees* are *our* people ; they have already rendered us much service ; their ancestors, in the days of the primitive Christians, did valiantly. And the present race of their descendants, though few as to number, are powerful enough to plague laborious and efficient preachers, who do not suit their taste. It is not always the case that we, and they together, can get rid of certain Evangelists. But whenever we find a case—a *fix*—a man wanted—a man qualified—strongly desired by a great multitude of good people, but having *some* characteristic peculiarity, which to our great joy is falsely deemed wrong, *then* is our time to work ; then is the auspicious moment, when by getting the fraternity and sisterhood of Addlepates, to make a terrible noise about eccentricity, our victory is complete. I may just add, that for the honour of Pandemonium, and the maintenance of our established principles, I told one capital *lie*, which decided the question with Moneybags at once—I said *very solemnly*, you may be sure, this eccentric man is a *buffoon*, he will make the people burst out into loud laughter in the middle of his sermons.”*

* This falsehood was once deliberately asserted—and with this supplement:—“ Well, if he *should* come, we can *kick his backs*—e out of the c—t, at the end of the first

A vote of thanks was given to Beelzebub for his eloquent and powerful address. The vast and horrible conclave, lighted up for the occasion with fire and brimstone, reverberated with tremendous acclamation from a million of fiends. There was then silence for five minutes—after which a fallen spirit of superior order, thus addressed his compeers:—“Principalities and powers—rulers of the darkness of this world—ye all know the sentiments of our great potentate, Beelzebub. No trust can we repose in the whims of eccentrics; they may seem to be for us, but are decidedly against us; they may defame our august fraternity, by prating against the wiles of the devil, while it is manifest they have wiles of their own. Perceive ye not, brother devils, great and small, how the eccentrics get people to laugh themselves into good humour, which we *hate*? How they tickle their fancies, that for the time they can neither be angry, nor sullen, nor revengeful; qualities which we know belong to hell’s cardinal virtues? And have ye never observed, how in the midst of all that humour, which we had fondly imagined would, at some time or other, have booked them for Pandemonium, they contrive to insert some moral, chastise some shining vice, or wedge in some

year.” The words were spoken by a Reverend Divine, and a man of learning. Tell me, reader, *what* spirit prompted this speech? Was it the spirit of Christ? You say, *no*. Was it the spirit of brotherly-love? You say, *no*. Then it *must* have been *the spirit of Satan*.

point of practical divinity? Do ye not know also, how these incurable wits can luxuriate in Bible reading and devotion? Verily, these fellows are not for *us*! If we want to catch them, we must get the Pharisees to insult them, to exasperate them, to degrade them, to half starve their families, by dooming them in perpetuity to inefficient salaries, and, if possible, drive them mad."——

"Aye, *that's* it!" vociferated a thousand voices.

"TRY it, then," said Beelzebub, in a voice so tremendously loud, that it seemed to shake the universe—and the council broke up.

CHAPTER VIII.

MINISTERS—MRS. CROAKEM—MR. GRIMSCRAGG.

THOSE religious Connexions which are under the management of an *itinerant* ministry are, as to the individual joys or sorrows of particular ministers, very different from a Church of England parish, or Independent, or other separated church and people, confined to and governed by themselves. In these latter, a minister may have his trials or his comforts, or both; but he is more intimately known by his perpetuated location than he could possibly be as a comparative stranger,—and as a good man he will suffer no pecuniary loss on account of being witty. People get thoroughly used to him. Whatever is said about his social converse, is principally confined to his own people and neighbourhood. He may be a little queer and funny; but no importance is attached to this either one way or the other—and it does not diminish the esteem of his people. But in a vast community where churches or societies and congregations are linked together, by the Connexional principle, discipline, and doctrines, in all parts of the world, and whose ministers are required to “be always serious,” and by some, “serious as death and solemn as the grave” everywhere, on all occasions; *wo to the minister who is witty!* His name, being

printed in official documents, goes forth *literally* to the ends of the earth, and through the medium of correspondence and verbal report, his peculiarity goes with it. And no matter for the fact, that years and cares and sorrows abate, if not annihilate all prominent developments of it. People suppose it to be *in* him, and as it appears *now and then* in a very subdued and modified form, it is fancied that he cannot well be trusted. It *may* break out again, and wherever the opponents of wit are in power, vexation may be expected, as a matter of course. Even the friends of a witty minister, without intending it, do sometimes stand in his way. They speak of his *facetiousness*, (as I once, in addressing the conference, deliberately asserted,) and of *nothing else*—taking no notice of his piety or useful labours, or any one thing, by which men might see that, taking him altogether, he is as good as most of his neighbours. It having so happened that Methodism, in its *earlier periods*, from good motives, though under mistaken notions, was very prominent in the crusade against wit and humour—every witty minister in its enclosure was particularly noted and marked; and about him rumour would be wonderfully busy. Reports, true and false, would elicit criticism and censure, and Pharisees, *as such*, have never been, and are not *now*, very nice and particular in ascertaining to what extent reports may be true, *or whether* absolutely false. These geniuses never *were* particular in this respect, and hence from

rumour, false report, prejudice, and false accusation, our blessed Saviour and holy Stephen were put to death. Are reports remarkable, or wonderful, and detrimental to character? Do they contain strange tales and monstrously distorted accounts unfavourable to *ministerial dignity*, according to childish notions of it? *They will do.* There is a luxury for every evil speaker! How piously *old Lady Croakem* lifts up her hands and eyes, while she hobbles abroad, telling every body to tell nobody about it! She has just heard of a minister letting off a laughable anecdote, at an evening party, and is shocked! The report reached her while she was reading that solemn hymn, which says "*what dying worms we be,*" and she wonders why all ministers cannot be dying worms every where and on all occasions. She says she is sure that the passage in Ecclesiastes, third chapter and fourth verse, 'a time to weep and a time to laugh,' is not rightly translated, and suggests that it should be 'a time to weep and *no* time to laugh;' and it afflicts her to think she can get nobody to be of her opinion. She is, as she tries to persuade herself, very tender and delicate in what she says about *ministers*, knowing that they are but mortal men, and subject like other men to human frailties and temptations. But then this "*lightness and trifling*" ought never to be tolerated; she is grieved about it, and, as she thinks, righteously indignant. Yet from her great regard to ministers, and fear of injuring *their families*, she circulates the report referred to

only in some ten or twenty families, with her own peculiar comments—piously enjoining *secrecy*. Mr. Grimsclagg, a deeply pious man, and a commercial traveller, calls to take tea with her, and after giving her narration, with many godly embellishments, she begs him not to mention it in the many families and commercial houses in the various parts of the kingdom he visits in the way of business; and *he*, having so much to think of, *forgets* some things, and among others, Mrs. Croakem's charitable injunction. He lets slip the topics of conversation in commercial houses and railway carriages all over the country—especially among *genial* friends, but always with religious instructions to people not to mention the thing, lest *other* people should make a handle of it, and should do the good man an injury! Some persons to whom he opens his budget, laugh at him, and pity him for his scrupulosity. This angers him, and he makes many speeches against eccentricity in ministers, referring in condemnatory terms to the witty minister already introduced, and says he *could* mention other oddities in this minister, not at all consistent with the conversation of *dying worms*—but he forbears, having always cherished a charitable regard for those who preach the Gospel. He hopes to be excused for his warmth, and that Mrs. Croakem's account will never reach the ears of the ecclesiastical authorities, as the *good man* might be greatly damaged; and he should be sorry to injure him. Yet he has *done it already*.

Now it never occurred to Mrs. Croakem and Mr. Grimsragg, amidst all their pother about the laughable anecdotes, that they were ascertained to comprehend instruction as well as entertainment, and that all who listened to them *with discrimination and good sense*, were mentally, morally, and religiously improved by their introduction.

Our great grandmothers used to say that some people "hear with their ears, and understand with their elbows." This saying is not remarkable for its elegance, but it is pointed and admonitory as to the truth it conveys, and the caution it suggests to ignorant and fanatical listeners.

It may be asserted that many ministers are witty and incur no censure, because they keep their wit under control. *True*. And this keeping under control is a very easy task, seeing how little wit there is to manage, and this little is sometimes *pre*-damaged by formidable introductions, as—"Now I will just relate a curious anecdote. It will perhaps excite a smile—it may make you laugh outright—but you know we can all be merry and wise. I am not in the habit of introducing such things, but to change the subject, and enliven us a little, I will relate it, and if I should unbend a little, and make my own comments, I hope you will not laugh too much," *et cetera*. The witty tale, and the facetious comments, are introduced; and the friends seeing nothing *worth* laughing at, do not laugh at all. Men of this sort are safe, and not likely to get their names either

up or down for their conversational power, wit and brilliancy. They make no sensations, astonish no natives; but being "dear blessed men," they get good salaries. Their very appearance—so minister-like—clothes well brushed—black walking sticks, with silver knobs; hair combed with inimitable neatness, and religiously parted in the middle, [and years ago combed straight down over the forehead, almost into the eyes.] No wonder they get and retain a high status! We allow these to be good men; we never question the sincerity of their piety; we sincerely wish them continued prosperity and happiness: but we are not able at present to perceive in what important respects they are better than any other good men, whose *clothes* will not bear much brushing, lest they should become threadbare; whose *walking sticks* are less expensive, whose *hair* being rebellious, in spite of all combing, goes where it likes; and whose *status* (thanks to the Pharisees) excites neither envy nor admiration.

CHAPTER IX.

MRS. PICKHOLES—MRS. SCRATCHWELL—MRS. CANDOUR.

CERTAIN ladies were at the evening party where the minister let off the anecdotes so much objected to by Mrs. Croakem. These ladies shall now be introduced. It is a lovely morning, and the loquacious *Mrs. Pickholes* is determined to "put on her things," and make a few neighbourly calls. Her pious feelings having been very much wounded by the humorous conversation of the minister at the house of Mr. Cheerful the previous evening, she thinks she must talk about it *in confidence* to somebody or other, and in her own peculiar way. She gives a ladyfied rat tat tat at the door of her much loved friend *Mrs. Scratchwell*. The London servant girl introduces her into the little sitting room, saying, in a half whisper, "Please mum, Missus won't be long; she seed you from the dining room window, and says, says she, 'Lor, if there aint Mrs. Pickholes coming!—O Betty I am *sick* a fright! I do declare I must go and change my dress.' So if you please mum to wait a little, she won't be long." Sitting rooms are sometimes *waiting* rooms, and so far as my own experience goes, the time of waiting is proportioned to the real or supposed dignity of the heads of the establishment. *For a Bishop* I have waited three minutes,

taken dinner with his Lordship, and spent at least two hours in friendly conversation. For a London tradesman, I have waited half an hour, and then been told by the servant that "Master and Missus were pertikilarly engaged, and I must call another time." Perhaps these things cannot be helped, but they are rather queer, and seem to have a dash of *eccentricity* in them. Mrs. Pickholes, however, being a special friend, and often bringing savoury news, had not to wait long. The two ladies met one another with a cordial greeting. Mrs. Scratchwell began the conversation by an apology for detaining her friend so long, observing that it was all the fault of the servants, "who," says she, "are so negligent and lazy as to keep everything in a litter till one knows not when to be ready for company. You can't think, my dear Mrs. Pickholes, how greatly I am tried. Servants in these days are the plague of ones life. Really our ministers ought to give us some sympathizing sermons, and show servants their duty."

Mrs. Pickholes.—"Well, my dear, *I* for one can sympathize with you. I am sadly annoyed with my housemaid, Mary. She has great privileges. I allow her to go every Sunday afternoon to hear our pious local preachers; but though, she says, she likes them much, she thinks it hard she can't get out now and then in a morning or evening, to hear the regular ministers. I tell her this cannot be; but alas! troubles are not confined to domestic life, we have *them in the churches*, and some of our ministers, *instead of removing*, often increase them."

Mrs. Scratchwell.—"You don't say so! dear me, what has happened? You are very much excited—you seem subject to some painful emotion—pray discharge your grief, and let me know the worst of it."

Mrs. Pickholes.—"You know how dear *the cause* is to my heart."

Mrs. Scratchwell.—"To be sure it is, my love."

Mrs. Pickholes.—"Well then, to let it go no farther, and not to bring *my* name in, by any means, it is just this:—'Last night I was one of the party at Mr. Cheerful's; we had an immense amount of conversation; but it was so miscellaneous, and we had so many anecdotes, that I felt myself miserable.'"

Mrs. Scratchwell.—"Ah, my dear sister, these light and trifling anecdotes are a sad proof of a worldly spirit." [This lady here interrupts herself, and calls out angrily to the servant, 'Betty, if you don't shut that drawing room window, you insolent rebel, you shall pack up your boxes, and leave my house this very night.' Betty, of course, shuts the window.] "And now my dear Mrs. Pickholes, you will proceed: Excuse my interruption—my concern for Betty's salvation strongly excites me."

Mrs. Pickholes.—"Well, I was observing that this conversation did not suit me. We had some divinity, it is true, and we had history and biography, some discussions about languages,—the state of public affairs, and I can hardly tell what else; and there was certainly some cleverness in the minister,—but *some of his facts and anecdotes and narratives, were*

so ludicrous, that the company, from time to time, were convulsed with irrepressible laughter; and what aggravated the humour and levity of the thing was, he himself never laughed at all! Ah! thought I, this is awful work, no wonder the churches prosper so little,* when ministers, instead of reminding us 'whate'er we do, where'er we be, we are travelling to the grave,' let off anecdotes, and divert us with their eccentricities."

Mrs. Scratchwell.—"This account, my dear Mrs. Pickholes, fills me with deep concern. A man of this sort ought to be got rid of. I am astonished at the bad taste of that family as to the kind of ministers they invite to their social parties. I understand this *eccentric person* is a mighty attraction in many circles of professors, but for *my* part, give me the company of dear *Mr. Somnifick*, whose serious and quiet aspect is in itself as good as a sermon, and whose conversation, though disposing impatient listeners to go to sleep, always assists my meditations on the troubles and trials of this miserable world. Let your merry parties slight him as they may, he is a dear blessed man, and worth a million of those who are given to eccentricity. *Laughing*, indeed!—and amongst professors? Ah! what *will* become of us?"

[*Note.*—It would be well for Mrs. Scratchwell to understand that the men given to eccentricity, whom

* And yet the churches, then under the care of this humorous minister, were prospering more than they had done for many previous years.

she so zealously repudiates, have oftentimes tramped many miles through mud and rain to preach in cart sheds, hay lofts, granaries, barns, and other out-houses, with much devotional enjoyment and saving effect; while the other blessed man she so religiously prefers, excused himself from this rough work, having colds, and being obliged to go early to bed on the evenings when he was appointed to these places. Our sympathy with men, whose indisposition is *periodical*, is peculiar—very peculiar.]

Mrs. Pickholes.—"What will become of us, indeed!—such strange tastes among our superior families,—preferring men for what they call their conversational powers and brilliancy, before men of deep piety, who sing hymns, and relate their experience for the edification of us crawling worms of earth." [Yet she is *not* a worm in appearance and motion, she dresses gaily, and trips along rapidly in her little walks to her select friends for tattle and defamation.]

A rapping at the door is followed by the entrance of *Mrs. Candour*, who is taken by the servant into a front parlour, and informed that *Mrs. Scratchwell* is "just now engaged, but will soon be at liberty." The servant taps at the sitting room door, *Mrs. Scratchwell* opens it, and is told that *Mrs. Candour* is waiting. Our two ladies are very much disconcerted, but cannot refuse her admittance. *Mrs. Candour* is a lady, distinguished by every excellence which adorns the *Christian* character. As I am not up to the rare

talent of describing the *persons* of beautiful ladies, and cannot, like female authors, minutely depict large dark eyes, pencilled eyebrows, exquisite eyelashes, chiselled mouths, pretty noses, fine complexion, *et cetera*, I give up all attempts at description of this kind in utter despair. It is enough for me to say, that as to personal figure and appearance, Mrs. Candour is a beautiful and lovely looking woman. As to her moral and religious excellencies, she is good to the poor, sympathetic and generous, weeping with those that weep, and rejoicing with those that do rejoice, ever ready to distribute, and willing to communicate. She is loved by all sincere Christians with whom she is acquainted. But she is not a favourite with the *Snarls* and *Sniveltons*, the intimate friends of Mrs. Pickholes and Mrs. Scratchwell. She happens to be of a very cheerful and animated temper. She thinks it injurious to Christianity to indulge in discontent, fault-finding, and Pharisaical grimaces. She abhors censoriousness; and though she does not encourage *levity*, strictly and properly so called, she can appreciate and relish well-managed wit and humour; and she is the resolute defender of all good people whose innocent facetiousness is wilfully misrepresented. We are not to be surprised, therefore, that these two ladies, just discussing the awful levities indulged in at Mr. Cheerful's, should receive Mrs. Candour with great reserve and formality. "Good morning, ma'am," and "pray be seated," was all that Mrs. Scratchwell could afford

to say to begin with. Recognising Mrs. Pickholes, Mrs. Candour, with politeness and affability, asked her how she liked the conversation of last evening, "for," said she, "I saw you at Mr. Cheerful's."

Mrs. Pickholes.—[With great gloom and reserve]. "I am sorry to say, I did not like it at all, and I felt much inclined to reprimand every one of them, and take an abrupt departure. I hate, and abominate, and detest, and abhor, and repudiate all levity, and lightness, and trifling."

Mrs. Candour.—"Excuse me, Mrs. Pickholes, you are exuberant in the use of *verbs*; and I have often observed how eloquent, in a certain way, some persons are, when they are very angry. You have used sixteen words to express your indignation, when just *three* would have served your purpose,—namely, "*I hate levity*." But not to play the hypercritic, allow me to ask, what levity you refer to?"

Mrs. Pickholes.—"I mean those nonsensical tales and anecdotes."

Mrs. Candour.—"Excuse me, madam, you are somewhat hyperbolical in your representations. A little more discrimination would have enabled you to give a more exact account of this varied conversation, and you would have excited less alarm in the mind of Mrs. Scratchwell. I was very attentive when your minister so richly instructed, as well as entertained his friends, and made them so innocently merry. I was delighted to observe, in his graphic *delineation of persons and incidents*, the entire ab-

sence of all evil speaking, and invidious reflections on absent characters; and everything he said could have been easily interpreted by *discriminating* minds, as very well suited to the social circle, and adapted to make us all wiser and better. The laugh did me good, I had been in a dull state of mind, and wanted something to enliven me; and if anybody is to be blamed, it should be me, for it was a good deal owing to my importunity, that he came out in his anecdotes and comments. As to *levity*, suppose you take the word in its strict sense—*lightness*, or want of seriousness. I have always been astonished that such a formidable and fearful stress should be laid upon it, while, to my knowledge, guile, deception, selfishness, injustice, sly revenge, and malice, have often passed without censure, or even a word of admonition. But I deny that *any* levity, in the objectionable sense of the term, characterized the conversation of last evening. There was good sense, learning, mental superiority, versatility, pure wit, brilliancy, and the great principles of doctrinal and practical Christianity associated with all. As to the anecdotes, they were at once laughable and admonitory."

Mrs. Pickholes being surcharged with a *peculiarly* pious chagrin, or in other words, with immense mortifications and hot anger, says, she "must go home immediately;" and Mrs. Scratchwell, inwardly exasperated at the boldness of Mrs. Candour, abruptly *excuses herself*, being obliged to go and see after her *negligent and insubordinate* servants.

Considering what witty ministers of various churches, and especially in the Wesleyan Connexion, have suffered from the tattle of false piety, it is full time that loquacious gossips should be shewn up by somebody, and as to the worst and most dangerous sort of them, they deserve that even *ridicule*, as a scourge, should be applied to their delinquencies,—a weapon used when necessity demanded it by the sacred writers themselves. Thus the worshippers of Baal, were righteously *mocked* for their solemn tomfooleries by *Elijah*—"Cry aloud; for he is a God; either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked." 1 Kings, xviii. 27.—See also some instances of sarcasm. Job xii. 2; Luke xiii. 32; 1 Cor. iv. 8.

British religious communities are indeed better than they used to be as to notions of humour and facetiousness, but still most unhappily, the old wizened spirit of censoriousness plays its mischievous pranks from time to time, and is but too often detected in blowing its hot and foul breath on the most shining characters, determined to tarnish them as much as possible. It is not the *spirit of love*, faithfully and *privately* admonishing real delinquents, and in any personal misunderstandings, or from the pressure of evil reports, taking the advice or acting upon the injunction of our Saviour, "If thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault *between thee and him alone*," (Matt. xviii. 15.)

but a spirit taking an opposite course ; beginning at the wrong end, and finishing in the middle ; first, treating a brother " as an heathen man and a publican," by blazing his fault abroad to the wide world ; secondly, telling it to the church ; and thirdly, when all the mischief is done, taking with it " two or three more" to the offending brother, to know (preposterous idea !) if the matter cannot be privately settled. Thus it acts where there has been, or is some *real* fault ; and as to those which are purely *imaginary*, it takes a similar course. It is a very pragmatistical and impudent spirit. It will poke its nose into committees, cabinet councils, and even general assemblies. It cannot gain access to *healthful* minds, but where there is the disease of jealousy and envy, it can make an impression, and do a good stroke of business.

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CHAPTER X.

MR. MONEYBAGS—MR. HONESTDOUBT.

At the end of the seventh chapter we left the thundering eloquence of Beelzebub. That mighty orator had, by his success with Mr. Moneybags, effected his object, and hence we have something further to relate.

On the same night that his Royal Highness the "Prince of the Devils," held his council in Pandemonium, a few friends met at the supper table of Moneybags, as the remonstrator. This gentleman begged to assure his friends that they might anticipate much edification from their newly appointed minister, *Mr. Adolphus Kidglove*. In the place he is now about to leave, he has often been heard with great satisfaction, by the young ladies and gentlemen of Mr. and Mrs. Crinkum's educational establishment. His discourses, it should seem, are highly polished, and would be more so but for some *slight (!)* errors in pronunciation, such as using the letter *h* where it is not wanted, and omitting it where it is; calling 'obliged' *obleeged*, and pronouncing the word extraordinary 'extreehordinary,' instead of 'extrordinary,' the true and proper way. But we all know that these are very little things. And of what consequence is it that he says sabbath instead

of *sabaoth* in reading the *Te Deum*. These are all *trifles*, and I am sure you will overlook them all when you come to hear and know him, for there is an air of ministerial dignity about him, which I think will be highly attractive to our metropolitan friends." Miss Henrietta also (the remonstrator's daughter) expressed her opinion that mamma would be perfectly charmed when she saw his primrose gloves, his French cambric handkerchief, and his elegant *cravat*, so different from the stupid thing worn by *that other man*, whom papa, in the discharge of a painful duty, *declined*.

Mr. *Honestdoubt* said he had no objection to these little things in the matter of apparel and ministerial dignity, but he should be sorry to have them as substitutes for something better. He loved good sermons, remarkable not for un instructiveness and tinsel polish, but for solid sense, sound doctrine, searching appeals to the conscience and the heart, and as a very useful, though not absolutely necessary appendage,—delivered with correct accent, properly modulated tones, and a right emphasis. A man remarkably deficient in these things, and at the same time bespattering his *highly polished* discourses (as some had called them) with gross provincialism, and a habit of abusing the letter *h*, would be much more objectionable to *him*, than 'that other man,' with a stupid looking *cravat*; and he thought it would be no great credit to Londoners, or any body else, to eulogize *effeminate*s and *exquisites*, while they discarded

ministers of more valuable qualifications. This was a damper. The supper was soon finished; the remonstrator returned thanks, casting a furtive and no very friendly glance at *Mr. Honestdoubt*. A dull family prayer was offered, in which a petition was put up that the declined man—(who, by-the-bye, was going into the country to do nearly twice as much work as a London minister, for about sixty pounds a year less salary) might have his *disappointment* sanctified.

Mr. Moneybags, addressing himself rather warmly to Mr. Honestdoubt, said: "I am astonished, my friend, at your imprudence in questioning the qualifications of Mr. Kidglove, and thus reflecting upon my judgment and taste and earnest wish to serve the church. The man comes of a respectable and genteel family, and was three years in his last circuit."

Mr. Honestdoubt.—"Sir, Notwithstanding my scruples, and the freedom I have used in giving expression to them, I shall not officially *remonstrate* against the appointment, but receive the man and make the best I can of him. But I do most seriously, and in God's name, protest against *you* in crushing the reasonable hopes of the man against whom you have officially protested. He was recommended to you by a minister of eminence, and I am very much mistaken if we have not at least a thousand worthy persons amongst us who have earnestly desired to have him. But you have settled the question; and *your objections will*, in consequence of your influence,

raise up other objections to the man's great detriment and injury. I happen to know that while his talents would have suited at least an immense majority among us, his *circumstances* were such as would have rendered our circuit a special blessing to his family; but you have cut him off. He is *down* again, to encounter new struggles, and will probably never rise, till God takes him to heaven. Sir, I hate what may be called *state policy* in the Churches of Christ; we have, I hope, not *much* of it,—but what there is, often proves singularly mischievous, and damaging to the character and finances of good ministers. What you have done may blow over for the present, but you will hear of it another day."

Mr. Moneybags.—"I don't want to be insulted in my own house; I leave you. My servant will shew you the door."

Now this Mr. Moneybags is not, as the reader may suppose, a *miser*. *No*, if so, he would have little or no influence. He is indeed *rich*, but he is also liberal and generous—this is his great excellency. But he can reject a good minister who deserves a good salary; this is his great fault—and his sin. God amend and forgive him!

CHAPTER XI.

LONDON.—REMONSTRATORS PUNISHED.

A VERY absurd and preposterous notion has been entertained of London intellectuality, etiquette and taste. As it regards the Christian ministry, it has often been said "that men who do for country towns, won't do for the Metropolis." This, to some extent, is true; and to some extent, or with regard to some men, utterly false; for London has fairly and fully *tried* those men, and asserts that they *will* do, and wonders why it should be deprived of their services. London is not without its ignorance and squeamishness; and the country not without its intelligence, refinement, mental superiority and admirable taste. London has numerous excellencies, and among its people are to be found the hospitable, the generous, the companionable and polite. Many of its pulpits are supplied with godly ministers of long standing, and well ascertained superiority. Made comfortable too (as many of them at least are) by adequate salaries, and treated by the people with respect and affection, they can go smoothly forward in a career of unimpeded usefulness as preachers and authors, and extend the kingdom of Christ, in various directions, and through the press to the ends of the earth. But London has *also among its natives* and perpetual residents, peo-

ple of another sort,—equivocal in their friendship, haughty in their manners, and in some instances, as I have known,—deliberately insulting. It would be a charity to recommend some of these geniuses to go into the country for a year or two, to learn politeness and good manners. I do not say that the faults of which I complain, and which I have witnessed, are a *characteristic peculiarity* in London, but this I *do* say, that as the great metropolis of the British Empire stands pre-eminent in many important respects, it should seek to *excel* in courtesy to country people and to country ministers. London is the residence of royalty, the seat of government, the great emporium of trade and commerce: every body seems to do homage to London. Every man who wants to publish a book, must secure a London publisher. All the world, in one sense or other, bows and scrapes to London; and in some country villages every visitor from London, from the Queen herself down to Mr. Snip, the tailor's apprentice, is looked on as a person of some consequence. Besides this, immense sums of money from all quarters find their way to London: yet some of the Londoners joke the country people, and turn the laugh upon them. How would *they* like this? Let us see. Sir Simon Slippery “vunders however any country minister can be so persumshus as for to go for to think he is qualified for London pulpits. He is completely struck at the vanity of *the man in entertainin* the hideer for vun moment. *Vy* he vears thick shoes, and he aint got no

gold votch guard ; and he is orkard in his manners as compared with our reglar city ministers. No, no, it vill never do ; no, *nevar !*" Lady Slippery is " precisely of the same opinion. She *cordally* concurs in the views entertained by her spouse, Sir Simon. " Besides" (says she) " how could we, vithout gross impropriety, inwite a country minister's wife into our drawing room. They can't play on the arpsi-chord !—and then the country *hair*, that people say is so fresh and balmy, and that surrounds them with a hoderifferous hatmospere — vy, its all *fudge*. Country ladies, indeed ! Vy, they all smell o' cows and haystacks."

" Permit me, dear mamma," says her ladyship's beautiful and accomplished daughter, " respectfully to differ from you as to your opinion of country ministers, and their wives and daughters. The ministers may not be elegantly attired—(except the very few among them that have private property) nor their wives and daughters able to play on the harpsi-chord, and they *may* smell of cows instead of Paris perfumery ; but their good sense, gentleness of disposition, and conversational powers, are in my poor estimation, qualities far more estimable than the little things in which, I grieve to say, some of us metropolitans are apt to pride ourselves. You know you kindly allow me to visit the country from time to time : and I assure you that the excellent sermons I hear there, and the intercourse I have had with these ministers *and their families*, serve to convince me that they are

the right sort of people. Somehow or other, (though perhaps it is a sin in me to say so) I seem to love the Lord Jesus Christ more in the country than in the city; and even, as to mental improvement, I have felt myself better for my visits. A thousand times over have I wished these country ministers were *our* ministers. However, *papa* ought to know best. I remember very well, that before we grew rich, and kept our carriage, and servants in livery, how respectfully and affectionately *papa* used to speak of country ministers. But I *do* fear,—oh, forgive me, if I am wrong,—I do fear that what we esteem the polish and refinement and etiquette of city life, are, after all, no great acquisitions either to our piety or mental improvement. Before *papa* became *Sir* Simon, he used to think it an honour and a luxury to welcome country ministers to our house,—but now when they call, unless they happen to be men with diplomas, or more or less celebrated,—the servant is ordered to let them wait in the little cold damp parlour, and in winter, without a fire; and after detaining them, like prisoners, twenty minutes or more, we send to them to say, *Sir* Simon is engaged, and cannot see them; and this has been done, when we have all known that he was quite at leisure, and *could* see them without difficulty. They then go away with a firm resolution never to call again without a special invitation. This, I fear, gets us a bad *name* in the provinces, and what we gain in stiffness and aristocratical dignity, we lose in the want of

that respect and friendly attachment which many have felt towards us?"

"Amelia," says her ladyship, "this here sermonizing and lecturing from *you* is unendurable, you are but a *gal*. If your papa was here, he'd order you out of the room, Vot should a young creeter like *you* know about the affairs of the churches? Sir Simon has had long experience in these things: he has a *his* like a *herk*, and can penetrate rite through a man in a minnet, and his judgment as to who will do for our London pulpits is inwalleable and worth more nor untold gold."

Amelia.—"Mamma, if I have offended, I beg pardon, and I won't mention the subject again, except to say, once for all, that whimsical, capricious, and unreasonable remonstrances against the appointment or private recommendation of accredited and efficient ministers, are now looked upon as sinful in a high degree, and it is even rumoured that persons who encourage them will be shunned and avoided, as not worthy of a name or place in respectable Christian society." [Exit *Amelia*.]

Lady Slippery's soliloquy.—"And is it for *this*, that my dear Sir Simon giv this gal a first rate dedication? O my nervish system! I shall swoon away. I shall go into hextatics! (hysterics) Alas! this comes of the gal visiting the sick and the poor among chimbly sweepers and the rabble! She gets low radical notions of things. Not *respectable*, indeed, because *Sir Simon*, in his official capacity,

discharges a duty he owes to the public ! How awful the hideer ! [Her ladyship here becomes strongly excited, and in the confusion and distraction of her mind, forgets the proper names of things, and in a very hurried tone exclaims, with peculiar fluency and energy] “My hangwich is unsupportable. I am distracted by these insinivations of my daughter. I feel myself going—going into dreadful hydrostatics.”—The lady shrieks—she faints—falls upon the sofa—and the result is medical attendance, and a family controversy, which makes it appear but too painfully evident, that remonstrating against the servants of the living God, is in some cases a very dangerous experiment.

I wish all to understand, that where no apology, and no expression of regret is uttered to injured ministers, by parties who have, without even the shew of any thing like reason, opposed them, Almighty God will take the matter into his own hand, and make them suffer his displeasure in ways from which they will find escape utterly impossible.

CHAPTER XII.

MANUSCRIPTS—POLITICS—EVIL SPIRITS—
DISAPPOINTMENTS.

I HAVE just discarded from my manuscript twenty four closely written pages of facts, reasonings and illustrations, to please my best earthly friend. It was thought that they would be misunderstood or misinterpreted to my disadvantage, and provoke rather than convince. And here I may as well say—indulging my propensity to digression—how wise it is sometimes to take *advice* in the revision of a manuscript, and how wise also, sometimes, to *reject* it. I am not quite satisfied with myself, that under the influence of fear of giving offence, I have destroyed, not only the pages above mentioned, but a mass of others, which, for ought I can tell, would have been as well received as those little books of mine already published and republished, with public approbation. We may certainly revise *too much*. We may cut and trim, and erase, and expunge with motives as pure as an angel's, and in doing this, destroy the life and spirit of a book, instead of improving it. For let it ever be remembered, that in seeking to accommodate various readers a writer often misses his mark. And while the *principle* of accommodation may be deemed kind and honourable, the practice is

but too often pernicious, for after all, we cannot please every body. Self respect, and self reliance, therefore, while free from obstinacy and rashness, are important and valuable.

Again, I want all men to be convinced that in all my speculations about eccentricity and animadversions on its opponents, I meddle with no man's office or authority. I respect both. I can see, recognize, and admire every thing good and praiseworthy in all "powers," in governments, whether civil or ecclesiastical. I revere good men in authority, and wish them to take care of me; and I would rather with fair treatment obey than rule. I may have said this before, but I say it now, and may possibly say it again, that my readers may not forget. My *ignorance* on many points of national politics and church polity, is positively delightful, it keeps me out of lots of scrapes and difficulties, in which many great legislators and ecclesiastical rulers and their partizans are but too often involved. And while I much admire the cleverness, and learning, and eloquence with which distinguished characters attack or defend their different systems, and know well enough that we cannot do well in stormy times without brave controversialists; yet I am often amused with the high excitement of authors and public speakers, in battling about what they call their "great principles." It is, perhaps, very right that they should do so—they *know best* about it. And it is, perhaps, not right that *I* or any other man should be indifferent to the state

of public affairs. We should all have some fixed principles; and, of course, great (!) principles of conduct and action, but for my own part, I don't like to make too much fuss about my *opinions*. I suppose if I were examined by competent politicians and ecclesiastics, I should be found to be what some would call a moderate conservative, both in state and church affairs. Yet I never meddle with people who seek to carry out extreme opinions on one side or the other, except they invade my privacy, and won't let me alone, to lead a quiet life. But with regard to the *spirit* of censoriousness attacking my eccentricity, I *do* meddle with it, in whomsoever I find it. "Censoriousness and Christian piety," says Thomas a Kempis, "can never dwell together."

It is a merciless and mischievous spirit, and must be roughly handled. When it takes possession of a Christian, the spirit of piety goes out of him, and will not return till censoriousness departs. Snipe-nosed Pharisees encourage this spirit, and must therefore be rebuked. A few of these censorious spirits may be found in every religious community under heaven. They are not confined to any one church or religious denomination. They seem to distribute themselves throughout the world, to effect as extensively as possible the same object as he who goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour. But their garb of supercelestial sanctity shields them from suspicion, not *altogether*, but among those well meaning and *timid people, who, with some difficulty, think that*

they are right. Evil spirits know three things: First, that seriousness and devotional habits belong to true religion; secondly, that some Christians erroneously imagine that men who are humorous or eccentric in the social circle are never serious or devotional; knowing this, they create distinctions among Christians where there is no real or important difference; thirdly, they know that rightly managed humour, tends to drive away melancholy, and allure men to our Saviour's religion. They, therefore, possess men of a gloomy temperament; and deluding them with the notion that the best way of promoting seriousness and godliness is to knock down all humour and facetiousness, they set them to work to annoy and persecute harmless eccentricity as much as possible, with a pretence of doing God service. O what a number of stubborn and dismal facts I could furnish to prove this assertion, but I want to keep my mind as cheerful as I can. Difficult as it is to be calm and serene in the recollections of deep, lasting, irreparable injuries, every one of which I could prove with the utmost correctness and circumstantiality, I will try to be cheerful, and perhaps I ought to be so, when I consider that the *very best* Wesleyans, including ministers and people, have ever treated me with respect and kindness, and have approved of and enjoyed those very peculiarities which a *potent few* (as before hinted) have condemned.

It was a glorious sunshine that enlivened the

neighbourhood of a fashionable watering place some twenty years ago, when, after preaching in a new chapel there on a Sunday night, I accepted a cordial invitation to dine the next day at the principal hotel, with some respectable Wesleyans, from Nobletown. The bathers were swimming and splashing about—disporting themselves—improving their health and spirits, and every body seemed in good humour. Amongst the miscellaneous group assembled at the dinner table, were several ministers of different denominations, some authors of superior voluminous and standard works, many beautiful and accomplished ladies. The conversation was rich and varied, very instructive, yet spiced with liveliness and anecdote. I was soon drawn into it, and finding the large room, as well as the coast, pretty clear of grumpies and Pharisees, I talked away with unrestrained freedom. The literary men and the church officials were very cordial. So varied were our topics, and so ample the conversational powers of the different talkers, that the ladies were, if not exactly in raptures and extacies, so thoroughly delighted, as to wish us to prolong our stay for a week if possible. This was pressed with extraordinary earnestness, again and again, but I was compelled to leave the next day. I left the happy party to their intellectual and social enjoyments, and trudged off to my rural appointments. As a very remarkable circumstance, let it be noted, that the Nobletown officials, *real gentlemen, thorough Christians, men of discrimi-*

nation, were so far from discovering anything objectionable in the quality *called* eccentricity, that they expressed a strong wish then, privately, and afterwards officially, that I might be appointed as their minister; but to that desirable place I was not allowed to go, and thus proceeding upon the supposition that *had* I been appointed there, and staid three years, (as men generally do, when Christian *gentlemen* exert their wholesome and generous influence;) a very enjoyable addition to my usual rate of salary would have been the result.

The above is but one case out of many others which I might furnish of the *disappointments* which occur in *appointing* the man who perpetrates eccentricity. It is not modern Methodism that makes these blunders—for that is at once serious and cheerful—at once faithful, just and kind; a beautiful embodiment and illustration of New Testament Christianity. Nor is it *men*, when they are in their senses, and influenced by the spirit of God. But it is in some cases a *spirit* of *selfishness and jealousy*, influencing men to keep such as they don't fancy out of their way. In other cases, it is an insane antipathy, to the thing falsely called eccentricity. When Christian men and women are in their right minds, they look about them, and kindly care for their neighbours, and cordially concur in any movement by which a minister and his family, after many heavy trials, may be bettered in their circumstances. *True it is* that the sympathies and generosity of

private friendship do, from time to time, afford seasonable help to low allowanced ministers, and for such good they are ever grateful; but these good things are by no means so satisfactory as that sense of justice and propriety, which prompts official powers so to appoint a man that he can *earn*, in a proper position, the adequate salary usually awarded. But some men are not allowed to get a good living, or to turn their talents to the best account. Such good livings may be *promised* to them, but the promises are not performed; painful disappointment ensues, and to pacify you, some little thing is done to keep you quiet. You are told what a charming place it is to which you are going—low allowance it is true—but a fine country, a romantic and beautiful neighbourhood, rocks, precipices, waterfalls, a beautiful river, a fine stone bridge with three arches, many historical recollections, ancient castles, certain reminiscences of the civil wars; you will be shewn the places where this great man, and that great man, gained a victory; or the house will be pointed out to you in which this or that distinguished author was born, and so forth; besides, the people are very kind, and will sometimes send you vegetables or fruit, occasionally a joint of meat, or a fowl. Now nobody questions the genuine kindness of these attentions, and no Christian can refuse to be grateful for them. But it should be considered that these supplementary comforts come to men in fat livings as well as lean ones, and are never equal to the

pecuniary comfort of being able to do without them. And as to the man who can preach efficiently to a congregation of two or three thousand as easily as to two or three hundred, with a real certainty of doing more good, a leg of mutton and a bunch of turnips will not *quite* reconcile him to his inferior position. To the givers he is grateful, and with all the people he can be affable and affectionate, as *they* have nothing to do with his present condition; but he cannot admire and be in raptures with the conduct of those who sever him from all fair opportunities of public recognition, and opportunities of extending Christianity, on a widely extended scale. I love to do as much good as I can, and in as short a time as I can, and those that won't let me do it, are no friends either to me or my Master. And I love to do good in *that way* in which I can do it most effectively, and when I am frustrated and put to do services on a low scale, and in ways prescribed by other men, I cannot help grumbling. Disappointments with *me*, however, began even in childhood. When a little boy, I was fond of reading, observation, and talking over any little knowledge I acquired for the benefit of others. I lived in a little town 13 miles from London. Not having *seen* London, of which I had heard and read so much, when I was nine years of age, my grandmother promised in a month or so to take me with her, to enjoy its wonderful sights. The day arrived. *I had anticipated* the visit with unbounded delight.

A new scarlet jacket, with shining buttons, and nankeen trousers were made for me, that I might appear as a respectable visitor: but, alas! grandmother altered her mind! "You cannot go to day, my dear." "Why not, grandmother, you promised me I should!" "Well, I can take you next time." "You said over and over again, I should go *this* time." "No matter, my child, you can't go now." My fine jacket and trousers were on the table, but I must not put them on. I cried and sobbed: a plan of pacification was adopted. She presented me with a huge apple, twopence in cash, and a lump of gingerbread. Pooh! what were *these* to seeing such a glorious place as London? Getting a world of knowledge, from observing its fine shops, its tall churches, and grand public buildings, and coming home to communicate my discoveries to my school fellows and playmates! The coach stopped, and took up my grandmother, and left me behind,—anger mixed with my grief and disappointment. I flung the big apple after the coach—gave away the cash and the gingerbread to some children standing around me—refused to be pacified, and put no entire trust in grandmother's promises ever after. To divert my mind from this, to me, dreadful disappointment, I got up into grandmother's garret, put on one of grandfather's shirts for a surplice, pinned two black silk stockings together for a scarf, constructed a reading desk, read through the Church of England morning service, and afterwards preached, viz., read a

sermon from an old volume, of which I was fond—and pronounced the benediction.

People who, without necessity, voluntarily and from mere whim and caprice, disappoint the reasonable expectations of their neighbours, are chargeable not merely with meanness, but also with refined cruelty. Idle excuses for promise breaking, are but lame apologies for deception and falsehood. To raise expectations and excite hopes, which you either have no good reason to suppose you can meet, or which you have no intention to *try* to meet, is to injure others and degrade yourself. In the haste and bustle of multifarious engagements, even a good and faithful man may *forget* his promise; and when this is the case, he will feel very sorry and express regret, and if need be, ask forgiveness. But *reckless* promise breaking renders a man unworthy of confidence.

In *very little* and trifling things, as well as in affairs of grave importance, the moral *evil* of promise breaking is made apparent. Hence grandmother again. About a year after the first refusal to take me to London, I *was* taken. We lodged at a friend's house in Stepney. I begged earnestly to be shewn St. Paul's Cathedral, and was promised I should see it. I think no omnibuses existed then, and hackney coaches were expensive affairs, and not needed by good walkers, without luggage or anything but themselves. Granny took me along Mile-end Road, Whitechapel, Aldgate, Leadenhall-street, &c., till we *reached the Mansion House*. We then stopped.

Pointing to this building, she said, "*there*, my boy, there's a grand place; *that* is St. Paul's!" "Deary me," said I, "why it don't look like a church. I have seen St. Paul's in pictures, and it has a wonderful high steeple or dome." "Ah, well, perhaps, they have *taken the steeple down*, for workmen are always doing something at it!" Well, thought I, in my great disappointment, "This is a rum go," and we returned to Stepney. The good lady at the house where we lodged, listened to my speechifying about how St. Paul's should be one thing in pictures and quite another in itself, till she suddenly exclaimed, "Why, my boy, you are deceived, that place was *not* St. Paul's; your grandmother was *tired*, and did not like to walk along Cheapside, at the end of which you would have seen the *real* St. Paul's, and no mistake." From this I inferred that some people, when the keeping a promise gives them any little trouble, at once *break* it; and I thought then the best way was, when a thing wanted doing, to do it yourself, if possible. So next day I set off, and found St. Paul's for myself; and the sight of this magnificent edifice seemed to cool my indignation at granny's want of veracity.

People who deceive in small things, are not to be trusted in things great and important. A man once related to a brother minister the fact of his having been highly complimented, and promised certain good things in the way of elevation. The minister's reply was, "*They deceive you, sir.*" Yet these deceivers

were remarkably grave and solemn looking person-ages! It ought not then to be a matter of surprise that very grave characters are sometimes viewed with suspicion and distrust.

CHAPTER XIII.

MRS. ADDLEPATE AND OTHERS.

MRS. ADDLEPATE is still of opinion, even now, that she is somewhat enlightened on the subject of eccentricity, that it is a very odd sort of a thing, and she has yet some lingering doubts whether it can safely be tolerated. She was heard to exclaim, "I vunder at the monsus impurence of a man trying to call the attention of the British public to his grievences and disappointments! Vot, is the man actilly mad? Is he got the *monnomaniac*, for to go for to think the public of these yere realms has nothing better to do than okkipie their walleable time in the perusal of his *luckybrations*" [lucubrations].

Mr. Considerate.—"Be calm, madam, he is right, even in his severities; none can feel on the subject of his complaints as he himself, and we may think ourselves well off that he has not gone farther into detail: and I can assure you that he is not to be intimidated by any kind of censure, threatening, or denunciation."

Mrs. Addlepate.—"What *do* I hear? A man like *you*, above all others, to tollevate his persumpshun in exgibbiting such extinguished and noble kracters as if they vus the werry skim o' the earth. Its orrid! *Whoever*, besides hisself, ever met with men and

women with such peccoliarities as he pretends to describe? Stuff, nonsense, balderbash! O don't—don't—paternize him! Have respec to yerself, Sir, and be werry careful how you commit yerself by any written dokkiments in his favour. Let all his writings be burned in eternal, everlastin hobblivion."

Mr. Considerate.—"You either do not, or will not, understand him, madam. You are much excited. Be tranquil. He is fully prepared to defend every thing he says, and his manner of saying it."

Mrs. Addlepate.—"Don't talk to 'me in that ere vay, Sir; I shall construct your observations into a hinsult.—I tell you, this here henseggtricity of his'n is loathesome, and abominable, and detestable, and aggrewatin, and everythin that is vile, and ought to be hexegrated by the ole intelligent universe; by all the wise and thinkin inhabitants, of all the stars and planets in all the systems which okkipi infinite space. For my own part, I have resolved over and over again, that I would read him never no more; but some how or other, when I am reading his perductions, they seems like those dreadful wenemous sarpints that the writers on Zooholigy mention, that ven you vunce looke at em, they so *charm* and transfix yer, that yer cannot, as it were, move from the spot, and ven they have vunce cotched yer, they swallows yer up ole and entire. Keep out of the *vortex*, says I to myself; keep out of the *vortex*, Betsy Addlepate; don't be attracted by this man's *writings*; don't be whirled round. Remember the

lines of your favourite poet, the Reverend Alexander Pope [the Poet].

“The gath’ring number as it moves along,
Involves a wast involuntary throng,
Who, gently drawn, and struggling less and less,
Roll in her *vortex*, and her power confess.”

And impressed with these sublime admonitions, many’s the time I have resolved to discard for ever and ever all publications containing the smallest westage of henseggtricity. But here I *is* ! poor weak mortal, and ready to say with the pious mariners, in that beautiful hymn,

“Row, brothers, row,
For the rapids are near,
And the day light is past!”

O that I could steer the little bark of my soul in all my literary studies, quite clear of the Falls of Niaggare !”

Now if Mrs. Addlepate could only be convinced that she herself is a very odd sort of a woman, and that her *notions* of *such* eccentricity as we defend are silly and *eccentric* in the objectionable sense, we should have no more of her complaints and denouncements. But she conceives the *oddness* to be all on the other side, the side of the so called eccentric man, and therefore, though not invulnerable to righteous ridicule, she is callous to all argument. Did she but know the whole extent of her importance, that she is, as to her spirit and propensity to censoriousness, a *type and representative* of the whole fraternity and

sisterhood of Addlepates of all generations, and in all places, and who very ridiculously pretend to principle and conscience for their mischievous pragmatism and misrepresentations, we should have no end to her vituperation and refined slander. But we shall have to hear her again.

Mrs. Amiable regrets that she has so often been annoyed by members of the Addlepate family, and grieves heartily that her sex should ever be degraded by ill-natured prattlers of such a description, but is happy to be aware that witty ministers highly appreciate the intelligence, piety, discretion and sweetness of disposition that characterize the vast majority of females who retain membership in Christian churches, or who are at least among the regular congregational attendants at the house of God; and she is very decidedly of opinion that the course we take in checking censoriousness, is likely to be to a very considerable extent successful.

CHAPTER XIV.

DISAPPOINTMENTS—A PROFESSOR—LITTLE BOOKS.

REPEATED disappointments for many successive years will bring a man to a sort of easy despair of ever obtaining preferment, and it is perhaps well for the peace of his mind, when he can say with the fox, who could not with all his exertions reach the grapes, "they are sour;" for although disappointments and losses are grievous things, yet a man saves himself a world of trouble and labour when he ceases to bother himself, or anybody else, about getting what is never likely to be granted, and which, should it come too late, will be worth nothing.

It has long been the fashion to talk and write about '*disappointed men*,' with a feeling perfectly the reverse of that of sympathy, and to imagine that they are too aspiring, and think too much of themselves. But the disappointers are considered as all *right*. Of course they are; who ever thinks of blaming *them*? Yet there does at least seem some ground for scepticism on this point, when disappointments are so *frequent*, and promises are so often *unfulfilled*. We shall, however, know all about it in the day when every secret thing will be brought to light, and it is not likely we shall know it thoroughly before that *time*. But let us jog on, gentle reader, for we have

a deal to think about before we have done ; we can easily anticipate the possibility of some great writers wondering what on earth we are about, and whether we would lead them ? We may innocently fancy, for instance, how *Professor Tulip*, the great Botanist, would smile with scientific contempt upon our hints about what good things we could do in the preaching or lecturing line, if we had “fair play,” which the prime legislator in open conference, some years ago, said we *ought* to have, though we have not got it *yet*.

Professor.—“A very fine thing truly, for a man like *you* to fancy you could shine in a metropolis ! What are *your* lectures and mental powers compared with *my* rich articles, and deep speculations, and discoveries in *cryptogamic vegetation* ? Did you ever read my lecture on the Luxuriant Foliage of Turnips, vulgarly called turnip tops ?

Self.—“No, Sir, I confess my ignorance of this noble science of yours. I love turnips with a leg of mutton, as they suit my palate ; as to their foliage, I was not aware, till now, that it ever suggested thoughts for profound investigation, or furnished hints for learned dissertation and eloquent lectures. But you know best. As to preaching, however, I may possibly be allowed to say *something*. Every man to his trade. You can revel among roses, and butter cups, and daisies, and expose our ignorance to your heart’s content ; but we cannot help thinking *that we could* lend a helping hand in hints for great *improvements* in the pulpit. Only let us not be mis-

understood. We are no advocates for elaborated sermons, for habitual or ordinary preaching. We demur to the practice of using the pulpit as the chair of a college professor. We are against taking up the time of a congregation, especially in the rural districts, by a display of verbal criticism. We have known clever men to ruin their pulpit reputation by this practice. Nor do we extol the practice of preaching whole sermons from memory, although a good minister has a right to do this, if he thinks fit, and some do it well. We preach Christ, and the doctrines, virtues, and duties of the New Testament, with plainness, perspicuity, and as much effect as we possibly can."

Professor.—"Hold, Sir!—You are talking about *yourself* again; and threaten me with a long dissertation. Your subject does not at all interest me, and I have important engagements; I have to finish my essay on the distinctive, original, peculiar, and characteristic differences of the carrot and parsnip classifications." The Professor makes a formal bow, and hurries home to resume his very important investigations.

Well, reader, now the Professor has left us, we can breathe a little, and proceed. *Ordinarily* we preach extempore, and sometimes in the true and exact sense of the word; viz., without premeditation. Not liking the absurdity of calling any thing *extempore*, that is previously prepared; sometimes we use notes, at other times (though very rarely) preach

from a full manuscript. But we say seriously, that there is another and higher department of work, in which we should like to luxuriate. We love a *demand* for well studied divinity lectures. But such a demand is never made, where people are so pious, and simple hearted, and weak minded, as to eschew all elaborations, and enjoy themselves in their own way. We therefore submit to circumstances, and accommodate; and thus our pulpit work is not a *labour*, but a religious relaxation. Much against the will, then, we stick fast in the non-improvement system. Yet we are not lazy; we write very much, not for present use, but to discharge our griefs, to record our ponderings, to indulge our fancy, to recreate our minds. In the midst of cares, labours, and sorrows, we have written a load of manuscripts. Some have been printed, and sold off, others we have put into the fire, others we retain. We have worked hard at midnight, after our regular ministerial labours, thinking it possible, *just possible*, that is all, that some time or other, nobody knows when, contemporaries and posterity may see us again in type. We are not like the cruel boys in the fable, who diverted themselves in pelting the poor frogs; but we do confess to feel some exhilaration in the fun of poking up old grumpies who banish men for eccentricity, and rubbing up great people who talk so compassionately about our *little* books. Ah, now, if we could but write *great* books, or fifty guinea articles for the six *shilling* quarterlies! If we could but come out with

something equal in power and research to "The British species of Angiocarpous Lichens, elucidated by their spondia; by the Rev. W. A. Leighton, B. A. F.B.S. E. and L.," in the *London Quarterly Review*, No. 1, Page 88, this would be something indeed to look like greatness! We do not ridicule any science, because we have never studied it; still less do we indulge "the spirit that dictated the sneers of Wolcot, Pope, and the wits of the last two centuries;" yet we cannot help but prefer articles in which there is less display of technicalities or "scientific nomenclature." The devotees of science are, we humbly think, apt to be excessively enamoured with their peculiar studies, and to speak contemptuously of men who prefer something else to the study of botany. It is rather too much to charge such men with dullness and ignorance, and to say, "in spite of their intellectual, or rather unintellectual dullness, these truths are replete with beauty; and the studies which develope a knowledge of them, are rapidly extending in all educated circles. Hence, we trust the day is not remote, when the obtuseness of narrow minds, and the one-sided witticisms of higher intellects, will be known only as obsolete things, to be classed with shilling postages, tinder boxes, and mail coaches running eight miles an hour." Now, notwithstanding this reference to the witticisms of *higher* intellects, and the stupidity of some of us "tinder box" fellows, it would be impossible, for *even such distinguished botanists as Suminski,*

Thuret, Decaisné, Ralfs, Thwaites, Berkely, Tulasné, Hoffmeister, following up the inquiries of Hedwig and Amici, to allure some of us to their favourite pursuits. We intensely admire the Quarterly Review, and ought to thank it for its admonitory solemn and sublime illustrations of our ignorance, by the classical allusion to tinder boxes.

We are seriously sincere in saying that the London Quarterly Review, now published by Alexander Heylin, 28, Paternoster-row, London, is a Quarterly of pre-eminent and unrivalled excellence. With regard to *Botany*, I should be glad to see from the pen of some eminent Botanist, who is *nervous* when his studies are ungratefully ignored by naughty people, a learned dissertation on the *sensitive plant*. That day will be a most happy one, when competent writers, in the various and diversified departments of science and literature, shall cease to diminish one another in public estimation; when they shall, as far as they possibly can, consistently with a good conscience, commend and recommend one another with mutual good feeling, and not tamper with one another's sensibilities on either side. Faithful criticism, though it may give some pain, is allowable and virtuous; but expressions of *contempt*, when a thing with all its infirmities is *not* contemptible, provoke the very best of men. A blow is sometimes more endurable than a verbal insult. Let all literary men, and especially all Gospel ministers, *think* of this.

A Voice.—"Then think of it yourself. Why do you use expressions of contempt?"

Answer.—I treat no men with contempt, but those whose sayings and conduct seriously deserve it; men who give themselves airs, assume great consequence, and practically despise and injure their superiors. I appeal from you to men of superior discernment; I challenge criticism. Men that look at *detached parts* of any of my books only, will not understand me, and should, therefore, not expose their incompetency by pronouncing judgment. Men, who as some people say, *have their heads set on right*, and go through with me, I have no reason to fear.

As I am very much in the habit of *anticipating* objections, because in past time they have been made, and because it is likely there will always be a class of readers not relishing any thing ‘in *my way*,’ I will state a fact or two. “The first time I read your books,” said a good man in Lancashire, “I did not like them. I read them a second time, and liked them a little. I went over them a *third* time, and liked them altogether.” Not long since, a minister of long standing, and maintaining an elevated status, said to me, “I have recommended your ‘Punctuality’ to the book room.” The same book had formerly been deemed objectionable. Simply in defence, nothing more, numerous instances could be produced of objectors becoming patrons and approvers. A very respectable objection may be made to the absence of classification, order, and arrangement, in the present volume; I have made this objection myself, and have *myself removed it*. The book is, I think I may say,

essentially peculiar, and does not admit of those artificial arrangement of subjects and parts, so easily effected in the construction of books in general. And perhaps the reader will have no objection to be reminded of the fact, that the text of the "Sacred Books" themselves, was originally written without any breaks, or divisions into chapters or verses, or even into words; so that a whole book, as written in the ancient manner was, in fact, but one continued word; of which mode of writing many specimens are still extant in ancient Greek and Latin manuscripts. [See Intro. to Comprehensive Bible—Bagster, p. 68.] "We allow," says the Rev. Thomas Stackhouse (in his 'Apparatus' to his history of the Bible) "that *method* is an excellent art, highly conducive to the clearness and perspicuity of discourse; but then we affirm that it is an art of *modern* invention in comparison to the times, when the sacred *penmen* wrote, and *incompatible* with the *manner* of writing, which was then in vogue. We, indeed, in *Europe*, who, in this matter, have taken our examples from *Greece*, can hardly read any thing with pleasure, that is not digested into order, and sorted under proper heads; but the *Eastern* nations, who were used to a free way of discourse, and never cramped their notions by *methodical* limitations, would have despised a composition of this kind, as much as we do a school boy's *theme*, with all the formalities of its *Exordium's*, *Ratio's*, and *Confirmatio's*."

Supported then in our free and easy way of writing, *by learned authorities*, we use our liberty.

CHAPTER XV.

MRS. ADDLEPATE AND THE AUTHOR.

MRS. ADDLEPATE, having handsome property, and nothing particular to do, finds employment in driving about in her elegant pony chaise, in reading new and strange books, and in making her pencil annotations in the margins; in gossiping with her neighbours; in giving them the earliest information of any new works that very much interest her, either with pain or pleasure. Being very loquacious, she is not without her use as to exciting or alarming her friends about any extraordinary publication they have not seen, and which she thinks they should see by all means. In fact, with all her peculiarities, she is a good *advertising medium*.

Having read some of our publications, and not being satisfied with them, she resolves to make a call. Here we are.

Mrs. A.—"Sir, my name is *Addlepate*. Excuse my boldness, but having read some of your works, and heard a deal about you, and read some hextrodinary incomiums in newspapers and warious periodicals, I could not satisfy my mind till I had got an interview."

Author.—Pray be seated, madam.

Mrs. A.—"I think one of your books is called *the Poppelarity of Christian Ministers*."

Author.—"Yes, madam, and that book has long been out of print; a new edition is wanted."

Mrs. A.—"Why look you, now, how could you make such queer remarks about ministers getting diplomers? It was cruel on yer to do so."

Author.—"Whatever I have said, ma'am, on that delicate and difficult subject, I have said from a serious conviction of duty. My opinions are those of a multitude of ministers, and men of learning in this kingdom. Certainly it was a very bold, and doubtless would be deemed a very eccentric undertaking in me, to publish my thoughts on a subject, from which, perhaps, all writers in the world refrain, whatever they say about it in private."

Mrs. A.—"Dear me; I should think you got a fine dressing in the magazines. Did not the heditors come down upon you, eh?"

Author.—"Just the reverse, madam. All the reviews handed to me, were favourable and laudatory, very far beyond my expectations."

Mrs. A.—"Well, I never!—Did you ever!"

Author.—"More than that, madam, I was strongly importuned, by a venerable minister, the Rev. R. R—long before the publication of that little book, to address the annual assembly on the subject of diplomas. This, I of course declined. But the book contains quite as many hints as are needed, and too many for those good men, who having *accepted* their titles, cannot dispense with them if *they would*. But, if you please, madam, we will *change the subject*."

Mrs. A.—"With all my *art*. But I must just say, I am greatly astonished. My mind is now relieved, I see you did not go to work rashly and of your own head, but had the coincidence* of an aged father on the subject. Well, I think better of the book now. O blessings! how we may get enlightened by consideren the old addidge—odee altumcum partum.† My dear father, who know'd Latin, always impressed this inwalleable motto on my tender mind."

Author.—"Yes, madam, it is important to bear it in mind, as serious injury has been done by speaking and writing on one sided reports."

Mrs. A.—"I find you have also Ramblins of a Evangelist, and people tell me there is many silly tales in it about your riding on whales in the sea, and biling eggs, and holloren out when they was done, and sich like stuff and nonsense."

Author.—"Get the book, madam, and judge for yourself. I never write either silly tales, or stuff and nonsense. But ignorant readers, who cannot understand me, or perceive *the point* of my peculiar illustrations, are apt to condemn and be angry with me; but it is as much out of my power to give them good sense, as it is to sweeten their tempers."

Mrs. A.—"Tempers! Ah, that reminds me of another of your publications, I think it is about *peevishness*."

* Concurrence.

† *Audi alterum partum.* Hear both sides.

Author.—"Yes, madam, I recommend that little book to your serious perusal."

Mrs. A.—"Well, I will get it, for when I am tempted by our great grandfather, dear me, I mean our great *adversary*, the devil, I am cross, and slams the doors, and scolds the servants, but I pray for grace."

Author.—"I hope your prayer will be answered, madam, as peevishness is remarkably inconsistent with professions of holiness; and it is with an ill grace that bad tempered saints censure and condemn the eccentric. Some peevish people are very rude and insolent. I have witnessed frequent instances of this; and it does indeed require *grace*, as you say, to bear their conduct patiently."

Mrs. A.—"And you have other works?"

Author.—"Yes, madam, all duly advertised."

Mrs. Addlepate bids good morning, and retires.

Having had much conversation at times with literary men, I have found that *they*, like ourselves, their inferiors, sometimes suffer for handsome reviews and private commendation. "Woe unto you when *all* men speak well of you." This woe is happily escaped. Crotchety critics, Addlepates, and Sniveltons, will *try* to give annoyance, and should authors attach any importance to their censures, they must uncomfortably *feel* them. This is sometimes the case, and thus they pay for their popularity, a tax in the way of inward vexation. I have no reason myself to *complain of reviewers*. One good man did indeed find

fault with my little book on "Punctuality," but then, as if thinking that possibly I might be right after all, he closed his review with a strong recommendation. Another, in a provincial newspaper, made a little mistake in saying that the *title* of "Rambles of an Evangelist," was "*misleading*," and yet this discovery was not made by the London Reviewers; all other critics have treated me nobly, and deserve, and have my warmest thanks. It is a happy thing when a reviewer takes a book on its own abstract merits, apart from all considerations of the position of the writer, or the community to which he belongs, except, indeed, the writer has written as a mere *partisan*."

It is a happy thing when authors preserve self possession, and good temper, under the *censures* of a reviewer. To contemplate reply and retaliation is for the most part impolitic. The book and the review are both before the public. Should the book be really objectionable as a whole, nothing the author can say to the reviewer, however ingenious and clever, will ever be likely to conciliate either him or the public. If the book in the main is a good one, and the reviewer has dealt unfairly with it, the public, at least the *discerning* part of it, will soon discover *this* also. Some reviewers are perfectly aware with what ease a talented author could write an effective reply to their animadversions, but *expecting* no reply they take liberties. Besides this, the reviewer's *safety* often consists in the author's *poverty*. The author cannot afford the *pecuniary* risk of printing, and so

the reviewer, settled and salaried, and his periodical kept going by regular subscription, has the field to himself.

After all, it must be admitted, that *competent* reviewers, writing under the influence of justice, honour, and self command, are a valuable race of men. Some writers are deeply indebted to them, for the circulation they give to their works. Their position gives them an advantage and a power over the public mind, which, to a considerable extent, is irresistible; and although neither we nor ourselves award to them the attribute of infallibility, yet as they usually come very near, and sometimes quite up to the whole truth, in their judgment and decisions, they should be respected and thanked for their services. It is a very great advantage to the interests of literature that there should be a good understanding between authors and reviewers. The former taking pains and using exertions to produce works *worthy* of the public patronage, and the latter kindly helping them to secure it.

CHAPTER XVI.

“BEWARE OF MEN”—DEMOCRITUS.

“Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you, and persecute you,” says the great teacher.

“*Enemies!*” (says good Mr. Noble, a metropolitan brother minister) “Surely, a man like *you*, can never have enemies!” This exclamation has often been addressed to us. Yet what can we make of men who deliberately and designedly stand in the way of their neighbours, to obstruct their progress forwards and upwards? Much as such persons object to the *word* enemies; much as they prefer softer titles; we cannot but affirm, that he who does the *work* of an enemy, and does it often, and inwardly rejoices that he does his work effectually, *is* an enemy. It is with enmity, as with envy and ingratitude, you cannot, except in very rare instances, get men who are *really* chargeable with these vices to acknowledge themselves guilty. They try to make out that you are mistaken. You merely *imagine* things; and they sometimes try to smother up all your accusations by protestations of friendship, and well wishing, and compliments, and politeness, and for some ten or twenty years you try to think, “well, perhaps I *am* mistaken,” my long perpetuated disappointments are

things of mere *accident*, and not of design. Surely, such softness and politeness is an argument of friendship! O, its all right, I will expect again; but *again* your expectation is "cut off," and again, and *again*—meanwhile, compliments and promises are going on, and men try to persuade you what a charming spot it is you are going to; very romantic, picturesque, sublime, a beautiful county, kind people; "parish allowance," it is true, and rather a small sanctuary, but then it may be a stepping stone to something else; "besides, you know, you will be near the great city, and that will come next."

So we go on, while the very parties who thus raise hopes are first and foremost to crush them, at the time they should be realized. These men are enemies; other enemies take a different course. They continue to be as disagreeable to you as possible; they insult you both in speech and writing; and what is very remarkable, indeed, they will do this when no provocation has, at any time, been given. To myself, then, and all other ministers deemed eccentric, and who are extremely likely to be opposed, so long as they are rendered conspicuous,—I say, beware of enemies, both rough and smooth. "Beware of men." "Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees," says our Saviour; "Bid me of men beware," says Wesley. And I say, beware of men whose peculiarity of conduct towards eccentrics is anything but *amiable*. Beware of men who write offensive and *mendacious letters*; yet, don't be in haste to put their

letters into the fire, as some of them may be turned to good account in any future publication, and you may make "elegant extracts" from them, and preserve them as men preserve curious reptiles, in spirits, for the entertainment of the virtuoso. Beware of persons who smile when they are angry. I have said somewhere else, did you ever see a *horse* smile? He turns his ears backward, he shows his teeth, his eyes look "curious like," he begins to run; fly for your life! He is going to give you a grip, and the bite of a horse may be fatal. I once saw a man's arm most horribly lacerated and mangled by the bite of a horse. Now you know, biting horses do not *bark*, and thus to the certain and sorrowful knowledge of some men, silent opponents are found more mischievous than those who honestly growl and bark at you.

Beware of men who look red and white when you are commended.

Beware of those who very much enjoy themselves, when somebody or other, as they *fancy*, takes the conceit out of you! And whatever annoyance people of the above kinds may give you, either orally or by letters, do not honour them by an angry reply. Characters of this sort are pretty well known, and have greater notoriety than they are aware of. Do not give yourself the trouble to punish them by retaliation, they are punished enough by their own pride and sullenness, and by that general neglect, which they, themselves, have provoked. When an *ill-natured thing*, calling himself a man, tells the

public anonymously in a newspaper, that you want piety and common sense, let him alone, your friends see at once how deplorably he has committed himself, and his violent dealing comes down on his own pate. (Ps. vii. 16.)

To keep yourself well balanced, cherish intimacy with New Testament Christians; read the best books in divinity, including those of a devotional character; use much self-examination and mental prayer, visit the sick and the dying; you will find in this a double advantage, you will do good to them and yourself, as your griefs and troubles will induce that sympathizing state of mind, so needful in the house of sorrow and mourning, and so powerful a help to appropriate and effectual prayer. Do not give up innocent eccentricity, but use it aright, as in your case it is a talent, and an instrument of good service.

Do not, while in a happy, merry mood, write facetious letters to men with whom you are not intimately acquainted, for though your letters may contain nothing contrary to respect and Christian affection, they may not be well taken. They may find the receivers in a fit of peevishness, or in a state of mind not fit to entertain pleasantries. A sociable man, inclined to pleasantry, is but too apt to conclude from reminiscences of casual interviews with men with whom he has conversed in former times, that they are *in perpetuity* what he found them in former accidental converse. But men differ from themselves, and hence, he whom you thought your attached

friend years ago, you may find has now forgotten you, and will perhaps *wonder* at the liberty you take. Human friendships are very uncertain things and open hearted Christians who are apt to love and esteem every man, who at any time has shewn them respect and kindness, but too often ascertain to their disappointment and grief, that a few years will make a great difference in the feelings of a quondam friend, as in the affairs of love and courtship, there is sometimes *jilting*. A man turning off an amiable and confiding girl, because he has found a rich one,* so in personal friendships, one man discards a friend from intimacy, because the friend continues poor, and he has become wealthy and keeps his carriage. *Such* conduct, we regret to say, is not confined to what we in our imagined religious superiority call "the world."

Quietly *withdraw* then from every man who does not want you. Let him enjoy his wealth and greatness, to his heart's content, and you enjoy your Bible, with your littleness and your God, with a good conscience. Maintain ministerial dignity; the dignity of preserving mental power; the dignity of walking to your country appointments, if obliged to walk through thunderstorms in summer, and snow drifts in winter, *if possible*. The dignity of being "in labours more abundant" The dignity of not making

* Shame on the cruel things that do it. To the great honour of the Wesleyan Conference, jilting is punished with *severity*, and in some gross cases with expulsion.

such a fuss about a slight cold, or indisposition, as to make it a plea for not preaching. The dignity of keeping your temper when rude persons insult you. In brief, the dignity of suffering well, and doing all the good you possibly can. This is *your* dignity, and you may keep this up without the small politeness of a man milliner, a draper's apprentice, or a waiter at an hotel. These latter things are good and commendable enough to answer their purposes—specially where they are a compliment to other people's dignity,—but with regard to you, they are so diminutive, that you may safely dispense with them. Neither do you want the lilliputian dignity, which consists in a demure look, an elegant black walking stick, and a prim clerical costume. All this is very harmless, and highly prized by little people who attach great importance to externals. *Your* dignity is in usefulness, direct and indirect, in having the mind of Christ, and in Evangelical labour; and you may preserve all this under the disadvantages of 'a shocking bad hat,' a seedy coat, and clumsy shoes, when you cannot afford anything better.

Politeness is a good thing, therefore be polite; be obliging, be affectionate, accommodating, forbearing, and courteous. You cannot, in mean apparel, and with those *little absences of mind*, which your inward anxieties will now and then occasion, observe all the little niceties or punctilios of that variable thing called *etiquette*. You may attend to every thing *that is rational* about it, when you know what it is,

but don't be hampered with it. When it incurs expense which you cannot afford, avoid it; look upon it as nonsensical, and although through the want of a fashionable suit, and little decorations, some high-born dame in a party, may be wondering in regard to you, 'who that person is?' never mind, let her ladyship wonder till she is tired of it. While God knows who you are, and what you are, and approves of the way you take, all is right with you now; and if you prove faithful to him, all will be right with you for ever. *Patience* is a quality you will ever need, that you may bear injustice without revenge; and moral courage you will find to be indispensable in attacking those bad qualities in others by which you have been injured. *Deceit* is one of them. "The deceitful man," says old Humphrey, "plays different parts; to-day he is a friend, and to-morrow your enemy. His language before your face and behind your back never agree; the one is all fur, and the other all talon; the words of his mouth are smoother than butter, but war is in his heart; his words are softer than oil, yet are they drawn swords. There is something so mean and pitiful in deceit, that it deserves to be shot at as a target, and exposed to general ridicule." I quote this little bit, not because the sentiment is new, but because old Humphrey justifies that *severity* which I have used in exposing the pranks of the censorious, unjust, and deceitful. I must say, however, to the credit of human nature, and *judging from observation*, that deceitful persons

are not *numerous*, as compared with others. Some may doubt this, but I believe that close attention will ascertain the fact that the very large majority of any man's acquaintance deal uprightly with him. The Psalmist, Psalm cxvi. verse 11, says, "I said in my haste, all men are liars." "Pressed on all sides with dangers, from which I fled as fast I was able," (says Dr. Patrick, in his Paraphrase,) "I concluded it was vain to rely on the friendship and help of men; for they, whom I trusted, proved so false and treacherous, that I had reason to think the rest would deceive and fail my expectation, when I was in the greatest need of them."

Let us never say anything *in haste*, where the character of our fellow-mortals is concerned; nor on account of injuries from the *few* suspect the *many*. The enormous turpitude of a propensity to deceive, and the serious mischiefs often resulting from it, justify great severity in its reprehension, and hence the holy scriptures are righteously terrible in its condemnation. "And the devil that *deceived* them was cast into the lake of fire and brimstone, where the beast and the false prophet are, and shall be tormented day and night for ever and ever." (Rev. xx. 10.) "And all liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death." (Rev. xxi. 8.)

And I should like to see in what way the perpetrators of such a sin would make out that they are as pure and holy as their Psalm singing and grave countenances

would lead us to suppose them to be. It's a very fine thing to talk about errors and mistakes, and not meaning any harm to "our brother." But why do those who very rarely make mistakes in money calculations, and who have pre-eminent talents for business; who are perfectly at home in arithmetic and book-keeping, whether in the financial departments of the Church of England, or those of other churches—make such mistakes in the fixing of ministers? It may be said, "We cannot help it; they would not have you here or there—they had heard about your eccentricity." Then why did you not exert your *authority*, and force your brother *upward* instead of downward? Such things, you know, you have done for *others*—why not for *him*?

I cheerfully give my tribute to your general excellencies as to character and qualification. I can sincerely rejoice in the high positions some of you so honourably maintain. I can be pleased at the justice, respect, and kindness you shew to others; but from your own individual, favourable, (and repeated) verbal, and written testimonies *to* me, (whatever you may have said *of* me), I can shew that no favourable result has ever occurred to me at all corresponding with the compliments I have received. I began my itinerant ministry in 1825, and while very many much younger men have been raised to honours, I am now, in 1859, on the same level as in 1825. Changes for the better have, it is *true*, come over many minds who once took distorted

views of harmless eccentricity, but while we are glad of these, so far as they promise better treatment *in future* to eccentric ministers, yet they come for ever too late to remedy the evil results of censoriousness as to the past. Whatever sufferings have been, or may be now, endured by other ministers similar to those to which I have been obliged to submit, I can only pray that God will bless them, dispose them to protest against Pharisaism, and seek its utter subversion—its final overthrow.

Some good people, from infancy, have had particular marks on their faces,—as the appearance of wine, or some kind of fruit,—this makes them look differently from men in general, and they cannot help it. Now none but rude and unfeeling persons make disparaging remarks upon them on this account. And so some have mental constitutions, differing from the majority of their fellow mortals, and they cannot help it. Yet they do not offend God: and who, but censorious Pharisees, will ever twit them, and punish them on this account?

“Well, but by preventing us from censuring eccentricity, you will encourage eccentric men to indulge in all manner of extravagance.” Nothing of the sort. It is your *interference* that is the most likely to produce such an unfavourable result. Let them alone, and their own good sense and discretion will effect that moderation and self-government, *which* unjust censures can never accomplish. In *meddling* with the eccentrics, in a quietly primitive

fashion, you are apt to think yourselves very wise men and great philosophers; but you are neither the one or the other. I have frequently been astonished at the conceit of many grave personages, and their admirers. Not only have they imagined that personal godliness is pre-eminently their's on account of their gravity, but that deep thinking and intellectual power are their almost exclusive prerogative. All conversations, all public oral addresses, all writings carried on with stiff and almost frowning seriousness, are supposed to be identical with vast mental superiority. Now this is, not in *every* case, certainly, but in very many instances, a contemptible delusion. *Democritus*, who was called the "laughing philosopher," had as much good sense and mental superiority as the solemn and "divine" Plato; and he was as fond of study and solitude as that great man. I have said somewhere in my writings, and will say it again, lest you should forget it, that this Democritus was accused of insanity, and Hippocrates was ordered to inquire into the nature of his disorder. The physician had a conference with the philosopher, and declared that *not* Democritus, but his *enemies*, were insane!

Making allowance for some theological errors in the mind of this superior man, who lived in times of pagan darkness, he was highly esteemed. He repeated, before his countrymen, one of his compositions, called *Diacosmos*. It was received with *such uncommon applause* that he was presented with

500 talents ! He died in the 109th year of his age ; before Christ 361 years.

Democritus laughed at the follies and vanity of mankind, who distract themselves with care, and are at once a prey to hope and to anxiety. He was a wise and a merry old man, yet ever industrious and laborious in his studies ; yea, and could be *grave* too, with gravity of the best quality, the quiet placidity of good sense and pity for superstitious follies. He might have been wrong in his rigid scepticism concerning ghosts, but he was right in the following case :—
“Some youths, to try his fortitude, dressed themselves in a hideous and deformed habit, and approached his cave in the dead of night, with whatever could create terror and astonishment. The philosopher received them unmoved ; and without even looking at them, he desired them to cease making themselves such objects of ridicule and folly.” (See Lempriere’s Class. Dic. p. 247.)

It is now (in 1859,) about two thousand two hundred and twenty years since Democritus left the world. How many of our *modern* philosophers will, like Democritus, be talked of with approbation, two thousand two hundred and twenty years hence ?

CHAPTER XVII.

MRS. ADDLEPATE AND THE AUTHOR.

THERE is a very *remarkable* dignity in some writers, which restrains them from giving any reply to objections made to their books. They prefer what they call *dignified silence*. How much real *philosophy* there is in this dignity, I will not undertake to determine; but I do at this moment recollect a remarkable saying of that eminent writer, Dr. Samuel Johnson. Somebody had talked to him about the far-famed virtue of *silent contempt*, and about its being the best reply to slander; and I rather think that in numerous instances it is so. But there are exceptions, and so Dr. Johnson thought, and hence he observed: "Silence is as much in the power of a *guilty* man, as one that is innocent." Well spoken, brother Samuel! And here I might observe, that a great number of the Psalms of David, are replies to opponents and complaints against them. Virtual and even formal protestations against objectionable characters, and these written by divine inspiration, and published to the world by the immediate sanction of God himself! Now, then, if silence is for the *most part* a virtue, (and an argument of sublime dignity, like that of a stupendous rock dashed against by furious waves in a storm, yet remaining silent,) it ~~does~~

not follow, that we must let anybody and everybody go unanswered. Charity, and a wish to enlighten them, will sometimes dictate a reply. “*What*, (says the reader,) are you going to be at your old tricks again, and advertise your books?” My dear friend, *do* have a little patience with me, and put the best and the right interpretation upon the following dialogue:—

Mrs. Addlepate, not being quite satisfied with the “books,” makes another call.

Mrs. A.—“Well, really, Sir, full of charity as I am, I must be candy with you, and speak my mind.”

Author.—“By all means, madam.”

Mrs. A.—“I never critikizes authors with severity. I makes candy allowances for everything pecooliar, whether in idees or language.”

Author.—“That, madam, is an amiable quality in a reader.”

Mrs. A.—“I puts the best constriction I can on every thing!”

Author.—“Good again, Mrs. Addlepate.”

Mrs. A.—“But I *do* wonder, how you, as a minister, could say in your *appendage* to the little work, on pastoral visiting, that certain persons who *demonstrate* against ministers, was like wild *kannibals*, eating up human flesh.”

Author.—“Read that appendix again, madam, and you will see that I there represent the agonized feelings of excellent ministers at the sight of men who *come to oppose* them, without any reason but such as

a judicious Christian would be thoroughly ashamed of. Men of this sort deserve to be characterized by strong and appropriate epithets."

Mrs. A.—"Well, there *is* something in *that*, to be sure."

Author.—"Yes, madam, and in the fear of that God who hates injustice, blended with superstition and folly, I will ever protest against the *protestations* of those whose caprice is so deeply injurious."

Mrs. A.—"But what can you say to that levity passage in your '*Punctuality*,' about the young man who tore his silk stocking on board a London steamer? In spite of all my endeavours to keep *serus*, I busted into a laugh."

Author.—"That little incident is narrated simply to expose and chastise ridiculous vanity and affectation."

Mrs. A.—"Ah! but after all, I don't like it. I laughed, it is true, but my conscience condemned me for it, as I had just then lost my dear *Fanny*, and it would have more become me to ha' been readin Saint Augustus's meditations, or Thomas O'Kempus."

Author.—"The works you mention, madam, are very excellent, and well adapted to the Christian who suffers bereavement. I have read these works myself, and much enjoyed them. In a sorrowful state of mind, I sometimes recommend better books than my own, and it would have been better, on the whole, while determined to honour *me* with a *perusal*, had you fixed on my lecture on *Paradise*, instea

of the little work on Punctuality. But permit me to sympathize with you on the loss of a beloved daughter. Having lost children myself, I have felt acutely the pangs of bereavement; and I am free to tell you, that eccentric men, however humorous, can weep with those that weep, and enter into the most solemn meditations, quite as readily, and with as much religious effect, as other men."

Mrs. A.—"Do you say so? Well, I am astonished! I thought, from what Mr. Snivelton told me, you was always a laughing and joking."

Author.—"Mr. Snivelton, madam, told you a falsehood. I never laugh but when something is said or done to laugh at, which is both natural and innocent: and the word *joking*, as applied to me, is too coarse, and at no time critically appropriate; and I am perfectly sure that I am often much more serious than the men who make their seriousness a kind of *exhibition*, and who would very preposterously put on the same look at a wedding as at a funeral. The mind passes through different moods or states, and is affected in different ways by different circumstances, events, and surrounding objects. Sometimes it wants recreation, and then an eccentric friend, or an innocently queer book, supplies the desideratum. At other times it needs serious admonition. Sometimes it is afflicted, then the Psalms of David, and Saint Paul's Epistles, are in request."

Mrs. A.—"Dear me, how you do filosopise. *But you have not dwelt upon the state I was in when*

I lost my Fanny. Blessed as I am with a good fortin, left me by my dear husband, yet I could not, after all, help greevin."

Author.—"This, madam, is natural, and even commendable, for it is a fearful detriment to a Christian to be 'without natural affection.'"

Mrs. A.—"That's just what I thinks; and I have no good opinion of people who has no affection for dumb animals."

Author.—"In surprise.] "Dumb *animals*, madam!"

Mrs. A.—"Yes; I never had no children, so I kept a darlin little *lap dog*, and called her *Fanny*; and you would have been delighted to see how she answered to her name, jist like a Christian. She would jump on my shoulder, and salute me with the tenderest affection. Oh! my dear lost pet!" [Mrs. A. sheds tears.]

Author.—"Permit me to say, madam, that disposed as I am to pet the domestic animals, the death of one would never induce such an eccentric state of mind, as to make me reject a pleasant and cheerful book on its account. This would be morbid sensibility with a witness! I had supposed you had been lamenting the death of a *child*! Why did you not correct my error sooner?"

Mrs. A.—"Why, you see, I thought I would let you run on, as you had got into such a *serus* mood, but you know it now, and I still feel I was right in lamenting the death of the darlin pet, and wrong in *reading your funny books*, instead of *Augustus* [St. Augustine] and other pious breathins."

Author.—"Madam I am not at all sorry that you have so honestly spoken your mind about the books. It is good that an author should hear of himself from foes as well as friends. It is not likely that you will ever entirely relish my writings; though, by a reperusal, your former prejudices may somewhat abate. Nor is it, on the other hand, either necessary or desirable that I should come over to your opinions on modes of writing. You can go on with your meditations and devotions in commemoration of lap dogs, and you are at perfect liberty to protest against my publications, while I shall take that course in checking evil and doing good, which, so far as I can judge, is marked out to me, and let sound sense and the public judge between us. I have already the suffrages of not a few distinguished writers, and a host of well judging readers, so that I can afford to bear the censures of a minority."

Mrs. A.—"Well, after all, let us part friends. We all take different views of things, and from the *combustion** of opinions, they say, truth is struck out."

Author.—"Yes, madam, no harm can come from a calm expression of opposite opinions. Tastes differ, and on both sides of our controversy I hope good Christians are to be found. But these good Christians differ widely from censorious Pharisees." The one horse chaise comes to the door, and Mrs. Addlepate *shakes hands*, and bids farewell.

* Collision.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A WONDERFUL SCHEDULE.

IN the management of important financial affairs in civil governments and in churches, it is often found necessary to construct *schedules*. These documents put questions and demand answers. And it is certainly very proper that from time to time the exact state of things in the religious world as well as in the body politic should be known, so that if any disastrous errors or evils exist they may be rectified without delay. Schedules, however, are not always filled up cleverly, partly because some of the questions are not clearly understood, and partly because, *if* understood, answers cannot be given. Yet these papers, with all the apparatus of lines, columns, and numerous headings, generally elicit much valuable information, and people should honestly endeavour to be as explicit and full in their answers as possible; for how can we correct errors, remedy evils, reform abuses, and put things to rights, without great and exact preparatory knowledge? And how shall we get this knowledge, without asking questions, and how can we clothe our questions with power and authority, so well as by putting them into a printed schedule? And granting that some questions, here *and there cannot, for the present, be well answered,*

yet as others can, and the difficult ones *may*, in process of time; we have great encouragement to propound our schemes.

Things in this world have their different *degrees* of importance, and as we cannot but be of opinion, that for the growth and prevalence of Christianity, there should be amongst efficient ministers as equitable a distribution of temporalities as can well be made, and as there is not, at present, a satisfactory distribution, we think a schedule published for information on this subject would be of *great* importance.

Let us have one by all means, one which will set men a thinking for the benefit of all religious communities.

SCHEDULE EXTRAORDINARY! *without horizontal and perpendicular lines. The questions to be answered without equivocation or reserve, by the leading authorities in the churches of Great Britain and Ireland, and the British Colonies.*

Gentlemen! you are required to state—

I. The number of rich, but inferior men in fat livings.

II. The number of poor, but superior ditto, in lean ditto.

III. State how much practical Christianity there is in the foregoing arrangements.

IV. Number of sermons preached weekly by rich *ministers*.

V. *Number of ditto ditto ditto by poor ditto.*

VI. The *quality* of sermons preached by rich ministers.

VII. The ditto of ditto ditto by poor ditto.

VIII. State the grounds and reasons for rejecting poor ministers.

IX. Ditto the ditto ditto for preferring rich ditto.

X. Prove, if you can, that these grounds and reasons please God.

XI. State the *probable results* of selfishness and injustice in the distribution of parishes, livings, circuits, &c., in the day of judgment.

XII. State how many good ministers have been brought to a premature grave, or driven mad by the pressure of difficulties.

XIII. When an eccentric minister is down low, state how many grave men say, "It serves him right."

XIV. Give the reasons for men saying things are all right, when they are all wrong.

"Ridiculous! preposterous! insane! extravagant! silly! shameful! insolent! monstrous! unspeakably and unutterably abominable!" says *Doctor Snug*, exasperated at the schedule maker, and alarmed about his living of a thousand a year. "Does this man," says he, "arraign the wisdom and justice of our ancestors and contemporaries? These foolish speculations about an equitable adjustment of salaries may alarm timid little men, but they shall not frighten *me*!" [and yet he *is* frightened.] The *doctor being fond of the English classics, and much*

excited, quotes his favourite Shakspeare : — “ O horrible ! most horrible ! ” His bell rings for dinner, and he cogitates along the garden walk. “ This levelling scheme will never do ; preposterous ! ridiculous ! monstrous ! But it is not likely the schedule will ever be properly filled up, and then, happily for *me*, the wild scheme will fail.” Thus comforting himself, he dines in good spirits, and with a good appetite. That day he has company. The cloth is removed ; he takes wine with his friend *Flapears*, from Spaniel-lane, Sycophant-street ; he proposes a toast, raises his voice, looks thunderbolts, lifts his glass above his head, and roars out with astounding vehemence, “ *Confusion to schedule makers !* ” *Mr. Flapears* thinks this very sublime, repeats the toast, and very piously trusts the time will never come, when their incomes, settled by law, or bestowed by patronage, will be diminished to accommodate malcontents, and ungodly framers of utopian schedules. “ Long may you live, my dear Sir, (to Dr. Snug) to enjoy your high position ! ” [*quietly to himself*] “ and *I* to enjoy your good dinners.” *Mr. Rubicund*, a neighbouring rector, (having taken his fourth glass) feels himself wonderfully animated. He heartily approves of the noble sentiments thus eloquently expressed by his friends, Snug and Flapears ; wonders at the impudence of satirical writers, and determines, for his own part, to advocate the *perpetuity of Ecclesiastical honours and emoluments, as they now stand*. He will discountenance all inno-

vations, he will admonish his murmuring curate, who grumbles at £60 a year. "True, it is," says he, "he is a pretty good fellow in the pulpit, but then he fills the church with a pack of Methodists, and the genteel families are much annoyed, for these Methodist fellows repeat the responses as if they really *felt* them. It is a perplexing affair, don't know what to do, but at all events, *no schedules*. He will deliver a course of lectures on the art of divine contentment." *Great applause!* Another toast from Doctor Snug, and the party join the ladies at the tea table. The subject is resumed, but *Lady Thinkwell*, expressing herself somewhat in favour of the schedule, and assigning rather strong reasons for her opinions, the affair is dismissed "*Ad referendum*." The rector, however, becomes very unsociable, and calling his wife aside, says to her, "My dear, it shall not be with *my* consent that you invite Lady Thinkwell here again."

CHAPTER XIX.

DEBT—ETC.

NO CHRISTIAN minister, preserving in himself the humble and submissive spirit of his Divine Master, and of the primitive Apostles, desires *wealth*. So far from this, we have known instances of good pastors, having more than they thought necessary to their comfortable support, whether from a liberal ministerial salary, or from private property added to their salaries, who have given away all their superfluities to the poor and needy. Yet as there is, as to personal appearance, clerical costume, &c., a pretty general similarity, the people at large are apt to conclude, that all, or most of them, are equally well provided for. To a very large extent this is a capital mistake. Household expenses, where there is a considerable family,—manage them as frugally and economically as you will,—are heavy to any man with a small salary and no private income; and, therefore, it should never be imagined that every reverend gentleman whom you see on a platform in black clothes, is a gentleman as to *property*. You may see the nobleman in the chair shake hands with him, as well as hear him applaud his speech, but do *not infer from that* how well off he must be in this *world's affairs*! Platform honours are not to be

despised, but they are in most cases *mere* honours beautifully and elegantly (if we may so speak) detached from pelf or mammon.

And the man who instructs, deeply interests and blesses you from the pulpit, is by no means, except in a few instances, a great man in a *pecuniary* way. He does not *wish* to be great in this way. But you must not blame him, if he would like to be able, now and then, to purchase a few valuable books,* that by mental improvement he may do *you* good, as well as gratify himself. You must not scold him if, as an honest man, he wants more than he has, to sustain necessary expenses. You must not call him a grumbler, because he hints that Mr. Thrivewell, with his ten thousand a year, might easily give him a lift.

I have seen good men in the Church of England, and among Wesleyans, Independents, Baptists, and others, whose excellency of character, and qualifications for the ministry, were decidedly superior, pinched, screwed down, *tortured* by difficulties, not one of which needed to exist, and which would not have existed but for systematic inattention to them, and the prevalence of other men's selfishness.

But they were patient, meek, and humble men, and these estimable virtues, which ought to have

* Yet the purchase of books has for many years been utterly discontinued from sheer necessity by some ministers, and they are obliged to be content with a poor and pitiful library.

been an *attraction* to men in power, and a hint to help them without delay, have been used as an argument why they should be continued in their painful positions, because, say some, "they won't disturb the public with complaints." It is amazing to think what kind and tender hearted things are said about this "poor brother," and the other poor brother; and how meekly these poor brethren bear their manifold trials. What an ornament they are to the Christian profession! and how well it would be if "our friends" would now and then slip a sovereign into their hands, or give them a new coat, doubtless it would be very acceptable; and so these kind things are sometimes (to the real honour of some parties) really done. But the momentous question arises—Who among you is it that force superior men into situations which oblige them to accept alms or private donations? Who is it that forces his brother into poverty, and then twits him with being poor? Obliges him to go into debt, and then reproaches him for non-payment? Who is it that so fixes a man without any sort of necessity, that he shall be placed under obligations to good people, when his talents, exerted in proper places, would free him from all obligations of this sort, and enable him to enjoy the blessedness of *giving* rather than receiving? Who is it that dooms his brother to wear shabby clothes, and a dejected aspect, and excite commiseration (to the great dishonour of the ministry), when he is well able to make his way, if you will but give him the

opportunity? We know but too well, that reasons of *some sort* might be assigned for the objectionable marshalling of ministers; and we know, also, that no man can give a good reason for a bad action.

There is more wealth on one side, and more poverty on the other, in the ministry, than there need to be. When a worldly policy gets into the churches, there must necessarily be selfishness on one side, and intense suffering on the other.

Need we wonder that some ministers lose their senses, break their hearts, go mad, and die in debt? Can it surprise us that the felt horrors of continued embarrassment should diminish ecclesiastical loyalty, and drive a man to go any where, if he may but preach the Gospel and keep out of debt?

It may be said, and very truly and properly too, "O, but there are many clever and honest *tradespeople* who suffer in this way, as well as ministers." God bless these suffering tradespeople, say I, and send them speedy help. But there is a special difference between ministers and laymen in this respect. The minister has *publicly to teach* honesty and honour. But there is a terrible difficulty in doing this, when his poverty not enabling him to meet lawful demands, he is doomed to preach up these practical doctrines in the face of his creditors!

I have been somewhat amused at different times to hear how energetically some rich preachers can flourish away on the text, "Owe no man anything;" and with what oppressive eloquence they can urge

men to settle accounts, when they have nothing to settle them with; and when their own gross and abominable injustice has created the inability. We do not know of one good minister in trouble, (and we have known and read of many) who would not hail with inexpressible delight the day when he should be free from all debts and liabilities. We do not know of one who if once emancipated from this thralldom, and pulled out of this hot and blazing fire, (very much like the fire of hell,) who would not at once, and with all honest ingenuity adopt plans to prevent a recurrence of the tremendous evil.

Beyond all doubt, there are men who plunge themselves into difficulties by heedlessness and imprudence. This is so universally known, that we need not dwell upon it, still less seek about for illustrative proofs. But to say that *all* cases of embarrassment originate in the *faults* of the embarrassed is to assert an untruth. This is also known. We assert then, that the difficulties of some ministers are the entire result of gross inconsideration, and want of fair, honourable and just treatment towards them, on the part of those whose Christian duty it is to place them where they can by their own labours secure a competent support.

We have more than once hinted in other publications, that rich men who have never been in adversity, cannot fully enter into the feelings of those to whom adversity is familiar; consequently all discussions on this dull subject are so stale, flat, and *unprofitable*, as to be hardly endurable; and it is a

very remarkable circumstance, that cases of insolvency are not taken up for extended consideration, even by the sacred writers. The reason may be that in early times they were not frequent, and that, had they been so, it was found most expedient to class them with other troubles under the general topic of *tribulation*, or suffering, or affliction.

Our Saviour, indeed, says, "Blessed are the poor of this world, rich in faith;" but he does not say, blessed are they whom poverty involves in all the misery of debt; and with the exception of the case of the man who owed ten thousand talents, and he who owed one hundred pence, (Mark xviii. 24, &c.) I see no direct reference in his divine discourses to that agonizing state of mind which is occasioned by embarrassment. But whatever silence, or comparative silence, may be maintained by the sacred writers on this subject, and however prudently, it may be avoided by many good people in our own times, debts, even though very small, are to sincere Christians, regarded as a great evil, and one of its aggravations is, that pragmatical persons to whom you owe nothing, pester you with the twaddle of their invidious reflections and useless advices. A poor and insolvent *gentleman* is, perhaps, one of the most miserable beings in creation: free he may be from *guilt*, but he carries about with him every where, by night and by day, a sense of obligation and dependence, that embitters his existence, and yet it may be *that his own imagination is his worst foe.* This,

perhaps, may be fairly inferred when, happily, with all the pressure that is upon him, none of his creditors *dun* him. He is unmolested, so far as *they* are concerned. Still, the apprehension of what they *may* do, continually haunts him, and his *dreams* are sometimes of such a very peculiar and miserable kind, as to defy all description. They are not of ghosts and apparitions, not of thunder and lightning, not of robbers and assassins, not of conflagrations and earthquakes, not of invading armies setting fire to towns and cities, shooting down men with cannon and musketry, stabbing them with bayonets, and cutting them to pieces with the sword, but of something to *his* thinking worse than all these. He fancies himself, here and there, in neighbourhoods, where his creditors reside; he dreams that they come to him, not with menace or threatening, but with applications, hints and comments, which, though perhaps all *just*, torture him much more acutely than a regular official arrest and consignment to a prison; debt, dependance and obligation, being to a man of scrupulously honest principle, the very worst form of evil, at least, what he *thinks* to be so. Hints, rubs, comments, and advices, while exciting no *resentment* in his mind when they come from creditors, do so overload him with shame and a sense of servility, that his inward misery defies all description. He is in chains and fetters. He sees a thousand good *things he could* do to extricate himself, if in *circumstances*, which would give fair play to his abilities,

and encourage his industry. But it may be he is a poor parson, or a poor man in some respectable profession, doomed to do much work for little pay, and in such a miserable *fix* that he can neither dare to leave his situation, nor “make both ends meet,” by continuing in it. Every body knows that clerical, legal, medical, and other professions, imperatively demand respectable appearances, and that these appearances cannot possibly be maintained without *money*. And when money comes in by dribblets, and sometimes when due, does not come at all, what on earth is to be done?

Should a man resolve to fast three days a week, or live upon red herrings and potatoes, he might injure his health. Should he take to a fustian attire, and wear ninepenny hats, he would lose all professional status. Hence he is driven up to the horrible extremity of either going in debt, with a vague, wild hope of some wonderful thing occurring to get him out of it, or to pay creditors out of his pityful salary, all the money he can, by instalments, half starve himself, and await the result.

It may well be a wonder to some how a man can study and preach, who is in debt; but then it ought to be a wonder on the other side, how he is to *live* without study and preaching? But yet it so happens to the honour of inward Christianity, that there are ministers who study and preach with all diligence, in the midst of trouble; yes, and who instrumentally *impart much comfort* to the afflicted when they hav

little or none of it themselves; and thus, knowing that to give way to dejection and despondency, would be to make bad worse, and to unfit themselves for public service, they keep to their work. Prayer is used, and self control found to be indispensable. They try to guard their thoughts; when tempted to ponder their wrongs and their opponents, they endeavour to resist the temptation. Some persons, tormented for years in succession about poverty and difficulties, now and then entertain themselves with going mad for an hour or two; they catch themselves when alone playing sad and frightful antics, gesticulating, flinging their arms about, clenching their fists, aiming blows, or making thrusts. Yes, *good* men have done this; *meek* men have done it; learned and literary men have done it, yet not so much they themselves, as the *spirit of insanity* for a while taking the entire possession of them. Much prayer then is needed, and Christian philosophy of the very best quality, that a good man in trouble may not so yield to melancholy, as to please the devil and create uproarious laughter in hell.

Some how or other, consolation and religious support seem more easily obtainable under any form of affliction, than that of involuntary debt. To secure the mind from any feeling of disgrace or criminality in the *divine* estimation, the thoughts will sometimes revert to the *Prophet*, who "feared the Lord," *dying* in debt, and leaving his poor widow to face the *importunity* of "the creditor." (2 Kings, iv. 1.) But

after all, the comfort to be extracted from the possibility of debt and a good conscience, and the favour of God existing together, is very small; and while writhing under the pressure of embarrassment, the best of men will sometimes waste their precious hours, and aggravate their sufferings in useless, tormenting ponderings; and the *thought*, that one *act* of Christian justice and honour would in some cases put an end to all their troubles of this kind, and that act is *refused*, is a thought which cannot be *fostered* without extreme danger to intellect, piety and life itself.

Good Bishop Hall says, "There is no more defence against debt than against death." You have kindly spoken, but the consolation you give is very small. Information, in histories and biographies, such as we have often seen concerning the difficulties of great preachers and distinguished writers, does sometimes diminish a man's individual misery, as it leads him to conclude that many of the best men had their struggles, and went to heaven without settling all their accounts in this world; and perhaps the important services they rendered to the world as long as they staid in it, might be regarded by the public at large as a good counterbalance to the seeming moral detriment of their defalcations. But an honest debtor is not in haste to avail himself of this little drop of comfort. He sincerely respects the rights and the inconvenience of his creditors. To such as are kind and forbearing, he is grateful; and to those of an

opposite kind, he wishes well, and is never angry with them. A just demand no conscientious man wishes to evade, and therefore patiently puts up with importunity. It so happens, however, that in some instances the debtor, who is never disturbed by his creditor, is annoyed by *others* who have nothing to do with the affair, and who are so rude as to interfere without any right to do so. More than twenty years ago, a minister in Scotland, long since dead, was embarrassed. His successor, a man of property, went gossiping about, making all sorts of enquiries respecting him, with a view to bring him under church censure and punishment. At length he came to the creditor himself, and begged to know accurately how much his predecessor owed him! "Are you going to *pay* the debt, Sir?" "O dear no," said the pragmatical divine, "I don't mean that, but I thought that I would ——." "Yes," said the Scotchman, "You thought that you would get the poor fellow into disgrace and trouble by an accusation; but let me tell you, Sir, my debtor is an honest man, and I know he would pay me if he could; and unless you mean to pay for him, I would thank you to mind your own business."

Advices about getting into debt are very seasonable when addressed to careless and inconsiderate persons; but when officiously given to strictly honest men, labouring under unavoidable incapacity for *present payment*, they are little less than barbarous *insults*. And this is especially the case when your

domestic circle is invaded by people to whom you owe nothing, to spy out what you eat, and what you drink; how much bread and butter you eat, whether you take sugar with your tea, and are so extravagant, and such an epicure as to put a little cream in it. And should they detect you in this awful extravagance, the whole town shall know what a spendthrift you are, and all the gossips in the neighbourhood shall exclaim, as with one voice, "No wonder they are in debt!" And in the meantime your *creditors say nothing!*

Insolvency is often a fearful hindrance to a man in a course of public usefulness. The studies in which he used to delight, and the progress in which qualified him to take a useful part in the discussion and management of public affairs, are apt to be laid aside. What are the interests of nations to him? What the conflicts of war? What the horrifying narratives of bloody battles, lost and won? What the momentous things depending upon the gain or loss of victory? What charms have even the magnificent developments of mind in the higher departments of science, philosophy and polite literature? They *used* to be interesting and delightful; they are not so now. What is *news*? What are the glorious achievements of naval and military powers? What is the ringing of church bells, flags on towers and steeples, and brilliant illuminations? He is battling with protracted adversity. He cannot look his friend in the face, *because he cannot settle his account.* The very

honesty of his mind and heart, concentrates his attention on the all absorbing question, how to get out of debt? Put a case. Simon Sorrowful is in a dangerous bog, up to the arm pits. In his struggles to get out, he sinks farther in. Peter Prattle comes to him, within speaking distance, and says, "Glorious news, my dear fellow! The allied powers have taken Sebastopol. Tremendous slaughter! Russians defeated; loss on our side, trifling as compared with theirs; great anticipations of final victory. Telegraph despatches daily arriving. Ah, my dear fellow, we'll trounce the despot, won't we? Going to have grand illuminations! Eventful days these! Good times coming! Now Simon, do give us your calm, deliberate opinion."

Simon.—"My deliberate opinion is, that if you could help me out of this *bog*, you would render me infinitely more service than all the allied powers and Russians in the world can do. We'll talk of wars and victories another time, but I want to get out of this bog."

Intense interest may be taken by a nation at large in intelligence of stupendous moment relative to the doings of allied armies. The recent struggle with Russia (in 1855) was pregnant with every thing grand and terribly sublime in naval and military exploits. Our papers and other periodicals teemed with intelligence from week to week. Our artists *illustrated scenes* of conflict and carnage, which were *talked of with enthusiasm*. A military spirit per-

vaded all ranks, and various events and incidents, which in times of peace are regarded as important, sank into nothing, before the all-absorbing topic of the allied armies of England, France, and Turkey, against the Russians.

We admitted the tremendous importance of the subject. We complained not of the insatiable craving for new information, and did not doubt that the "Lord of Hosts" would defend the right. Yet an honest Christian is much more nearly and intimately concerned with his uneasy private affairs, than all those of whole nations beside. His indifference to these is no result of disloyalty, but intense and righteous concern to have a mind at ease. Even public alarms of the prevalence of cholera, and reports of fatal cases, excite no personal fear in him, as he is at a loss to know which is worst, to die of cholera or live in debt? Yet even here there is a somewhat appalling question; Am I to *die* in debt? and shall I be doomed to renew the ponderings of unwilling obligation in another world? *Answer—* Cannot say at present.

Church controversies produce little impresson upon him. Accounts of religious revivals are read, and listened to with comparative indifference, as he wishes to know whether those who luxuriate in religious phrases and exclamations, are reviving the religion of *practice*, doing unto others as they would others should do unto them? If you want a man to *look out of himself*, and enter with effect into great

public affairs, whether political or religious, you must set him at liberty. Deprive him of his right, and hamper him with difficulties, and you will find, that though he does all his work, he cannot enter into public affairs, and great schemes, and enterprizes. He is, from desperate necessity, full of his *own* affairs.

Thus much for a *state of mind*, realized, we fear, by not a few good ministers in this heterogeneous world. Whatever can be done to give relief and make them cheerful, should be done without delay.

Patience, prayer, and vigorous employment in some honourable course of usefulness, will do much. But from this time forth, and for evermore, let all whom it may concern, take all possible care to PREVENT such miseries. Abandon selfishness, and practise justice. It is a scandalous affair to hinder a man from doing that *amount* of good to himself and family, to the churches and to the world at large, which he could and would do if placed in a right position. To *force* that man down into pauperism, who might and would raise himself to competence, if not independency, if justly dealt with, is an aggravated sin; and strange, passing strange it is, that the sharp sightedness and acumen of men in other respects, and on other subjects so *clever*, have not led them to *detect* this sin. We can only account for this *non* detection by the supposition of some innate antipathy of their's to *everything* in the shape of wit, oddity, or satire; and we may suppose, but too easily, that their un-

controlled indignation at what they call eccentricity, has made them utterly reckless of what becomes of a man against whose eccentricity their indignation is levelled. I have personally known censurers of this description, and they have been unwise enough to fancy that their desperate hostility was an evidence of great piety and zeal for the glory of God. Such hallucinations and aberrations have subjected them to suspicions regarding their sanity, and have secured for them not admiration, but blame and pity. I don't know whether I have already mentioned an old objection to eccentricity, in the shape of wit, but I will mention it now. "We do not read that *our Saviour* was ever seen to laugh." *Answer*—It does not follow from this that he never did laugh, for as an old divine somewhere says, we do not *read* that he ever went to bed. Incidents, and things of no consequence, are not mentioned by the Evangelists and Apostles; still I am willing to allow that as "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," (Isaiah liii. 3.) it is *unlikely* that he who was "despised and rejected of men," and who came into this world to effect our redemption, through the medium of terrible sufferings, was ever inclined to laughter. But in this particular he has not enjoined upon us a rigid imitation of himself. His own teaching may fairly lead us to infer, that as to the ordinary intercourse of human life, he forbade nothing but that sin which is the transgression of God's law. We may fairly conclude that at the marriage of Cana of Galilee, there

was innocent hilarity, suited to the joyousness of the occasion; and from his own account of the reception of the Prodigal Son, it is remarkably plain, that we may all, on particular occasions, be merry and wise. Take the following extract: "Bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it, and let us eat, and be merry. For this my son was dead, and is alive again: he was lost and is found; and they began to be merry. Now his elder son was in the field: and as he came and drew nigh to the house, he heard music and dancing; and he called one of the servants, and asked what these things meant; and he said unto him, Thy brother is come; and thy father hath killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him safe and sound. And he was angry, and would not go in: therefore came his father out and entreated him. And he answering, said to his father, Lo these many years do I serve thee; neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment; and yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends. But as soon as this thy son was come, which hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou hast killed for him the fatted calf. And he said unto him, Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine. It is meet that we should make merry, and be glad; for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again; and was lost and is found." (Luke xv. 22 to 32.)

Now we all know that this parable was introduced to illustrate our Saviour's doctrine, that "*There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sin-*

ner that repenteth." (Luke xv. 10.) Now if our Divine Saviour and *infallible teacher*, had objected to music and dancing, and people making merry on *any* occasion, and under wholesome restrictions, *why* did he adopt *this* method of illustrating his point? And what precise object do those incompetent interpreters of the New Testament propose to themselves in so preposterously *spiritualizing* this beautiful parable, as to *try* to make out that it is a sin to be merry and laugh? Do they imagine they are promoting pure Christianity? I tell them they are doing just the contrary. By what authority have they for centuries *dared* to teach for doctrines the commandments of men? In their false teaching they have done more mischief to our holy and happy Christianity, than many infidels have it in their power to do. It has long been the almost universal complaint that religionists are an anti-social, fault-finding, groaning fraternity; and although this complaint does not so well apply to religious people in the present enlightened age, as it did formerly to the people who used nasal twangs, and unnatural intonations in their converse and devotional exercises; yet, in but too many instances, it is a just complaint. The *true* gravity of the Christian, which is but the outward and visible sign of inward tranquility in the enjoyment of religion, and deep sincerity in the profession of it, is superseded by *false* gravity; an assumed solemnity, a gloomy countenance, passing with many for "*deep piety*," and extraordinary holiness; in

fact, an idol of man's own making, but an idol, the worshipping of which has often been found to be lucrative. When men can make money of their gravity, no wonder they should be grave. I will yield to no man in admiration of those serious Christians whose gravity is commingled with sweetness of disposition, and who never censure the innocent liberties of other Christians, who, amidst all their playfulness, do not violate the precepts of Jesus Christ. Archbishop Leighton was a grave man, but a good tempered, kind-hearted creature, who admitted that every Christian had a right to his own peculiar disposition, when sin was not associated with it.

Yet while I admire the *piety* of grave men, I confess that I attach very little importance to their gravity in the abstract; for it is well known that gravity sits on the countenances of many who care precisely nothing about experimental and practical godliness.

That great warrior, Napoleon Bonaparte, was, according to his bust, and the pictures made of him, a very grave man. Lord Byron was a grave man. Habits of close thinking, whether in plotting mischief, or in concocting half infidel poetry, induce gravity; and as to the *animal* creation, gravity is not excluded from it. Do you see that ass, browsing along the hedge side? Look at him, ye "*light and trifling*" and laughing philosophers, and take a lesson. *Is he not* very serious? Did you ever see *him laugh*? and are you not ashamed of your levity, when

you cannot listen to his stentorophonick melody, without rudely laughing at him?

Do you see yonder *owl* in the ivy bush? Is he not the personification of all that is morally lovely and solemn in this far-famed gravity? Yet, with all your skill in gravity, you prefer the plumage of the peacock or bird of Paradise! Verily your taste must be deplorably vitiated. When will you learn to admire gravity? How remarkable it is that the sons of levity *will* oppose the disciples of gravity. By whose authority was it, that without any sanction from natural history, these light and trifling persons first presumed to call asses, *jack* asses, neddy's, dicky's, donkey's, &c.; when Goldsmith speaks of them respectfully, and the great Dr. A. C., speaks *to* them in words of kindness? The latter was once preaching in a dingy locality in London; the weather being warm, the chapel windows were open; many donkeys were round about. In the middle of the sermon one of them began to sing; vulgarly speaking, to *bray*. The preacher was interrupted, the congregation disconcerted. "*Stop*, brother John," said the preacher, "one at a time, if you please." O, the *levity* that followed! and who could help it? But for my own part, I must say that no ludicrous incidents are ever allowed to disturb *my* gravity in the solemnities of public worship. To me laughing in the house of God, during *worship*, is utterly distasteful. In mere public meetings one would not be so severe as to repress a little judicious pleasantry;

but in devotional exercises, the fear of God, and the consciousness that he must be had in reverence of all them that are round about him, should hush every tendency (as Paley says) "to an unbecoming emotion." I am able to prove that some men, condemned for their so called levity, are more intelligently and seriously devout, than not a few sticklers for unintermitted gravity. Gross mistakes, blunders, exaggeration, and misrepresentation, have but too often characterized the prattle of solemn censurers. In discrimination they are deplorably wanting, and in Christian charity they are not the sort of people to excel. It is possible, *just possible*, that our reiterated hints may bring some of them at least to their senses, and if so, we do not write in vain. There is something so seriously offensive and repulsive in the conduct of those persons, who virtually set themselves up as lawgivers and judges over their brethren, in matters either really and obviously (to rational and well-regulated minds) indifferent, or at least not mentioned in the scriptures, that honest indignation on the part of the censured is the natural result. "Who art thou," says St. Paul, "that judgest another man's servant? to his own master he standeth or falleth: Yea, he shall be holden up: for God is able to make him stand." Lively and humorous Christians never judge and condemn those of an opposite and grave disposition; that is, not on account of their gravity, but only when they presume to make their *own peculiar* disposition and habits obligatory on

others; therefore grave Christians should allow the same liberty to others as others freely concede to them. Gravity, in some religious communities, is usually not only free from censure, but often half idolized. *Humour* miscalled, if not slanderously called *levity*, has been repeatedly censured, and almost barbarously punished; and therefore personages with such punishing propensities, must be given to understand that their austerity and pragmatism will no longer be tolerated with impunity.

I believe that a few of my readers will need a little light on the subject of pragmatism. It is a word and a thing *not universally*, if, indeed, very generally understood, therefore let us go to head quarters, Johnson's Quarto Dictionary, to know all about it.

"*Pragmatical*.—Meddling; impertinently busy; assuming business without leave or invitation."

No sham so gross, but it will pass upon a weak man that is *pragmatical* and inquisitive. *L. Estrange*. Common estimation puts an ill character upon *pragmatic*, meddling people. *Gov. of the Tongue*. He understands no more of his own affairs than a child, he has got a *pragmatical* silly jade of a wife, that pretends to take him out of my hands. *Arbuthnot*.

The fellow grew so *pragmatical*, that he took upon him the government of my whole family. *Arbuthnot*.

Such a backwardness there was among good men to engage with an usurping people, and pragmatical ambitious orators. *Swift*.

They are *pragmatical* enough to stand on the watch tower, but who assigned them the post? *Swift*.

Now, *gentle* reader, this account of the word and the thing will, I hope, lead you to infer that an un-called for interference with a man's humour or wit, or whatever you like to call any peculiarity in his mental constitution, is *pragmaticalness*.

Let us furnish a specimen.

Mr. Popinjay Pry calls at the house of a neighbour, and after "Good morning, and how do you do?" seats himself—half a minute silence, and then "Hem, ha! hem! ha! Excuse me, I understand you had Mr. ——— here last night." "Yes, Sir, we had the pleasure of his company most of the evening." "Indeed! Aw! hem! dear me—aw—*pleasure*; yes, doubtless—pleasure! hem! On that point we may possibly differ a little. *Pleasure*: Noun substantive; delight; gratification of the mind or senses. Sometimes defined, loose gratification; taken, you perceive, in different senses. Aw! You don't mean to say, of course, he delighted you? [Three lovely girls, of good sense and discrimination, all exclaim] "But we *do* though, and the sooner he calls again, the better we shall like it." "Astonishing! aw—how opinions and tastes do differ! Was he very serious? [No answer.] Did he pray with you?" "Yes." "I hope he talked to you very much about your souls, and warned you to flee from *the wrath to come*! [No answer.] Ah, I very much *fear your pleasure*, as you call it, was of a very

questionable kind. Did he recommend Baxter's Call to the Unconverted, or the Saints' Everlasting Rest?" "His conversation was instructive and entertaining." "Ah! this is not to the point. Did he say nothing about your new dresses?" "Sir, says the father of the family, you are rather fashionably, not to say foppishly, dressed yourself; and the man you are so inquisitive about, is remarkably plain in his apparel." "Sir, I don't like rude remarks on my personal appearance. My situation in life obliges me to be genteel, and if it did not, I know of no right that any man has to criticise me." "Sir, you have brought this upon yourself, and have obliged me, by your inquisitiveness, to say what I should not have said on any account, had you minded your own affairs and let ours alone." "Well, well, I forgive: but to resume the subject. Did he preserve the solemn dignity of a Christian minister?" The whole family speak simultaneously. "Sir, *go to the man himself*, do not interrogate *us*, and render yourself at once ridiculous and offensive by the low lived vulgar vice of pragmatism." "Well, but you see, it is important that I should be able to say, how he conducts himself *in the families of our people*" (!) "Well, then, Sir, as to *my* family, we all very much prefer *his* conduct to *yours*. You come here as a spy, to extort from us, if possible, some information to enable you to accuse the man of what you call levity, that you may damage him, though in doing so you would *most certainly* degrade yourself. If you cannot ~~see~~

veniently retire, *we* will retire, and you can have the room to yourself. In the book-case you will find an admirable discourse on this passage—that ye study to be quiet, and to do your own business." (1 Thess. iv. 11.)

Mr. Popinjay Pry takes his leave immediately, *seriously* disconcerted, and in a very bad humour.

O take me from the miserable necessity of fraternizing more or less with Popinjay Pry, and his ignorant and gossiping fraternity. Give me the society of noble-minded English *men*, or if you please, the discriminating *literati*, clergy, and university men of intelligent old Scotland. They were bright and lovely times when, despite of poor salaries, I enjoyed the richly intellectual intercourse of educated Scotch people; and in a distant corner of the land, where an English stranger could hardly expect to find them! Excuse me, reader, if from most agreeable and delightful reminiscences, I boast myself a little of the conversations long and exhilarating I used to have with sheriff substitutes, gentlemen of title, eminent scholars, college professors, and Dr. Chalmers at the head of them; day's gone by, never I suppose to return. Excuse me if I say I feel that *I miss* the large dinner parties, and breakfast parties, of real gentlemen, and highly accomplished ladies, in Banff and Arbroath; and that I have been doomed to come down for many years, with occasional happy exceptions, to inanity and *twaddle*.

In the society of the poor and the ignorant we ought, as ministers, to enjoy the luxury of doing good in the way of sympathy and prayer, and religious converse; but while not neglecting this, even in the higher circles, we can here have the luxury of very decided mental improvement; and we can have *entertainment* too, of the best and richest description; and I pity that parson, of whatever community, who is indifferent to it, or who prefers the companionship of John Tongs,* the village blacksmith, to the counterpart of John Tillotson, Archbishop of Canterbury, whenever he can be found, and is happily accessible. The poor people of Scotland stood very high in my estimation, when they used to say to me, "Sir, we dinna blame you at all that ye gang to the hooses of our great people, for we ken varry weel that gude ministers need to refresh themsels in bonny talk wi coolige bred folk; and sa lang as ye visit us in sickness and just mak us a pastoral call, as ye get opportunity, we shall no complain."

I found the Scottish clergy, whether in or out of the National Establishment, admirable in conversation, learned, witty, and wise. The stupid and ill-natured stuff too often croaked out by bad specimens of English society, against wit and humour, finds no toleration in good society in England, and in good *Scottish* society it is utterly repudiated. I never heard richer or more telling anecdotes of a laughable kind than among the Scottish clergy. Scotchmen

* I knew a good man of this name thirty years ago.

are usually esteemed by many English people for their seriousness and gravity; and they *are* serious and grave. The year before I went to the north of Scotland, a minister, a very great stickler for ministerial dignity, and who had contrived to produce an impression on some minds that he was descended of parents of some note, who had procured him a good education, said to me, "Take care, Sir, how you converse with the Scotch. You will find them a very serious and sedate people; and those little witty familiarities, which may pass pretty well among the English, won't be countenanced by the Scotch. They admire ministerial dignity." I shewed some respect to his advice. I happened to be stationed in the very neighbourhood where he and his ancestors were well known. I told the Scotch what grave council he had given me, and that I would act upon it as well as I could. To my surprise they burst into a laugh. "Well, to be sure," said they, "and did Donald tell ye a' that. Did he think we were a' daft [mad]? He kens varry weel that his father was a *tinkler*, [a Scotch *Gipsy*,] and that when he was oor minister, it was a sare annoyance to him and to us that his tinkler sisters would come to visit him, and a' the toon hear on't." Now this man was not the worse for being the son of gipsy parents, and certainly none the better for his sage lecture to me on the subject of ministerial dignity. Besides, I found *the Scotch* had common sense, and *did* like such *familiarities* as make society agreeable and cheerful.

By this time it will possibly be perceived that while many remarkable personages have for many years had their eyes upon *me*, and by their extraordinary freedoms in speech, have given me a not very desirable notoriety, I have not been very unobservant of *their* peculiarities, nor displayed much unwillingness to help them into celebrity, both for the present, and by anticipation among future generations.

CHAPTER XX.

LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY—ETC.

THE beauty and usefulness of God's creation, both intelligent and unintelligent, consists in variety of mind, matter, and motion. Boundless and infinite variety characterize all the works of God; and thus can a brow-beaten and rejected eccentric say with as pure a devotion as the best of men, "O Lord, how manifold are thy works, in wisdom hast Thou made them all." No man, therefore, can prove that mental eccentricity, involving no breach of the divine commandments, is repugnant to the divine will. When, therefore, any kind of eccentricity in speech or writing surprises and offends us, we should be supremely careful in what way we give judgment upon it. It may be a something not agreeing with our notions, or the principles of our education, or the pulpit teaching to which we have been accustomed; but we have no authority from the word of God to denounce it. Nothing but sin can justify punitive censure; and that censure is virtually punitive, whether called so or not, whether administered officially or not, by which a man really and seriously suffers.

That one man has a right to dislike eccentricity in another, I do not deny. He has also a right to be

disgusted with it, if his disgust be of any service to him; but while the eccentric man is a Christian, respected and beloved by multitudes, he has no right to persecute him, either directly or indirectly.

Twenty-eight years ago, when solemn visages were much in request, and sighing and groaning were much esteemed, and would secure church patronage and good salaries, I noticed something in an ecclesiastical assembly which much grieved me, and made me look *truly* serious with concern and sympathy. It was this: The innocent peculiarities of an absent minister were discussed in no friendly manner. I had frequently heard this minister spoken of, both by clergy and laity, in terms of high and affectionate regard; but as a few grave and reverend senators did not like his eccentricity, there was a difficulty in getting him appointed. After much vague and solemn talk, into which I was happy to perceive a large majority did not enter, the principal accuser was required to state explicitly what *were* the objectionable things in the man. The substance of the answer was, "He wears a large loose cravat; he uses long words in preaching; he is too polite, sometimes saying at a dinner party, 'Madam, allow me the felicity of handing a potato to you.'" And for *these* things a good and superior minister was to be subjected to the unkind comments of censorious men in a whole assembly of divines, and lowered in his status! And it was to me not a little remarkable, that the accuser, in giving his evidence, in-

dulged in *wit and humour*; thus rendering himself quite as objectionable as the man he complained of. As I had often heard of this good man's learning, preaching talents, and amiable temper, I regretted that I had never been in his company. He is now in heaven, having lately died a happy and triumphant death. It is indeed a good thing for ministers to watch over one another in a spirit of brotherly kindness and faithfulness. It is good, by wholesome advice, to correct one another's errors and faults; but little things ought not to be publicly discussed to the disparagement of absent men, and when no important object can be gained by such discussion. A *formal charge*, painful as it is to the feelings, is to be preferred before desultory and deteriorating conversation in a man's absence. In the former case, he has the opportunity of *defending* himself; in the latter he is injured, and can have no redress. But things are managed better *now* than formerly. Trifles are generously, yet at the same time but *justly*, let alone. Time is not wasted in frivolous debates, men have more *real* piety, and less of censorious gravity.

I never heard that a convocation of the Episcopal clergy, or the general assembly of the Church of Scotland, ever made a great ado about eccentricity. That they either openly reprov'd, or quietly and secretly chastised it. Had they ever done this, *it in any really bad case which required it, they*
it have diminished their gentlemanly and legis-

lative dignity, and greatly lessened that public respect which most civilized people are glad to shew them. A propensity to punish worthy men for what they cannot help, and need not help, is an evil propensity; and the evil is greatly aggravated when the useful *concomitants* of eccentricity are as offensive to fault-finders as the thing itself; I mean the instructiveness and mental superiority which often accompany the sayings of eccentricity. These, in *some minds*, excite envy; and thus it is sometimes the case, that the men who are very uneasy when they find a man securing public approbation and applause without labour or effort, which *they* cannot procure when they put forth their utmost strength, are *inwardly angry*, and resolve, if possible, to get such a man out of the way. They *succeed* in their attempt. He *is* put out of the way, and when the public and his friends ask, "Why do you send him into the wilderness? What *evil* has he done?" The answer is not the true one, but a sorry *pretext*. "Why, you see, he is so *eccentric*. He will not keep himself orderly and circular in his sayings and movements." This is no idle conjecture of mine. It is the *truth*. Undeniable facts have proved it to me and to others, again and again. "*No doubt*," says Mr. Pepperbox Sneer, "Eccentric men are mightily conceited." *Another* mistake of yours, Mr. Sneer, added to the hundred you have made during your life. You are respected, and deserve to be for your scholarship, and *abilities in public life*; but even you have your

eccentricities, one of which is a habit of thinking meanly, and speaking contemptuously of your equals in knowledge and usefulness. You have sometimes had to apologize for this, but you are not *injured*; you maintain your elevated status, and it is my sincere wish you *should* maintain it through life. But don't charge your neighbours with self-conceit, who are *desperately driven* in self-defence, to second the commendations of a host of friends, and speak a word or two in their own favour. For my own part, I have, in all parts of the kingdom, expressed the highest admiration of numerous ministers, whose qualifications are superior to mine. Some of them have even been introduced by *me*, with all my insignificance, to the company and hospitalities of some of the most learned men in this kingdom. Must I, however, while sincerely admiring the powers and excellencies of my superiors, deceitfully pretend to think myself inferior *to every body*? *Real* humility abides by *truth* in the inward parts, truthfulness in thought and speech. *Fictitious* humility is false and deceptive, and who ever gains by it, receives the "reward of iniquity." We have quite enough of this deleterious stuff in the world. God hates it, and every man should try to get rid of it.

A morbid sensitiveness, and something like a dread of being thought self-conceited and egotistical, has often hindered, and does now hinder deserving men from bettering their condition. But let these good men be aware, that this fear which they think

complimental to their Christian humility, is not so pure and holy a thing as they fancy. What do their *wives and suffering families* say to them, when, through their timidity and moral cowardice, better incomes for their support are utterly lost? Never let any being, calling himself *a man*, so bow and cringe to ill-deserved and ill-maintained authority, as to refuse to assert his rights, and thus keep himself and family (whom he is bound by the New Testament to “provide for,” as well as he can) in poverty and difficulties.

Jealousies and envyings blended with power, and prompting men to trample upon their neighbour's rights, are not yet extinct in the human family. These evils have, like tall noxious weeds in a turnip field, grown to a great height, because pious, quiet, and humble men have not dared to attempt their removal. Some men and ministers have deliberately *confessed to me*, that jealousies and envyings were their besetting sins. To all such men then, I say, get rid of them at once; and if in addition to your prayers, you want help, I for one am ready to assist you. But let us wave the subject for the present.

CHAPTER XXI.

CRITICISM—SAUL'S GRAVITY—A CONVERSATION.

IF those scripture texts which *seem* to condemn the facetiousness of eccentricity, had been fairly interpreted, not only as to words, but in their connexion, and according to their true scope, limitation and design, we should have had less of censure, and more of justice and charity in the Christian world. In the twelfth chapter of St. Matthew, at the sixth verse, our Lord says, "I say unto you, that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment." What does he mean? He means unprofitable and mischievous discourse; and his statement undoubtedly had a primary reference to the vile and criminal discourse of those Pharisees who had charged him with casting out devils, by Beelzebub the prince of devils. (ver. 24.) "But discourse, tending by innocent mirth, to exhilarate the spirits, is not idle discourse, as the time spent in necessary recreation is not idle time; nor does a wise and gracious God expect from men the *life of angels*." [See Doddridge, vol. I, p. 343.]

Another passage in the Ephesians, v. 4, "Neither filthiness, nor foolish talking, nor jesting, which *are not convenient*." What does this mean? It is

well known that the people of Ephesus were noted for their luxury and lasciviousness, and that their conversation was often lewd and filthy. Hence Dr. Doddridge, in his paraphrase, hits the true interpretation, "let there be *neither filthiness*, or any indecency in conversation, found among you, nor foolishness of speech, nor those lewd turns, and ambiguities of expression, which though they are practised by the heathens, and may not seem so evidently criminal, yet are by no means convenient for Christian converts."

Excessively grave religionists, however, have for ages presumptuously dared to *add* to the wholesome strictness of these prohibitions, and censure, condemn, and punish men for conversation purely innocent; nor have they even now left off playing these mischievous pranks. *Gravity!* you would think, by the everlasting pother they make about it, that it was an idol they had set up to worship.

I do not find, throughout the whole of our Saviour's discourses and conversations, one single remark about either levity or gravity. The reason may be that they have, considered in themselves, neither virtue nor vice in them. As to moral good, or moral evil, these things (gravity and levity) are nonentities. The word *levity*, I cannot find in any part of the Bible. The word *gravity* occurs twice. "One," (that is a man sustaining the office of bishop) "that ruleth well his own house, having his children in subjection with all *gravity*." (1 Tim. iii. 4.)

That is, preserving amongst them due *decorum*, not allowing them to be riotous and disorderly.

St. Paul also enjoins Titus to shew himself in all things a pattern of good works: in doctrine, shewing uncorruptness, *gravity*, sincerity; that is, in teaching the doctrines of Christianity he was to maintain a dignified seriousness proportionable to its importance. (Titus ii. 7.)

Now it so happens that cheerful and witty ministers are to be found, who observe these precepts as well as others, who plume themselves upon their gravity. Prompted by common sense, and a sense of propriety, they are truly serious in their teachings, and do things even better than those whose gravity is mere ostentatious grimace. It is very remarkable, that in our Saviour's time, the men whom he denounced as "serpents and a generation of vipers," and asked "how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" (Matt. xxiii. 33,) were amongst the gravest men on the face of the earth. Saint Paul, before his conversion to the loving and cheerful religion of Jesus Christ, was *one* of these grave personages; and he thought very gravely that he "ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth," and he really did them. He gravely shut up many of the saints in prison, and when they were put to death, he gravely gave his voice against them. He punished them oft in every city, and gravely compelled them to blaspheme. "And being exceedingly mad against them, he gravely

persecuted them, even unto strange cities." I make no mistake whatever in this slight paraphrase. The Apostle asserts, "*I verily thought that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth ;*" and as he lived at that time "after the straitest sect of his religion, a Pharisee," he was acting under a religious influence, and beyond all doubt *gravely*. See his own account (Acts xxvi. 4 to 11.) Now then ye idolizers of gravity, behold the gravity of *Saul* "making havoc of the church, entering into every house, haling men and women, committing them to prison !" (Acts viii. 3.) Behold this paragon of gravity, "breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord!" going to that grave functionary, the High Priest, to secure official letters, that he might *legally* bring Christian men and women bound unto Jerusalem. (Acts ix. 1 2.)

I can love the gravity of sincerity, of sweetness, of kindness, of Christian love; but that of censoriousness, that by which cheerful and humorous Christians are *persecuted*, is abstractedly abominable.

"I am so vexed with this yere book," says *Samuel Snappum*, "that I've a precious good mind to read no fudder, I hev had quite enough of it. I never read such a imperent, outrageous consarn in all my life. There ain't such another writer as this here, in any part of the *circumnambinent* globe! I am zasperated with oly indignation, and yet, dear me, how queer I feel. One moment I am ready to

tear it to rags and tatters, and the next summut says to me, in my inner man as it were, '*go on Snappum*, and see what's coming next.'" So I seem as if I vus spell bound. Now being in this here perdikkiment, I ax, pintedly, what ud you do if you vus me, *Brother Grumpum*?

Grumpum.—"What ud *I* do? You shall soon know *that*. I'd *bun* it. That's the man wot writ about *peevisness*, and his book is poppilar, more's the shame; as for this book, its wus than all, *bun* it, I say."

Snappum.—"Well, but I ha' *paid* for it, to my sorrow be it spoken."

Grumpum.—"The greater and olier the sacrifice, brother, and more waiient that act of moral kurrige that dares to say to the author, "There, Sir, I have given a warm reception to your eccentricity book, by committen on it to the flames."

Mr. Thoughtful, enters the room, and is consulted.

Snappum.—"Just come in at the right junktur o' time, brother *Thoughtful*. We've got a queer book here, and I vus just a sayin I had a good mind to read no more on it. Brother *Grumpum* advises me to *bun* it. What say you?"

Mr. Thoughtful.—"My advice is, never burn a book, unless competent judges prove it to be a bad one. The Rev. Richard Cecil, in his memoirs of a zealous and distinguished clergyman, asserts that *Mr. Wesley* presented him with all his works, and *that the clergyman burnt them all in his kitchen*, say-

ing, he was determined to form his opinions by the Bible alone. Now what think *you* brethren of that act?" [*Both.*] "Why we think the act was ungrateful and insultin, and the man must have bin a bigotted church fannyattic. But then there's no comparison between Wesley's works and this here eccentricity book." *Mr. Thoughtful.*—"That may be, yet there may be a certain peculiarity in it, which, though highly offensive to some people, may be very serviceable to others. Even ridicule is sometimes deserved, and properly applied, is very useful."

Grumpum.—"That I think is impossible. How can it be useful, calling people Farrisees and de-looshenists, and haddlepats, and sich like uprobrus names. I say it should be *bunt.*"

Mr. Thoughtful.—"Not so rash, brother. If you talk at this rate you will justify the design of the author, and illustrate the expediency of his satire and severities."

Snappum.—"Mabbee you sees fudder into things than we do."

Mr. Thoughtful.—"I do not pretend to any remarkable degree of foresight or penetration; but I wish to observe, that some books of a singularly original character, which have given me great offence on a first reading, have appeared in a very different light on a second and more sedate perusal. And I believe that most men, willing to have their errors or vices corrected, would rather be rebuked than

flattered ; and it begins to be a very general opinion, that when a reader is excessively angry with a book, there is something seriously wrong, either in the book or in himself. For my own part, the writings of eccentric authors have much more frequently detected *my* faults, than I have detected theirs. I speak from *experience*, and let others do the same."

Grumpum.—"All fudge!" *I* speak from experience also, and I say in this here case, the fault is in the author. None of his sarkisms touches *my* case. His book aught to be bunt by the ands of the common hangman, as sayin is, and he aught to be hexpelled by the younannymouse wote of all the churches. And I must say that I wunder at *you*, Sir, stikin yerself up as the advocate of a feller like this ere." [Mr. Grumpum is in a great rage, goes out, and violently slams the door.]

Snappum.—"Well, now, *aint* that ere a bad sperret in Brother Grumpum? Did you see how he frothed at the mouth.?"

Mr. Thoughtful.—"It is a bad spirit, indeed! And I fear that something in this book, which he hates so violently, has after all touched *his case*."

Snappum.—"Well, though I snaps abit at things sometimes, I trust I *aint* obstinate, but open to conviction, and I'll read on to the end, and then, perhaps, begin again, diwesting myself of all prejudice."

Mr. Thoughtful.—"That, brother, after all, is the best and most honourable plan. Good morning."
[*The conversation ends.*]

CHAPTER XXII.

DR. WHATELY—WEAK BRETHREN—DR. STILLINGFLEET.

DOCTOR Whately, Archbishop of Dublin, speaking of weak minded Christians, says, "Having been warned that ridicule is not the test of truth, and that wisdom and wit are not the same thing, they distrust every thing that possibly can be regarded as witty, not having judgment to perceive the combination, when it occurs, of wit and sound reasoning. The ivy wreath completely conceals from their view the point of the Thyrsus; and moreover if such a mode of argument be employed on serious subjects, the weak brethren are scandalized by what appears to them a profanation. But for the respect paid to holy writ, the taunt of Elijah against the prophets of Baal, and Isaiah's against those who bow down to the stock of a tree, would probably appear to such persons irreverent. And the caution now implied, will appear the more important when it is considered how large a majority they are who in this point, come under the description of weak brethren. He that can laugh at what is ludicrous, and at the same time preserve a clear discernment of sound and unsound reasoning, is no ordinary man. And, moreover, the resentment felt by those whose unsound *doctrines*, or *sophistry*, are fully exposed and held up

to contempt or ridicule ; this they will often disguise from others, by representing the contempt or ridicule as directed against serious or sacred subjects, and not against their own absurdities, just as if those idolaters above alluded to, had represented the Prophets as ridiculing *devotional feelings*, and not merely the absurd direction of them to a log of wood. And such persons will often in this way exercise a powerful influence on those whose understanding is so cloudy, that they do not perceive against what the ridicule is directed, or who are too dull to understand it at all. For there are some persons so constituted as to be altogether incapable of even comprehending the plainest irony, though they have not in other points, any corresponding weakness of intellect." (*Whately's Rhetoric*, pp. 154-5.) I agree with the archbishop, in all this ; and it is quite time that everybody should have sense enough to perceive the justness of his remarks. For certain it is, that while errors on this subject abound in the churches, every witty minister in those communities, where ignorance and rudeness are allowed to "*take office*," must make up his mind to be a living martyr to censoriousness. The way in which I have known some excellent ministers, having all the characteristics of Christian gentlemen,—treated, on account of occasional ebullitions of innocent wit, is an evidence that coarseness and barbarity yet adhere to the mental constitution and religious profession of some who think themselves *saints*. I have known such persons attack ministers

of long standing, highly respected and esteemed, with the tattle of their spurious piety, gravely charging them with little things, in which there has been not the slightest vestige of moral evil, as if they were crimes. Attacking them in official meetings, banding together like so many conspirators to lacerate their feelings and get rid of them, heedless of what becomes of them and their families. Every *real fault* or *sin* ought to be censured in ministers as well as people. But the "weak brethren," as we but too tenderly call them, don't look so much at real as imaginary sins, and this circumstance renders it a perilous affair to invest them with any amount of official power. *Weak* brethren are but too often strong enough to do irreparable mischief, and hence they make sensitive but true Christians stand in dread of them, as men stand in dread of snakes and vipers. When such weak brethren are teachable enough to receive instruction, and humble enough to acknowledge their errors and faults, I know of no Christian injured by their censoriousness who is not willing, heartily and joyously, to forgive them; but when they are with all their weakness, fierce and desperate, they forfeit all right and title to the character of Christians.

I have known sayings and actions most thoroughly and absolutely innocent, and even in accordance with New Testament precepts, so twisted by the misrepresentations of weak brethren, as to disturb the *night's rest* of the *supposed* delinquents, more or less.

for months in succession, subject them to unjust and dishonourable suspicion, and but for the protection afforded them by the hearty sympathies and noble testimonials of sincere Christian friends, would have so tortured them as to endanger their lives! Weak brethren! O let them keep their distance, for they are, to a large extent, a dangerous fraternity. They won't like these strictures at all. Nauseous medicine is never palatable, though very beneficial when quietly taken. Weak gentlemen may redden with wrath, and weak ladies may go into hysterics, we cannot help it; the Dismals and the Addlepaters have had their way long enough. They have propagated their sour and surly absurdities for centuries, and indulged in their defamatory prattle, to such an extent, that they must be ferretted out of their hiding places. Let them reply to us if they can. We have an army in reserve. Facts, persons, times, places, and circumstances. They by their persevering unkindness and injustice, have forced us to a mode of writing, and a peculiarity of illustration, not to be seen in our sermons and theological papers, inserted in established religious periodicals, and which we should never have thought of but for their threatened incorrigibleness. It is possible, however, that while they pay but little regard to our righteous animadversions, they may take to the following: "Judge not that ye be not judged. For *with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged, and with that measure ye meet, it shall be measured*

to you again. And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye? Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye." (Matt. vii. 1—5.) A *beam* means a great fault or sin. Now I happen to know some of you, who, besides other faults which I will not mention, are chargeable with these which are open to the public. You are half awe stricken at a brother whose *mote* (if it be even that) is *pleasantry*, but you think nothing, notwithstanding your profession of godliness, of trifling with God's public worship. You satisfy yourselves with one public service in a day, when some of these worldly or carnal people, as you call them, use two, and sometimes three, regularly. Week night services you do not even think of attending, while "worldly people" attend them with undeviating constancy and punctuality. And although the ministers are efficient men, and carefully, and prayerfully prepare good sermons for your benefit, you ungratefully and disrespectfully neglect them. How is it then, that you can so preposterously delude yourselves with the notion that you are so spiritual? How is it that some of you who are preachers, or "office bearers," in the churches, can be less exemplary than the "worldly" and "the carnal?" One thing is certain, that you are not entitled to the innocent recreation of an *amusing anecdote*, or a *healthful laugh*, for your

spiritual condition is such as to call for deep humiliation and repentance. I shall close this chapter by a reference to a truly great and good man.

The learned *Edward Stillingfleet, D.D.*, in his controversies with the Church of Rome, was so remarkably witty and humorous in some parts of his writings, that his adversaries wrathfully reviled him, and charged him with "blasphemy." "But," said he, "wherein I pray doth this *blasphemy* lie, have I uttered anything that tends to the reproach of *God* or true *religion*? have I the least word, which malice itself can stretch to the dishonour of *Jesus Christ*, the *Prophets* and *Apostles*, or the *Holy Scriptures*, written by divine inspiration? No. I challenge the boldest of them, to produce anything I ever said or writ, that doth but seem to look that way. Have I made the practise of true devotion ridiculous, and the real expressions of piety the subject of scorn and derision? No, so far from it, that it was only a just zeal for the honour and practise of true religion made me willing to lay open the ridiculous *fanaticisms* of some pretended *saints* in the *Roman Church*." [Ans. to Treat. Idol. Pre. p. 6.]

Now, reader, I am anxious to have it well understood that, however much Stillingfleet's wit might have incensed his enemies of the Church of *Rome*, it never deprived him of his proper status in his *own* church, the Church of England. In some communities, however, not only the exhibition of wit, but the very notion of a man's having it, goes

against him ; no matter how many amiable qualities he may possess ; no matter how much he may diminish or control his wit, or how important the services he may render to the churches, a *brand* is upon him. He has got the *name*, it goes before him, it follows him, and by ill-natured Pharisees, and *weak* brethren—strong enough to do mischief—he is hunted down, and without an interference on the part of God, he has nothing to expect but repudiation, and as a minister to become extinct.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ENVY.

ENVY, as a sin in some professing Christians, is represented by Doctor Dwight, of America, as "a fiend inhabiting the Temple of the Lord." Some good people talk about "*living down envy*," that is, going on in a Christian course, and increasing in ability and usefulness. In some very few and rare instances this may be done; but in very numerous cases, envy is so far from being cured by this process, that it is thereby aggravated; nevertheless we must go on in piety and usefulness. All our efforts, however, in doing good for evil, in seeking to conciliate envious persons, in voluntarily hiding from them, as far as we conscientiously can, the notice we may attract, or the thanks and commendations we may receive, will prove utterly abortive; because it is *good* and not evil that makes them so sullen and angry. While envy is, "pain felt and malignity conceived at the sight of excellence or happiness," an increase of excellence and happiness makes envy worse and worse. What must be done then? I answer, let an envious man alone; doing nothing but pray for him; except when he will not let *you* alone, but seeks in one way or another to injure you. And what then? I reply, love him for his soul's sake, but re-

primand his vice. This our Saviour did in the case of those who subsequently "for envy delivered him to be crucified." I know of no one sin of the heart so thoroughly dangerous as that of envy. It will obscure the brightest and most splendid accomplishments. It makes the subject of it intensely miserable, and at the same time, wofully guilty before God. It does indeed exist in different degrees in different men. In its smallest degree, it is an ingredient of inward wickedness. In excess, it has led men to commit murder. Cain slew his brother Abel, because his own works were evil, and his brother's righteous. No envious man as such can have communion with God. He may *seem* to have this, if eloquent in audible and public devotion; but, *no!* God cannot commune with an evil spirit. Envious men are miserable, and their own tormentors. "Wrath killeth the foolish man, and envy slayeth the silly one." (Job v. 2.) "A sound heart is the life of the flesh, but envy the rottenness of the bones. (Prov. xiv. 30.)

Paul was vehement against this vice in the case of Elymas, the sorcerer, who envied the triumphs of Christianity. This man sought to turn away a certain deputy or proconsul from the faith. Sensible that he should no more be regarded if the doctrine of the Apostles was received, "he withstood them," (says Doddridge,) "in their preaching, in a crafty way, by a variety of false insinuations." Now how was *this man* dealt with? Did Paul say to him,

“Dear Sir, excuse me for interrupting you, but I must take the liberty of suggesting that it is hardly fair and honourable in you to counteract the effects of our preaching. Perhaps, as a matter of gentlemanly courtesy, if from no higher motive, you will desist?” *Pooh!* This would have been a *strangely* loving way, indeed! This would have been moral cowardice, a thing, by-the-bye, often mistaken for love. But no. “Saul, (who is called Paul) filled with the *Holy Ghost*, set his eyes on him, and said, “O full of all subtilty and mischief, thou child of the devil, thou enemy of all righteousness, wilt thou not cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord?” and the envious man was struck with blindness. (Acts xiii. 9, 10.) It is commonly said that envy is the vice of *little* minds,” and it is perhaps true, that in such minds this vice is most prominent, because they have not the ability to conceal it. But it is also to be found in *great* minds, otherwise, so far as I can judge, we should have had no apostate angels. *All* the angels originally in heaven would have kept their first estate and not envied the authority of God, and afterwards the happiness of our first parents. Envy, as a proud, monstrous, and malignant fiend, stalks through all ranks of this world’s community, invisible, indeed; but on that very account, the more potent to do deeds of deadly hatred, and accomplish wide spreading mischief. The invisibility of human vices makes it difficult to personify them; but still *the effects* are seen and felt.

I have at this moment in my recollection, a number and variety of particular sayings and doings of particular men, all of them Ecclesiastics, from which no other inference could be possibly drawn by a close observer, than that they were influenced by *envy*. I could relate each of them with exact circumstantiality. In all these instances, the person envied had not only not said or done anything to give them the slightest possible ground for provocation, but had said and done all in his power to make himself agreeable and affectionate, and even to conceal, as well as he could, those qualities for which he was preferred to do certain useful and public work in preference to themselves. But I forbear to furnish these instances, partly because the task would be very disagreeable, and partly because the narration would occupy more time and paper than I can spare. And should any man think that even this *hint* of what I could do, had better have been omitted; I tell that man that I think very differently. The *results* of envy to worthy men are often no trifles, especially as regards their public life. And envious persons may think themselves most mercifully dealt with when the details and evidences of their envy are withheld from the public. Geniuses under the power of envy are but too often mightily consequential. They give themselves airs. They frown. They look, or *try* to look, like personages of immense importance. They would, if they could, frighten *you out of your wits*.

Envy in low life is abusive and slanderous. In high life, it is full of chicanery and deception, and sometimes most barbarously oppressive. In middle life it cannot succeed so well, having stubborn difficulties to encounter, but when it does succeed, injury to somebody or other is the consequence. But wherever it is, and in whomsoever it gains the ascendant, it is in the correct view of every discerner of spirits—*the devil*.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ECCENTRICITY—AN EQUIPAGE—POVERTY—A LETTER.

It is quite necessary to inform the reader that I use the word eccentricity, not because it is the most proper word to designate all I mean in those mental peculiarities, which some persons have thought to be objectionable; but, because, in every case of disappointment which I have painfully experienced, the *name* of eccentricity has been used, and charged upon me, with a view to justify the infliction of disappointment. I may have hinted this before, but it is well for the reader to be reminded of it. I proceed. Such eccentricity as I defend is not every where and always objectionable. The strongest prejudices against it are, for the most part, to be found amongst people of little, low and vulgar minds. Persons who, though not destitute of piety, are so wonderfully obtuse, as to be utterly destitute of all perception of its usefulness. Persons so wanting in good taste, as to have no relish whatever for its raciness, point and brilliancy,—for *such* properties have been attributed to it, not originally by me, but by competent London Reviewers.

Among the well-educated and highly accomplished classes of society, including eminent ministers, a *venerable* archdeacon, bishops, and archbishops,

this eccentricity has been as cordially approved as it has been distinctly recognized and thoroughly understood: perceiving in it the entire absence of all immorality, all offensive personalities, all opposition, direct or indirect to the Holy Scriptures, and seeing its tendency to correct great evils which cannot so well be rebuked by ordinary methods of admonition: *this*, also, I may have hinted before, but I am anxious to keep it before the mind's eye of the reader.

Justifiable eccentricity then has been entertained by superior families, and superior thinkers, all over the kingdom. Well is it, that they have entertained it, for had it been left to the tender mercies of the censorious, the eccentric man would have led the life of a dog who loses his master, and kicks from one, and stones from another, would soon have put an end to him. I speak figuratively, and yet kicks and stones, *literally* speaking, are but as inconvenient blows and paper pellets, compared with repudiation, protestations and remonstrances. I have supposed these things to be in some rare instances, more or less justifiable, but the absolute unreasonableness of them in many cases, render them, in my view, even *atrocious*. But I go on. The better portion of the Wesleyan community do not discard eccentricity. The Independents and Baptists, and even the Quakers, (some of whom love a bit of dry wit, and are pretty *good hands* at it themselves,) with their intelligence and discrimination will patronize it; and a large

portion of the national clergy have been known to welcome it, and do it honour. On very numerous occasions have I been associated with good men of the above communities, and sometimes with persons of rank and distinction, eccentricity being no bar or impediment in my way. And if I could possibly take down the numbers of those who have never annoyed me on account of eccentricity, and of those who have annoyed me during my preaching life, I should find tens of thousands for me, and scarcely one hundred against me. I do not speak of *opinions* about me, but of sayings and doings. The church people never plagued me; the different bodies of dissenters, exclusive of my own, never plagued me, nor did the vast and overwhelming majority of the Wesleyans plague me, yet I have been known to multitudes among them, taking them altogether. But a potent *few* in most eccentric fashion have contrived to stare and squint at my peculiarities, and give their opinions and decisions to my deep disadvantage and injury. Had these personages contented themselves with expressing *regret* at my eccentricity, or with verbal protests against it merely, I could have borne all this without inconvenience. I could have quietly given them credit for being well-meaning Christian folk, a little bit odd in their notions, yet intending nothing but my good. I say I could have easily done this, and especially as I had been told in full assembly that great places would have been seeking *me* instead of my seeking them, if

would but give up. Give up WHAT? Why, in fact, an essential part of my very self! Give up a power of usefulness! Every thing *wrong* a man ought to give up. But to abandon peculiarities, really injurious to nobody, and not even disagreeable to such as understand them and know in what ways they are employed for men's benefit and advantage, is a thing which no man has a *religious right* to do. I have intimated that I could have borne with expressions of regret and verbal protestations; but men have gone farther with me than that, they have injured me as to financial circumstances; the very particular and exact proofs of this I could easily produce—and shew that everything done against me has originated, or been perpetuated after its origination, by giving me the nick name of an *eccentric* man. Now if I had to state an opinion as to eccentricity, I should pitch upon persons who are queer and changeable in their conduct and habits, sometimes kind, and at other times reserved and sullen; sometimes polite, at other times very proud and arrogant; sometimes thankful, at other times inconsiderate and ungrateful; persons concerning whom you can never know before hand in what humour you shall find them; these are *eccentric* men, truly and properly so called. But these, for the most part, are all free, nobody touches them, they receive no injury, they are grave and demure, and that settles everything. Neither honour nor emolument are denied them, on account of their *rotchets*. Who dares censure them? Who dares

call them to account? Who dares even give them a hint concerning their oddities? Who dares to say to *them*, you are *eccentric*? They have the money qualification, and that is their security from all disturbance. But when a *poor* man, a man *made* poor by oppression, is a little funny and humorous, he shall be bored with lectures and advices; a proud Pharisee shall keep his foot upon his neck, and say, "Dear brother, it is your own fault that you don't rise! You will be facetious; you have not common sense. The way to honour and emolument is not the way you take; you seem fit for nothing but the hard and rough work of itinerancy, I don't say that you are disqualified for higher work, I have often said the contrary, and hoped you would rise and take your proper stand among us. You should keep up your ministerial dignity, and be externally, at least, very genteel, grave, and reverend in your appearance." Now who would imagine that this seemingly friendly adviser, is all this time deliberately fixing the man in a position which will render it impossible for him to preserve this external ministerial dignity without getting into debt? The absolutely necessary expenditure of some minister's families renders it impossible, without private funds, for a man to make a thoroughly genteel appearance. Hence, "shocking bad hats," and threadbare coats, and thick shoes, must be the clerical gear of many a *reverend gentleman*, whose incessant labours deserve *something* better. We need not wonder that some-

times, to divert the mind from gloomy ponderings and miserable apprehensions, a man is sometimes funny, and disposed to turn even *himself* into ridicule. In tramping through mud and melted snow, the Rev. Peter Penniless is sometimes overtaken by an equipage. The coachman is ordered to pull up. The baronet says, "Will you ride, Sir?" "Thank you, Sir John," says P. P., "if you will excuse my somewhat unclerical appearance." "Never mind that, Sir; we have a seat at liberty. Lady Amiable will enjoy a bit of chat: come now, favour us with a few Scotch anecdotes." P. P. ingeniously spins out his anecdotes, Lady —— and the baronet enjoy them, and P. P. is driven three miles further than first intended. He alights, cordially shakes hands with his aristocratical friends, and to his comfort, finds himself within a quarter of a mile of Scraggy-lane chapel, where he has to preach. Brother Blackberry, a pious collier, invites him to a cup of tea. There is a good congregation in the little chapel. The people pray seriously, and sing praises heartily; God is present, and heaven is anticipated. He is about to start for home, having eight miles to walk; the clouds very black, the wind howling, the rain coming down, the night very dark, Brother Blackberry says, "Come in a minute, afore ye start, and have a drop of elder wine made hot."

Thus having been religiously gratified in the service at the chapel, and encouraged in his labours, *he heeds not the weather and the darkness, but*

plods homewards, entertaining and amusing himself with the lovely varieties of the itinerant life. And it must be admitted that the itinerancy (of which some illustrations will be given in the progress of this book) is a kind of curiosity. And when a man can reconcile himself to the perpetual want of *fixity*, having homes of all sorts, sizes, and qualities, every where, and a *home*, strictly and properly so called, *no where*, he may manage to keep up his spirits; when he can accommodate himself to the practice of forming friendships, some of them very cordial and delightful, and then *separating* from his friends, very likely never to see them again in this world; when he can admire that sublimated spirituality which excludes personal esteem and natural affection, and which piously pushes him away from a place, just as he begins to know and love his people, say at the end of one or two years, he may toss his hat and shout "three cheers for itinerancy!" But should he take to brooding over the rough work, the rough people, the parish allowance, the miscellany of disagreeables, he will sigh for retirement and solitude. Every comfortable cottage on the road side seems to him to betoken *rest* and permanency. Every pretty village, with its parish church and parsonage house, its neighbourly looking inn, its one draper's shop, one grocer's, one bookseller's, one surgeon's, one post office, one establishment in each branch of trade or business, seems to say to him, come and *live here*, and settle down for life! Have a genteel

house in a small way, and a snug select little library. Enjoy intelligent chat with as many right sort of people as we can supply, read your old books, preach in the Methodist Chapel on Sundays, write for the press, and make your life at once quietly happy and useful; yes, this will do well enough for the *imagination*. Thanks to Philistines, Pharisees and Grave-diggers, we have been delightfully saved by their noble achievements, from all danger of laying up treasures on earth! Let us then give up all vain wishes about a quiet rural life, and make up our minds to fag on, and if it be the will of God, suffer on till we can live no longer.

Bishop Hall, Archbishop Tillotson, Cecil, and I know not how many other eminent writers and preachers, died in poverty, and shall *we* complain? *Still*, let it be remarked, that whoever, by unjust words or deeds, plagues a Christian, and injures him in name and circumstances, will have to give an account of himself in the last day.

Good name in man or woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls :
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Shakspeare.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE PLATFORM.

QUITE enough of eccentricity and its troubles for the present. Let us relieve ourselves. The writer is no stranger to *platform* work; he has never been like Demosthenes among the Greeks, nor Cicero among the Romans, nor Appollo among the orators of Apostolic times. But he has frequently spoken in his own way, and heard many others speaking in their own way, and is well convinced that he, and they, will be none the worse for neighbourly hints. Now for them. *Superior* platform speeches in public religious meetings greatly contribute to the spread of Christianity. They produce a healthful excitement in favour of Christian institutions, increase contributions, and afford to attentive and well judging hearers a large amount of mental and religious gratification. All speeches, however, are not superior, some are middling, some are tiresome, some are queer, some are miscellaneous, some are heterogeneous, some are too long, and very few of them too short. But I am not disposed to attribute the imperfections of speeches, in all cases, to defective ability in the speakers. In numerous instances there are impediments to good speaking, most of which might easily be removed. We want a more *special and resolute* attention to platform discipline.

Suppose, now, we have a few handy little sections on this subject, faithful, yet kind.

SECTION I.—Begin every meeting exactly at the time announced. We do ourselves more harm before the public than we are perhaps aware of, when, after announcing by placards and from pulpits that such a meeting is to begin *precisely* at such a time, we loiter about, and do *not* begin precisely, but a quarter of an hour after. It is this bad practice of losing time at the beginning, which causes so much bustle and confusion in short supplementary speeches, while the people are going out by dozens just before the end.

SECTION II.—Let *every* speaker, if possible, take his seat on the platform precisely at the time announced. We willingly excuse *unavoidable* lateness; but no toleration should be given to speakers who evidently seem to *like* being too late, as they are *never* in at the beginning. Ah, neighbours! It is a delectable thing, is it not, for a man to be greeted on his entrance with a round of applause in a full meeting? Some men suddenly appear on the platform with hat in hand, a cane or handsome walking stick, and gloves. O, how nice! How elegant! how dignified! and what a condescension! What a blessing to the audience, that the Reverend Gregory Greatman has arrived! This won't do, neighbours; it is a little ingenious contrivance, not *quite* true *ignity*. "I pray you avoid it." [Shakspeare.]

How much *Christian* dignity is there in wilfully missing the preliminary devotions, the chairman's speech, and it may be the speeches of several others? People have no objection to your being clever and eloquent, but they want you to be *polite*, and you are not polite if you are always *intentionally* late. Mrs. Flounce, and Miss Furbelow may admire your costume, your walking stick and gloves, and be in raptures at your kindness in thus taking the audience by surprise, but soberly thinking persons will more regret your lateness than admire your eloquence.

SECTION III.—Let chairmen, however well qualified and eloquent, be considerate about time. When they see a number of good speakers on the platform, they should take care to give them fair play. A talented chairman should not, indeed, be stinted to time, nevertheless his opening speech should not be a lecture or dissertation. His proper work is to state the object of the meeting; make a short speech embodying his own approval of the object, and preserve order. I was pleased some few years ago with Lord John Russell, as the chairman at the anniversary meeting of the British and Foreign School Society, in London. On the platform were the Bishop of Manchester, Lord or Earl F——, and numerous clergymen and dissenting ministers of eminence, as speakers. Lord John just said a word or two, and called upon the secretary to read the report. All the speakers had ample time, and at the close the noble chairman, in a *moderately* brief and telling address, “shewed

his opinion." It was a capital meeting, the result of good speaking and good discipline.

SECTION IV.—Let REPORTS be chiefly confined to important facts and finances, and very sparing in comment and hortation, lest by *anticipating* much of what the speakers should say, they pre-spoil their speeches. I will allow that a long report shall be as remarkable for its intrinsic excellence as for the great length of time it takes to read; but there are great objections to a secretary reading an hour, or an hour and a half in a public meeting. First, it cannot be *necessary*, as it is well known, at least, with regard to some parent societies, that the report may subsequently be read in print; and, secondly, an audience *will not endure* so much reading, and are certain to create a serio-comico uproar in rebelling against it. It is not the excellency but the prodigious *length* of some reports that renders some audiences uncomfortable. They see before them a long row of clever men, whom they are anxious to hear. They look at the *clock*, and wonder *when*, before the expiration of a fortnight, that tremendous report will come to an end. Some, as if they fancied that the secretary was regularly in for it, for two hours at least, lull their impatience by taking a nap. Others peel and suck their oranges, and eat their sandwiches and mince pies. Others whisper and gossip. After the first half hour of report reading, they don't know what on earth to do with themselves. We may blame their stupidity, we may

censure their want of interest in such a precious and important elaboration as this *report* is, but they don't mind us. They know it is to be printed, and they can by and bye read it; we do not imagine that audiences *despise* reports; no, this is not the case, and as to men of business, and the managers of our great Christian institutions, a well digested and well arranged report is to them an affair of great interest; but the great mass of the people will not give their attention beyond half or three-quarters of an hour, and to render it palatable even for *that* time, the secretary should be a first-rate reader.

SECTION V.—I would innovate a little with regard to votes of thanks to treasurers, secretaries, committees, and collectors. I would have these brought on immediately after the moving and seconding the adoption of the report. It is not just to the labours of these good men and women to leave the business of thanking them, and proposing their re-election, to the fag end of the meeting. Let them be thanked, and their valuable services generously noticed in a full assembly, and while the minds of the people are fresh and vigorous.

SECTION VI.—Let no speaker leave the platform before the end of the meeting, without real necessity. Courtesy and honour dictate, that when *Demosthenes* had finished his speech he should stay and hear *Æschines*. People don't admire those speakers who care to hear nobody but themselves. The appearance of a half deserted platform before the close of the

meeting is thoroughly dismal. What must we think of men who, after "ably advocating the cause," and pressing upon the people the necessity of prayer for its prosperity, very frequently run away before the concluding devotions. If a man *must* go before the end, let him make his obeisance to the chairman and to the audience, as a signal that he is obliged very reluctantly to retire. We do this thing in social life, and it ought to be done in a public meeting; why should not the platform have its politeness or etiquette, as well as the parlour or drawing room?

SECTION VII.—As certain inconveniences arise from public speakers going on the platform without being previously and officially invited to take part in the proceedings, it would be well for such speakers to *ponder* before they determine to go. [Observe, however, that what I am going to say does not apply to EXETER HALL, because *here* a little army of ministers and friends, *non-speakers*, are admitted by ticket.] By going, they sometimes create a difficulty and perplexity. The chairman and secretaries may be glad, or not glad, to see them. The speaking work has all been pre-arranged; movers, seconders and supporters have all got their work cut out. Now when a man unexpected, and known to be a good speaker, *pops in*, there is a bit of a buzzing commotion. "What shall we do with him?" whispers Mr. A. to Mr. B. "Can't say," says B., "you see we have got our staff, an additional man is needless; besides, he is rather a long speaker." "Aye,

but then he is a *good* one," says A. "Well, but (says B.) it wont be fair to others to have *their* time occupied by an extra man." "Still," says A., "the people will wonder, and be disappointed if he don't speak."

This is a perplexing case, and such cases, reader, have often occurred. On this account we recommend "clever fellows," *uninvited*, to avoid the platform, or at least, *that part* of the platform appropriated (as in the HALL) to speakers only. No man should create sensations and perturbations, without necessity, and no man who values his inward quiet will ever think of giving the most distant hint, by word or action, directly or indirectly, that he would like to take a resolution. And a countryman arriving fresh in London should guard even his very eyes, for should he *look* at the secretaries with anything approaching to significance, these shrewd men will fancy he is up to something and avoid him. No, the Londoners, or those Londonized countrymen who hold offices, are mightily distinguished for their *chariness* as to whom they admit to platform honours, and their preferences are sometimes so very peculiar, that you cannot help being astonished at them. You may have rendered good services on country platforms, but you are not, on that account, to imagine that you will be invited to EXETER HALL. If you let out a syllable portending that you have any expectation of that kind, some rich layman, whose education has been neglected, (*Ha! ha!*) may "vunder you should be so wain,

and he "will advise you by no means never to push yourself forward." Now what a pity it is that these selfish exclusionists don't try to understand what is vanity and what is *not*. Is it *vanity* that makes a good preacher love to preach? and make the pulpit his home and his throne? Is it vanity that makes a musician love to play on his instrument? Is it vanity that makes an artist delight in painting pictures? Is it vanity that prompts a respectable author to write and publish books? I answer, *no*. In these instances, (and I might have enumerated many others) it is an honest and praiseworthy desire to turn talent and qualification to the best account. The preacher wishes to preach and spread religion; the musician to advance musical science; the artist to furnish beautiful paintings, and the author to diffuse useful knowledge. Just so with regard to public speaking. A Christian orator loves to talk, and his talking helps on Christianity. And while all good preachers delight in large congregations, because they most certainly and obviously extend their usefulness, so all platform men love to address large audiences on the same account.

Some years ago, at Exeter Hall, the noble minded Doctor Newton, addressing the vast assemblage said, looking first at the managing committee, and then at a goodly company of silent non-elect orators round about him, "Why not let some of *my brethren* share the honour (if it be an honour) of addressing this *large meeting*?" This was a gentle reproof addressed to *discourtesy* and *exclusiveness*.

SECTION VIII.—Let no speaker say “Mr. Chairman,” or “my lord,” or “your lordship,” more than twenty times in one speech.

SECTION IX.—It is important to study the *character of audiences*.—These, when speeches are not needlessly controversial and unpalatable, are usually good tempered and fond of applauding speakers. When a favourite man stands up they will greet him with three or four rounds of applause, clapping, stamping, and thumping with walking sticks and umbrellas before he utters a syllable. This is very kind and generous, but very perplexing. Now when you are welcomed in this way, do not *frown*, for that would be ungrateful, neither smile in a remarkable manner lest that should be attributed to self complacency, neither be overcome with excessive emotion, and faint away in silent rapture, lest there should be immense trouble in bringing you round again, and the ladies from all parts should surround you with their fans and smelling bottles. Your best plan is to wear a face of self-possession, and one that bespeaks a mixture of seriousness and thankfulness.

In the progress of a speech a man should not mistake the meaning of that *kind* of noise which some think is meant for applause, and some think not. A speaker sometimes talks at very great length, and tells the audience every now and then, he is afraid he is taking up too much of their time; and they think so too, and yet applaud or *seem* to applaud him. Now *how is he to know* whether they wish him to stop.

to go on? He *thinks* the latter, and therefore proceeds with new vigour. The speakers that have to follow feel a little queer, as nobody knows when he will leave off, and he evidently doesn't know himself. We think then that when *the people* are exactly of the same mind as the speaker, who says he fears he is taking up too much of their time, they should be *perfectly still*. This silence would be understood as giving consent to him to leave off immediately. But if they really do wish him to go on, they should audibly exclaim, "go on, Sir."

There are some grave men who say they think there should be no applauding in Christian public meetings; and such grave men as get no applause themselves seem to be decidedly of this opinion. But we cannot control pleasant excitement and happy feelings in public assemblies, and I know not why we should wish to do so. We admit that the applause of a multitude is no evidence either of the merit or demerit of a speech. But still it will not do in these stirring times to reflect too much upon the popular judgment and taste. As it was at Athens in old time, so now there are thousands of thinking hearers, who, though they have never studied rhetoric, can always assign excellent reasons for the applauses they give to a public speaker. I must regret, however, that clamorous applause is sometimes given to a mere exclamation, or insignificant remark, *while the better and most excellent parts of a speech are not recognized*. But we cannot help this. Some

men give good speeches and receive no applause; they then try to get it, but it won't come, and then they try to think it would be good for nothing if it did come. The fox, because he could not reach the grapes after many attempts, said they were sour. and yet there is often a comfort for a non-applauded speaker, which the sparkling and much-applauded man never gets.

Doctor Doleful goes on with all the deliberation and gravity of a funeral procession. The audience is wrapt in silence; no noise is heard except from that lubberly man in the corner who is asleep and snoring: but the *reporters*, noticing something good in the speech, have great facilities in taking it down. It afterwards gets into the papers, and thus the fame of the orator, neglected on the platform, is extended by the press, while the lively oration of Mr. Sprightly is entirely omitted.

SECTION X.—While it would be dangerous to the piety of a public speaker to make *fame* his object in speaking, yet his sincerity would be very much questioned, should he pretend utterly to despise it. To be extensively useful, a public speaker must be known and esteemed; and without some considerable qualifications, and a propensity to exert himself, the knowledge men have of him, and the services he renders will be very limited. Let the grand leading motive for speech making, be the public good and the extension of the Christian religion; the spur to exertion, the approbation of an enlightened an

discerning public, which, for the most part, is in unison with the approbation of God himself.

SECTION XI.—We say respectfully to every man who may need such a hint: In the very height of your fervours, raptures and extacies, be sure to exercise supreme self-command. While your mind teems with stupendous thoughts, and your luxuriant imagination glows and burns with splendid imagery, and your extensive knowledge and vast memory, help you readily to all sorts of facts, and endlessly diversified modes of illustration, have a care of your precious *person*; don't hop, skip and jump from one end of the platform to the other. Do not shake your head violently, as if being, at present, all intellect, you could do as well without your head as with it, and as if the notion of the brain being the organ of thought, were a miserable delusion. Don't fling your arms about in all directions, as if being useless encumbrances you wanted to throw them away, and get rid of every vestige of gross mortality, and be sublimated into a pure intelligent spirit, audible but not visible. All whom you speak to are mortals, and they wish, out of kindness, that you would never think of throwing yourself away a bit at a time, for in that case the ridiculous would follow the sublime most alarmingly.

The very best speakers are cool but not cold, warm but not hot; cool in giving information and in the use of argument, warm in making appeals, and in *working up* a masterly and magnificent climax. But

their *chastened* fervour, instead of diminishing, greatly increases the interest which intelligent hearers feel in the subject, while it ensures intense admiration of the man. I have listened to some speeches which I have esteemed exceedingly rich and valuable, and the men that made them I have regarded as personal friends. We should *never forget* good men who inform, instruct, and for the time make us happy by their good speeches.

SECTION XII.—Be animated, but never fussy and in a flurry.

SECTION XIII.—If you are invited, go to little meetings as cheerfully as to great ones, and make as good speeches before the few as you do before the many, and thus shew yourself as much a Christian as an orator. Recollect that our Saviour, who preached well before the multitude, preached or lectured well before *two* persons, on the road to Emmaus, and to *one* at the well of Samaria.

SECTION XIV.—Address the chairman respectfully, but don't load him with compliments. A thorough gentleman does not like this. And when you say (as I have frequently heard some of you), "Sir," or "my lord, I am happy to see you in *that chair*, and hope you may be spared many years to give your valuable services to this great cause, and so on, adding *rather* too much in the same strain; he, and not a few in the audience, will take this for flattery. You may indeed be sincere, but still, much of this thing is *superfluous*. It is taken for granted that

you like to see him in the chair, or you would not have easily consented to address the meeting.

Some speakers not only tell the chairman, *in effect*, what a great and wonderful man he is, but remind him of his great and wonderful ancestors; *shake hands with him before the people*, (that's beautiful, ain't it? but it doesn't end here;) they would trace up his geneology if they *could* to the Roman invasion, or go back in his history till within six weeks of Noah's flood. Now while you are thus enlightening the audience with the chairman's pedigree, and telling them what great people you have had the honour to be intimate with, they can see through the whole affair, and understand that it is *yourself*, quite as much as the chairman, that you are plastering with praises and commendations. You may safely enough venture a generous comment on any excellent sentiment expressed in his speech, but don't make a pother about his father and grandfather, his godfathers and godmothers, and all their progenitors.

SECTION XV.—If you see a witty man on the platform, who is to speak, don't virtually put him down before he gets up. Do not, with the face of an owl, express your hope and trust that we are going to have a solemn meeting; and thus indicate your private wish that the witty man would not speak at all.

Frivolity and impertinence we should as much *deprecate* as yourself; but a judicious and superior

man of wit will not commit himself in this way, therefore don't be alarmed. And although *you* may dislike wit in all its forms, or however modulated, don't fancy that everybody else dislikes it. In sitting down to a great dinner, we see a number and variety of dishes, they are all wholesome, but do not suit the taste or palate of all. Now if a man, when he is offered a particular dish, should not only decline it, but protest against it as improper for anybody, while many present partake of it with a relish, he would be justly deemed ill-bred, unpolite, and offensive; just so with regard to *mental* taste. In listening to speakers we cannot be all, and always suited. Some like devotional speeches, containing a relation of Christian experience; some like historical ones; some prefer statistics; some admire rigid gravity, doleing out some old sermon as a substitute for a speech; some enjoy speakers when they assume the province of the statesman, and some give the preference to that versatility which includes a little of all kinds, spiced with moderate facetiousness. You may like what you please, and dislike what you please, but don't be *censorious*.

May the British platform ever maintain a noble ascendancy over the public mind! May its errors be corrected, its excellencies perpetuated and improved; the Christian religion and its numerous institutions upheld, defended and supported by its advocacy, and every thing in science, literature and true religion receive, and in perpetuity enjoy, its warmest and energetic support.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE PARLOUR.

I AM not aware that any alteration has taken place in the hospitable character of the North and East Riding Yorkshire people since I left them, some fourteen years ago. At that time (and it may be now), the missionary meetings of the Wesleyans were connected with much social festivity. The tables of the wealthy farmers were loaded with hot joints and sirloins, with fish and fowls, and pies and puddings, with huge animal comforts, delicacies and luxuries. The servants in the villages used to put on their Sunday clothes, and every body seemed pleased. Many kind souls kept a sort of open house; and every good man, taking an interest in sending the gospel abroad, would receive a hearty welcome. Carts, gigs, phaetons, carriages, and saddle horses, loaded with distant friends and neighbours, grandfather and grandmother Greyhairs, uncle and aunt Goody; first and second cousins, with numerous others, related and not related; ministers with their wives and daughters, private gentlemen and pretty ladies, "friends to the cause," office bearers, of numerous societies, would wend their way to the centre of attraction, either the commodious chapel, or farmer's *barn*, fitted up for the occasion. These meetings

being usually held in summer, made it for the most part, pleasant to travel; and when the casualties of rain and thunder occurred, they were not allowed to make much difference as to the numbers attending. Large gatherings were usually expected, and disappointments were seldom considerable.

The missionary placards were often highly attractive. Popular ministers and others who had earned fame by platform eloquence, or platform peculiarity, had their names conspicuous, in large capitals, on the walls. Great doings were expected, and superabundant would be the table talk long before the field day arrived. These meetings bringing talking men together, gave large scope for social chat, and the development of conversational power. Parlours and drawing-rooms were much in request, and after dinners, teas, and suppers, various topics were discussed, sometimes cleverly, sometimes sleepily, as good dinners and suppers might settle it with the men of appetite or the abstemious.

London public meetings are not usually so handy as to facilities for after converse. Meetings of various kinds being so frequent, there is not the same individual and separate importance attached to them as in the country; and the speakers immediately after the meeting, but too often before the close, are scattered about. I cannot but think, however, that some contrivance should be hit upon to bring Christian people and platform speakers more frequently together, for *parlour converse*. Orators should talk together, and

ladies as well as gentlemen, who relish the excellencies and beauties of eloquence, should have an opportunity of ascertaining how well men who acquit themselves honourably on the platform can talk in the family and social parties. Conversation is not so frequent, deliberate, and painstaking, as it was a hundred or more years ago. Who can look at the picture of a literary party at the house of Sir Joshua Reynolds, with Doctor Johnson in the midst of them, and Boszzy taking notes, and not be moved? What *reading* man can gaze upon that beautiful representation of superior men, assembled to *talk* in first-rate style on great subjects, without a thrill of delight? Who can help regretting that parties of this kind are so rare in religious communities? Who can help wishing that arrangements were more frequently made for that delicious colloquy, which so enriches the enjoyment of domestic life? Why should every good and capital thing be said in public, and nothing but prattle served up for mental entertainment in the parlour? How pitifully limited is the intercourse that educated and superior minds have one with another? And how much do we deplore the fact that when some great men have been cordially invited to table and lodgings for the purpose of enjoying their conversation, they have said nothing, or spoken only in monosyllables? "We invited Dr. Talkwell, of Public-lane, Platform-street, to dine and spend the evening with us," says Mr. Lovegood, "and expecting an extraordinary treat from his

well known versatility, we engaged a large party of friends to meet him. He came, he took dinner, and to our deep disappointment, after we had tried to elicit some exhibition of conversational superiority, he said almost nothing." I sympathize with such "lovers of hospitality," and "lovers of good men," having myself endured similar disappointments. I can easily suppose how numerous cares and troubles may sometimes indispose the very best of men to talk, and I can also suppose that some men of high status fancy themselves now and then in parties not quite congenial, and therefore do not like to waste their erudition on such as cannot appreciate it. As to troubles, I do not see how we can lighten them by sadness and taciturnity. I knew a profound thinker some years ago, who was esteemed as an orator and a wonder on the platform: about fourteen of us met by invitation at the house of a good lady and gentleman, to be honoured by this great man. We agreed among ourselves to let him have fair play, by saying little or nothing except in the way of interrogative. He was very religious, and indulged himself in heavy sighs and unintelligible exclamations of sadness. We did not know of anything particular being the matter with him, but we *did* know of some Christians in that company who could have mustered up much more plausible reasons for sadness than any he could pretend to, and yet they were silent. I thought that his philosophy was somewhat at fault in obtruding his sorrows and troubles

on a cheerful company; and I still think, that when any of us are invited to meet our friends to spend a pleasant evening, we should get all the sighing and groaning done before we assemble. Well, the man sighed as aforesaid. The good lady of the house administered to him a cordial. In a few minutes his vast powers began to expand themselves, or rather gave promise of doing so. His first sentence was original and memorable; "I often wonder," said he, (dead silence, all expecting some great thing,) "I often wonder," (another pause) "how any man can *laugh*!" Most of us wondered how any man could say such a thing; but we were *learners*, and listened almost breathlessly, expecting a grand reason for his wondering. He proceeded: "When I consider," (Hush! said the lady, who was chiding the girls for not listening,) "when I consider DEATH! O! O! O!" I was going to say "*P. P.* pooh! there is, according to the Bible, a time to laugh, and a time to weep, and a time to dance," Ecclesiastes, third chapter and fourth verse; but such an interruption, though sanctioned by Solomon himself, would have been considered profane. I noticed the countenances of the company; some gave awful attention, some wondered what was coming next; some beautiful young ladies *giggled*. Nobody interfered, we all expected the enlightenment *would* come, after the preliminary and solemn exclamations. He went on moralizing, sermonizing and philosophizing about something, I could not tell

what, uttering sentences so amazingly profound as to be positively unfathomable by any of us. By-and-bye, the innocent exhilaration given to his great powers by the cordial degenerated to collapse. Supper came on, and we were revived; after that, family worship. Conversation ended. The ladies put on their things, and the gentlemen their overcoats. On our way home, Mrs. Grimalkin Gloomy said to me, "Is he not a great man? A man of deep piety, with a solemn mind, and a great intellect, soaring high up into the very clouds?" "Yes," said I, '*clouds*,' a very proper word. "I wish he would soar still higher, and get into a clear atmosphere, sun light, or even moon light would be better than the clouds." "Ah, you are prejudiced." "Not at all, madam, I judge after the fact, and not before. I never *pre-judge*." "Well, I admired him exceedingly." "Then, of course, you understood him." "Why, as to that, I cannot say much, he is too learned and too deep for a person of my capacity to understand very clearly." "You are right, madam, in saying he was too *deep*. He was too deep for us all, and even for himself. I am sorry you admire what you so imperfectly understand, for in this case, you may possibly admire errors and absurdities when they are so mixed up with truth, that you cannot discern them. I am anxious to have everybody understand that admiration may exist without edification, though, happily, the two things often go together." "Ah, well, he is a very pious and good man." "Of that,

madam, I am well persuaded; I esteem him for his piety and goodness, but regret his strange method of attempting to communicate knowledge and wisdom; and though I think him *mentally* a superior man, yet I am *not* convinced that obscurity, and what some others call 'great powers of mind,' are usually, at least, compatible. Good night, Mrs. Gloomy." "Good night, Sir."

I have supposed that some men don't talk in company, or in parties, not quite *congenial*. I have known such men, and it is but on very few occasions that they can justify their silence. Admitting their superiority and the inferiority of the parties to which they are invited, and that they are more or less annoyed by what some call twaddle; I could excuse some reserve and unwillingness to talk. But where mental inferiority is blended with respect, deference, meekness, and an endeavour to be agreeable, and to *learn* something from them;—the *kindness* of Christianity forbids a haughty and anti-social repulsiveness; and it especially forbids another peculiarity that I shall name, I mean a propensity to obtrude needless advices on good men in company. Superior *good* men do not belong to the class of *voluntary advisers*; persons who put their neighbours to the blush before company by giving grave council when it is not asked and not wanted. Conversable men, of the right sort, avoid the objectionable practice of talking to *equals* in the way of condescension. Here are three men in a very large party where all

may converse on one given subject, or in several groups on different subjects, just as they please, free and easy being the law of the evening. All three are equal as to every thing essential to constitute them gentlemen, Christians, and Christian ministers. Two of them are rich, the other is poor. Walking about in the spacious apartment, they meet by accident. One being more communicative than the other, speaks first. He is a rich rector. Addressing himself to the Reverend Samuel Stiff, the wealthy vicar of Bankinghouse, he says, with high emotion, "What! is it possible? Why my *very* dear Sir, how *do* you do? I must have been out of the room when you arrived: well, I am delighted to see you. Pray how is Mrs. Stiff, Miss Stiff, and how are all the dear little Stiffs? I am *intensely* happy to see you." Turning to the other, the Reverend Henry Humblepie, he says, "Well my dear *fellow*, how are you? Are you getting on down yonder? I forget what place you call it; never mind, you do your best, no doubt." Mr. Humblepie, pleased with this familiar recognition, is about to give his fraternal reply, but the rector says, "Excuse me, I can't talk to you now, I am engaged with my friend, Mr. Stiff;—by-the-bye, however, I wish, before you leave town, you would do duty for me in the Parochial School, Puddle-lane, Mire-street, we have a weekly lecture on a Thursday night. Mr. Pig, No. 2, Poke-alley, keeps the key, and he will open and light the place for you. Go, there's a good fellow!"

Now it may not occur to everybody, that while Mr. Humblepie is equal to the other two gentlemen (as we have hinted) in essentials; in some circumstantialia he is their superior. He reads the Litany better, and preaches better sermons, and might at any time do honour to any public institution, by preaching an anniversary sermon in St. Paul's Cathedral; but he has no money, and he is afraid to disoblige, and he therefore takes this extra appointment at Puddle-lane. Now if the rector had *conversed* with this man as a scholar and a man of taste, he might have derived hints for improvement, while he would have secured the respect and affection of Mr. Humblepie, instead of his inward and reluctant contempt. But all men are not like this rector. We have seen and known, to the honour of the clergy and prelacy too, colloquial propensities of the first quality; we have had intercourse with men of great learning and great wealth, who have been so far from conversing with brother ministers in the way of condescension that they have declared themselves honoured by their society. What has mere wealth to do with the social intercourse of intelligent Christians? The man who professes to be a follower of Jesus Christ, and yet takes no notice, or as little notice as possible of men who are inferior to him in nothing but money, is sadly misunderstanding himself. He is not, indeed, to make himself cheap *anywhere*. We wish him to preserve all the propriety and decorum so needful to proper distinctions in

society; but he ought not to set up *caste* in the parlour. Should he, however, from the force of habit as well as from choice, studiously avoid this man, and look disdainfully at another, he may depend upon it that many eyes will be peering at *him*, and with all his fancied importance, he will be regarded by some with pity or scorn. Let him *converse* freely, and he will secure himself friends that, for ought he can tell, he may need before he dies, though he can do without them at present. When rich men are conversable, affable and affectionate, they increase their reputation, and they do good. When they come right up to their neighbours of "limited income," whom they see in the *distance*, and give them the hand, and devote some time to them, the esteem resulting from such recognitions is much more cordial and permanent than that which we feel for men, who, though not without claim to notice, are so brief and abrupt in their recognitions as to convince us that *by them* we are contemplated best in the distance.

Doubtless there are some depressed men who sometimes fancy themselves slighted when they are not. It is one of the natural and perhaps unavoidable effects of official unkindness in the churches, that a man practically despised, as to his public life, will entertain uncomfortable thoughts of all whom he supposes to have had a hand in depressing him, and while his mind is sorrowful from repeated disappointments, he may think himself overlooked by the very

men who regard him with respect; but while we admit this, it must never be imagined that *every* disappointed man is in error and thinks too much of himself; and every *disappointing* man has truth and right on his side, and forms a correct estimate of his own judgment and proceedings. We cannot be talked over in this way. There *is* selfishness, there *is* injustice, there *is* jealous mindedness, there *is* envy, there *is* pride, in places from which these evils ought to be ever banished; and from these bad qualities Christian men have suffered; and these assertions can be supported by strong and powerful evidence, such as no man, nor any body of men, however distinguished for learning, can disprove. Therefore complaints are sometimes righteous, and although they may be useless as to the securing any redress, (and redress itself would come for ever too late to some men;) yet, as *monitions* to contemporaries and posterity, they prove a lasting warning and real benefit.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MEDICINE.

“WHY don't you write religious books?” says Mr. Wondermuch. Answer: I have written many, and they are out of print. I have many others in manuscript, but when I find that some who are accustomed to read and write such books are so queer and eccentric in their doings as to need hints in a new fashion, I furnish them. The best religious book in the world is the Bible, *that* I can enjoy. I see in it righteous protestations against all transgressions of the laws of God, but no *censoriousness*, no formidable animadversions upon trifles, no gloomy lectures and denunciations against words or actions that have neither good nor evil in them, being things indifferent; no reproaches cast upon some men for infirmities, and passing by others who omit the weighty matters of the law.

Censorious religionists, whether in books or speeches, have kept many a good man in bondage; made him afraid to look or speak, in certain places or companies where, though he does no harm, the prying eye of the pragmatrical censorer would soon bring him into trouble. Give me religious books on *Bible* principles, and I can appreciate and relish *them*. If I want other religious books, I can make

them myself, whether I print them, or keep them in manuscript. Let the young, the middle aged, and the old, by all means read religious books when they help them to understand and love the Bible; but when religious books teach only a *one-sided* Christianity, men who wish to get to heaven don't want them; they prefer a book which teaches them their duty to God and man, to their friends and to their enemies in its whole extent, and in all its details. A book that shews up the evil, and wickedness and danger of all evil judging, evil speaking, lying and slandering, whispering and backbiting; the comprehensive sin, and wide-spreading mischief of censoriousness in all its ramifications; the unseemliness and guilt of cultivated rudeness and insolence to the ministers of the gospel; the ruthlessness of torturing the feelings of good men for very trifles; the ignominy of detraction; the hypocrisy of pious persecution; the tattle and prattle of busybodyism—and the fact that the holiest and the best of ministers in apostolic times were often annoyed and plagued by false brethren in the churches, as well as afterwards put to death by their declared enemies, among the people we call "*the world.*"

Ordinary religious books, good enough as far as they go, do but too often keep on the surface of the above-mentioned evils. The noble minded Dr. Barrow, in his *ten* sermons on evil-speaking, goes to the bottom of them. But seeing that books like his are *seldom* read by those who most need them, I

think it possible that a queer outlandish affair like mine may have some good effect. O the sufferings and agonies endured by ministers falsely called eccentric! O the ingratitude of men, who, after repeatedly acknowledging the large amount of instruction, yea, and the happy seasons of devotional enjoyment they have had under their preachings, shall turn round upon them for mere nothings, that their imaginations construe into faults or sins, or from the influence of lying reports, and turn them adrift, not heeding what becomes of them or their families! Ah! don't talk to me about the deep piety and gravity of men who can be guilty of such things. God give to all such men true repentance and his holy spirit, and the piety of the New Testament, which is the only proper and safe substitute for the pitiful *thing* they have got, and which they dignify with the *name* of piety. Thomas à Kempis was right when he said "Censoriousness and Christian piety can never dwell together." And now lest it should be thought that in the these strictures I am myself censorious, I beg to say that I am *not*. I am *justly blaming great sins*.

Censoriousness reproves, reprimands, and sometimes brands publicly a man with infamy for no real sin at all. It is a disposition to reproach, and a habit of reproaching. In nearly all the acceptations of the word as given by our most eminent lexicographers, it bears this sense.

I have not quoted a sermon of Dr. Barrows, on

Matt. vii. 1, because, on the subject now under consideration, it is so masterly, eloquent and powerful throughout, that had I touched it for the purpose of quotation, I must have taken the whole. But let all who need it take the physic I have offered, and should they ask for more they shall have it. Let all injured ministers rise up in one body, and attack this monster vice, and by the power of God, truth and the energy of Christian zeal, drive it, if possible, from the face of the earth.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE PARLOUR.

A SHORT time ago we bid good night to Mrs. Gloomy, after our evening's entertainment with the good man of "great powers." We now resume the subject of *conversation*, or rather the topic which we *entitle* conversation; and we shall introduce some notables. Dr. Chalmers, in one of his journals or letters says, "Irving and I went to Bedford-square. Mr. and Mrs. Montague took us out in their carriage to Highgate, where we spent three hours with the great Coleridge. He lives with Dr. and Mrs. Gilman, on the same footing that Cowper did with the Unwins. His conversation, which flowed in a mighty unremitting stream, is most astonishing, but I must confess, to me still unintelligible. I caught occasional glimpses of what he would be at, but mainly he was very far out of all sight and all sympathy. You know that Irving sits at his feet and drinks in the inspiration of every syllable that falls from him. There is a secret, and to me as yet unintelligible, communion of spirit betwixt them on the ground of a certain German mysticism, and transcendental lake poetry which I am not yet up to. Gordon says it is all unintelligible nonsense, and I am sure a plain Fife man, as uncle 'Tammis' had

he been alive, would have pronounced it the greatest *buff* he had ever heard in his life."

In a foot note to the above passage, the editor says, "Returning from this interview, Dr. Chalmers remarked to Mr. Irving upon the obscurity of Mr. Coleridge's utterances, and said, that for his part, he liked to see all sides of an idea before taking up with it."

"Ha!" said Mr. Irving in reply, "you Scotchmen would handle an idea as a butcher handles an ox. For my part, I love to see an idea looming through the mist." (*Memoirs of Dr. Chalmers*, part iii. pp. 126, 127.)

Thus much for Mr. Irving's *taste*. It is much to be regretted that a man so clever and so eloquent, upon the whole, ever cultivated such a taste. It appears to me that this love of the mystical, which rendered him prodigiously popular for a while, especially with such admirers as Mrs. Gloomy, was the very thing that undermined his usefulness, led him into all the vagaries of reviving the gift of tongues, diminished his ministerial reputation, and established for him a posthumous *fame*, which, if I mistake not, might be designated questionable, odd, undefinable, a blending of piety with dark profundity. While he was delivering his lectures on prophecy, in Edinburgh, and drawing prodigious crowds (as every eloquent oddity is certain of doing); Dr. Chalmers heard him, and in his journal says, "For the first time I heard Mr. Irving in the evening. I have no

hesitation in saying that it is quite woful. There is power and richness, and gleams of exquisite beauty, but with all a mysticism and an extreme allegorization, which I am sure must be pernicious to the general cause. This is the impression of every clergyman I have met with, and some think of making a friendly remonstrance with him on the subject."

In a letter to his sister, Mrs. Morton, the doctor says, "I perfectly agree with the soundness and good sense of your observations on the subject of Mr. Irving, whose extravagance and obscurity have placed him far out of my sympathy and sight. I heard him once; but I must just be honest enough and humble enough to acknowledge that I scarcely understood a word, nor do I comprehend the ground on which he goes in his violent allegorization, chiefly of the Old Testament." (*Memoirs of Dr. Chalmers, part iii., pages 173 and 174.*)

And yet this prodigy of a genius was tremendously popular. I blush for the multitude of Addleheaded hearers to be found in Great Britain, admiring orations, and sermons, and lectures, not because they can, but because they can *not* understand them. These prodigies may sparkle and dazzle, and bewilder the social circle (as they do their congregations); but their conversation seldom, if ever, *enlightens* it. But while some men in conversation dazzle, confound and bewilder us, there are others, and men of amiable qualities, too, who, either from want of ability or

inclination, or both, scarcely enlighten us at all. I once travelled with a minister of extensive popularity from five in the morning till seven in the evening. I did all I could in a respectful and deferential way to get our time improved by talking. I spoke of standard books, and started numerous topics, but to no purpose. He was, indeed, good tempered and agreeable, but in no way instructive. I could not admire this taciturnity. I did not "*bore*" him, as the phrase is, but let out occasional hints with as much gentleness and politeness as I could command; but I had no success. It might be, that belonging to the working clergy and not a fine gentleman, I was not up to his mark. An esteemed professor of a college afterwards told me that I should have felt no surprise at the gentleman's silence, as it was a question with him and many others, whether he had read a book for the last twenty years! meaning, as I supposed, no book of considerable size and excellency.

At another time, while I was in Scotland, this same gentleman was specially invited with me to breakfast with a noble band of University men. I knew right well how beautifully he would come out in his sermons when he saw distinguished men in his congregations; and could not but anticipate some interesting demonstration in the parlour, while he had men of learning and "choice spirits" before him. The University men suggested numerous topics; the *whole forenoon* was before us. They spoke of the

Hebrew language and the controversy about the "points." The Greek, and its dialects and contractions; thence went on to the merit of translations; then to philosophy, moral and natural; then to the works of Shakspeare, Milton, Young, Cowper, Steele, Addison, Goldsmith, Johnson, Pope, Bacon, Locke; thence to histories, the Belles Lettres, but I cannot mention all. Now here were subjects sufficiently numerous to allure or provoke a man to talk. Well, he *did* talk, but so sparingly, cautiously and prudently, and withal, so courteously, that we had politeness as a substitute for mental power. We learned nothing but what we knew before, viz., that he was a good man, and a good preacher. Whatever *might* have been his capacities, he did not vouchsafe to give us the benefit of them.

To be communicative, is a social Christian duty. If popular public speakers neglect or evade this duty, they will resemble the water-coloured scenery in a large theatre, look mightily beautiful and imposing at a distance, and with the resplendent light of gas lamps and chandeliers, but dull daubs when closely inspected by the light of day. I do not mean that the social conversation of every public speaker should be a performance, or that he should be the oracle of the company, or the lion of the party; but I *do* mean that the same *capability* should be evinced on a small scale in the parlour, as was manifested in more ample proportions on the platform.

Some people say it is *unfashionable* to introduce science, literature or divinity, or anything learned into fire-side conversation. *Alter* the fashion then, or say at once it is unfashionable to improve the time, unfashionable to be rational and intelligent, any where but in a public building playing the orator. We don't want people to be stiff and formal, but we want great and good subjects, handled with that easy familiarity which will give them all the charm of entertainment, if not diversion.

Public men should not need to be goaded with hints and efforts to draw them out in conversation. We are not pleased to have the learning of Doctor Deep-thought, ensconced under the cover of awful silence and a dreadful long face. We do not award to him the great arm-chair, the throne of the apartment, that he may look *unutterable* things. Still less do we wish him in his deep unuttered cogitations to consider himself a giant among pigmies. There is something deliciously comfortable in our modern cushioned arm-chairs. The luxuriantly recumbent back; the soft seat; the indulgent rests for the arms. To occupy these chairs aright, you must look majestically, and cannot look otherwise. Now when a public speaker is selected by a kind host or hostess, to fill one of these most happy and most honourable of all seats in the room, he should preserve the dignity of the chair, not by napping, or staring at the ceiling, or knitting his brows as if solving a problem, or *doing* some queer and eccentric thing, but by good

and cheerful talking. I can tell you of a man who lived in times when such chairs were made chiefly for sick and gouty people ; when other chairs, and some arm chairs too had dreadful straight backs, and cabinet makers seemed not to understand the principle of sitting at ease.

Now in these times of monstrous perpendicular chair backs, there lived a Dr. Samuel Clarke. He flourished in the reign of Queen Anne. He was a profound and almost universal scholar ; he was a first-rate university disputant ; he understood natural philosophy ; he was well acquainted with the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin languages ; he preached some of those elaborate lectures established by the Hon. Mr. Bayle, to assert and vindicate the great fundamentals of natural and revealed religion. Dr. Clarke did his part in this lecturing famously. He also published a folio edition of Cæsar's Commentaries, dedicating it to the Duke of Marlborough. Besides these things, he put forth the first twelve books of "Homer's Iliad," with an almost new translation, and did many other great things. Now here was a man to put into a great arm chair ! Well, whether in a chair, or on a stool, or bench, this great man would talk very instructively and delightfully in social conversation, giving himself heartily to the company, and affording them as much gratification as the time for talking would allow.

In parlour company a thinking man should never indulge in mental abstractions or in reverie. When

alone, he may do as he likes. Imitate (if he thinks there is something charming in it) the celebrated minister, who boiled his watch instead of his eggs. But before numerous and attached friends he should detach himself as much as possible from private ponderings and broodings. I do not wonderfully admire those men who emerge from the study into the parlour or drawing-room into the midst of company, and fling themselves in their study coats, or loose dressing gowns, on a sofa, stretching themselves at full length, to carry on some great matter which has occupied them in their retirement.

“Lor, Missus!” says Susan Brown, “if there aint Master just gone bang into the great room whats full of ladies and gentlemens, all dressed bootiful, and he has his grey study coat on, and one slipper, and aint shaved!” Susan Brown is not aware that an *appearance* of doing much business in the literary line is very gratifying to those geniuses who think that a literary profession exempts men from those little matters of tidiness and order, and decorum in apparel, carefully observed by men in general, when they appear in parties. Little did she know how much her master enjoyed his *dishabille*! and that her mistress, though not liking it exactly, would soon help him to apologize, on the ground of numerous *professional* engagements. But our great men given to abstraction are allowed to forget personal appearance as much those attentions to the common conversation which it would become them to give for the

comfort and satisfaction of their friends. Had I not seen and known men of this description I could not have mentioned them, except from report, or as the creations of my own fancy. Now as some of our fault-finding Pharisees are fond of fishing up rare specimens and illustrations of eccentricity, they should go amongst these slip-shod, ragged-coated and unshaved literati, and thus ensure good sport; but it may be these literary persons are *solemn* in their aspect, and so Pharisees let them alone.

CHAPTER XXIX.

ITINERANCY—ITS HOSPITALITIES.

NOTWITHSTANDING the pressure arising from small salaries in the humbler classes of Wesleyan circuits, there is one temporal comfort which is general throughout the connexion, not indeed absolutely universal, but yet so general as to leave no ground for serious complaint; or, indeed, for complaint at all, except of a very mild and inoffensive character.

I refer to hospitality. If we are not always well paid, we are well fed; and "good entertainment for man and horse," might be painted up on sign-boards (as at country inns, near London), in front of most of the houses where we take up our temporary abode in our preaching rounds. We ask no luxuries, as we are not epicures; yet even these come occasionally on festive occasions. At annual district meetings and conferences, the generous and affectionate hospitality of the Wesleyan families, and some few excellent Church of England and other families who entertain us, is the very perfection of kindness and generosity; and I know of no cases in which these table comforts are abused to purposes of extravagance and excess; if they ever happen, a man is sure to be told about it and admonished. For my own part *I protest* against intemperance in eating and drink-

ing, yet I like a good dinner when I get it, and think I have the sanction of God to enjoy it; and I attribute that health and strength which, by God's good providence, I have had through life to moderately good and temperate living. Nor is a man to be suspected of epicurism who, doing the work of a horse, likes good provender.

Now then about dinners; you like them well enough yourselves, and it is proper you should. Because some men make too much of the comforts of life, and degrade themselves by pampering the body, it does not follow that we are not to make enough of them and reflect ungratefully on the kindness of providence. It is proper, sometimes, both for bodily and mental discipline, that men should fast, but it is not proper to make a boast of these acts of self-denial, as if they were so many great heroic and transcendental virtues.

“Moreover, when ye fast, be not, as the hypocrites, of a sad countenance: for they disfigure their faces, that they may appear unto men to fast. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward. But thou, when thou fastest, anoint thine head, and wash thy face; That thou appear not unto men to fast, but unto thy Father which is in secret: and thy Father which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly.” Matt. vi. 16 and 17. It has been frequently ascertained that men who talk thankfully and joyously about animal comforts, are much more temperate *in the use of them* than many who affect to despise

them; and the great sticklers for fasting amply remunerate themselves for their ostentatious acts of self-denial, by clearing dishes of roast beef and plum pudding as rapidly as most men. The itinerant work then which makes us hungry does also feed us. The rule is nourishing food, and sometimes delicacies. Nor are these confined altogether to the affluent. I can remember some six and twenty years ago, when in cottages of the poor, where sometimes I was obliged to take a meal, how attentive the inmates were to my comfort.

A sense of propriety governing every thing; an evidence of respectful regard to ministers made prominent, and of esteeming them very highly in love for their work's sake.

Arriving at Mrs. Goody's, after a ten mile walk, and sometimes wet through and plastered with mud; her sweet little house, with thatched roof, brick floor, funny fireplace, leaded windows, with other things to correspond, has been to me a palace! How so? Why, man, if you are a philosopher, look at that bright and cheerful fire! Look at the poker, tongs and shovel, very old fashioned it is true, but shining with brilliancy! Look at the little table with three legs, with cloth upon it white as snow; see the polished knife and fork; and what is *that* between two plates before the fire, to keep it warm? The *family* dined, from necessity, before you came. The brown bread, butter and potatoes were cleared away *before* your arrival, that you being the minister

might dine in state. The plates there before the fire contain a little luxury; a tender steak, or a roasted chicken. Mrs. Goody will wait at table; she stands before you clean as a new pin, a neat and pretty white cap, her hair modestly, yet tastefully, arranged. There are her two children, little Bill and little Mary, with clean white pinafores and faces, seeming like the mother so *glad* that you are come; you are intensely welcomed. "If you *can*, Sir," says Mrs. Goody, "put up with things in our poor humble way, we shall be always *very* glad to see you." O, that humble way! what a good way it is! Who would ask a better? Thus, in humble life, have I seen that kindness and sincere politeness, which renders English hospitality and English Christianity so amiable and such a blessing. But few of our classic poets are so well acquainted with the details of rural life as Methodist preachers. By the force of superior genius, aided by a liberal education, they may *describe* them better, but they do not *see* them in the smooth and in the rough as we do. They seldom witness the comforts or the discomforts; as to the latter, they don't tramp through muddy lanes and boggy puddles, call at cottages with broken windows stuffed with rags. They don't encounter dirty bob-tail boys with untidy noses, playing and quarrelling, poking sticks in one another's eyes in playing at soldiers; squalling, shouting, romping—making all these valorous *demonstrations* before the houses where you take your

tea before you preach your sermon. But let all these enlivening incidents pass. We go on; hospitality being the theme. Be it noted then, that when a vast religious connection is in a state of controversy, hospitality is, in a few cases, at least, modified; and even in a calm there are curious people, though abounding in wealth, who will entertain you with as much pious plainness as the most ascetic saint could desire. I once or twice, when much younger, in going my rounds among Cumberland hills and mountains, met with eccentric hospitality. Arriving at the large old house of the wealthy Mr. Leatherlegs, I was thus accosted.

Mr. Leatherlegs.—"Who are *you*, and what do you want."

Myself.—"I am the preacher, Sir, and want to take my preaching appointment at your house in the evening."

Mr. L.—"Then why didn't you stop till the evening afore you came?"

Self.—"The good man where I breakfasted this morning told me I was to dine here."

Mr. L.—"He told you wrong; its all a mistake."

Self.—"I can easily go without dinner, Sir, if you will allow me some little room to read and study."

Mr. L.—"We have no room to spare, the tailor is busy with my new leather breeches in the parlour, and he must have it to himself."

I was about to depart, and wander about out of

doors with an old divinity book or two, which I always carried with me, when the old gentleman said, "Well, perhaps you'd better come in, and take pot-luck with the servants." I entered a place *called* the kitchen, having among its furniture, tubs, pans, a knife board, soap dish, and blacking bottles. The labourers and maid servants were seated at an old fashioned oaken table, loaded with boiled bacon and cabbage, tremendously fat and greasy. The pigs and fowls running in and out with great freedom and familiarity. The place in a litter. I sighed for bread and cheese, but I took a *little* of what was set before me, and asked no questions for conscience sake. Dinner being over, I took my book, rambled about the fields, though the air was keen and sharp, returned to tea; preached; stayed all night; left next morning; on the road I meditated on fat bacon. It is sometimes *rusty*, but how can that be a detriment? when our very aristocrats love cheese with maggots, and tainted meat called venison? 'Tis all a matter of *taste*, both literally and figuratively.

But as changes in diet are often agreeable and beneficial, I had good opportunities to reap advantages from them. This I did in two instances, and at the houses of rich men in Lancashire. In the first instance I sat down with Farmer Fillpurse, to a magnificent potato pie.

Conceive, metropolitan reader, accustomed to royal dainties, of a large pie! In the centre of it a *little lump* of fat mutton, surrounded on all sides by

an army of split potatoes, to whom it benevolently communicates its fat and grease in the progress of baking; the potatoes seeming to crowd around it as if beseeching to be belathered as much as possible by its melted fat, to render them eligible for the palate and stomach of the guests. Think, also, of the outer wall of doughy crust, and judge for yourself how rapturous are the delights of itinerancy! I could not say with the classic poet, so often quoted by our grandmothers:

“When the pie was open the birds began to sing,
Is not this a dainty dish to set before a king.”

But still I said something to myself. My ruminations were grave, and my imagination very busy and *eccentric*; the important bit of mutton standing stiffly in the centre, was to me the only object of interest, and remarkably attractive. Proudly refusing (naughty man that I was) any favourable recognition of the slippery potatoes, I began to invest the mutton with the power of speech; and as Jotham, in his parable of the trees, makes an orator even out of a bramble for the admonition of such as make improper persons into kings (see Judges, ix. 8 to 15); and Jehoshaphat speaks of a *thistle* sending a message to a *cedar* (2 Kings, xiv. 9,) I fancied I could admonish wealthy farmers who make pies of potatoes. Imagining, then, that the diminutive bit of mutton felt uneasy, and somewhat degraded in its situation; I could, in a sort of day dream, listen to its speech. Addressing itself to the potatoes, it said:

“Gentlemen, my name is mutton; originally I belonged to and formed an integral part of that valuable quadruped called a sheep. My destiny, however, was to be separated, and to exist as a tit bit to satisfy the hunger of our common enemy, the biped man. *You* belong to the vegetable creation. While living in your native soil, and expanding your foliage to the view of mortals, you enjoyed yourselves as much as vegetables can be expected to do. But voracious man no sooner perceived you fit for his devouring propensities, than he dug you from your quiet beds, and after certain ablutions in some vulgar utensils, ordered you to be cut in pieces, and consigned with myself to the prison of a pie dish. Here, then, we are, in this enlightened county of *Lancashire*, under a dark impervious canopy of dough! Doomed, first to suffer the dreadful heat of an oven, and then to be devoured; but as bipeds sometimes talk of the horrors of martyrdom, I think I may say, without vanity, *my* honour must take precedence of yours. We must all soon lose our identity. In the meantime, I will do my utmost, if not to grace, at least to *grease*, your departure through the cruel teeth, and down the dark throats of the bipeds. Gentlemen, we shall never meet again in full assembly; but before we separate for ever, I fain would comfort you. I have, indeed, hinted that my honour is superior to yours, and so it is; for by diffusing my very essence among you, I render you more palatable to the bipeds than you possibly could be by your abstract qualities.

Nevertheless, gentlemen, as in this sad world, *nominal* distinctions are more thought of, admired and revered, than those which are simply virtual, it belongs to you, yes, to *you*, gentlemen, to bear away the entire honours of this comprehensive pie.

You recollect, gentlemen, that whatever savour or flavour *I* may impart, and whatever longings there may be among the bipeds to get *me* into possession, and with whatever gusto I may be masticated and swallowed, to you it will pertain to possess the enviable *title*, the one only name of our entire fabric and constitution, crust, meat and vegetables—a *potato* pie. And thus it is, gentlemen, among the rationals above us. Those who render services are often ignored, while men of moderate and inferior qualities, like potatoes in a pie, have, like Cardinal Wolsey, their ‘blushing honours thick upon them.’ Gentlemen, I must conclude; I hear the dreadful knife on the roof above. In a moment daylight will be let in upon us; but with daylight, alas! comes destruction. While it is possible that some of you may escape for the present, no mercy will be shewn to me; already I perceive, through a chink of the canopy, the longing eye of a hungry preacher, who loves mutton; but precious little will he get of me. If fairly distributed, I shall make about a mouthful a piece for the whole company. Farewell, gentlemen! I am going! No name; no honour survives me, I shall be for ever forgotten, and you will retain

in your congregated capacity the honours of Farmer Fillpurse's potato pie."

The *second* instance of singular hospitality, on the part of the rich, is the last I shall introduce, and I would rather have dispensed with this, as I should have liked to have omitted the former but from a sense of justice to myself and a duty I owe to our common Christianity. To some very considerable extent, hospitality to the regularly appointed ministers, is not so entirely a gift as may at first view appear. In the poorer circuits of Methodism, what is called the board money is kept low on the supposition, and with the understanding that the preacher gets many of his meals from home. And in taking his regular rounds these periodical hospitalities, though gratuitously bestowed, do not exactly place him under so many distinct and separate obligations, but help to make up for those deficiencies created by short allowances. A preacher goes to his places, not as a private visitor to spend a day in festivities and take a bed at night, but to do his work as an Evangelist. He must, at long distances from home, and without a conveyance, lodge somewhere. He is accommodated then by the kind hospitalities of his own people; those good people, who, as they freely receive the spiritual blessings of the gospel, do *freely give* the temporal blessings of the present life. Hospitality, then, in immediate and direct connection with present ministerial labour is both kindness and justice; and by the parties who know that the

labourer is worthy of his hire, it is so understood. Had I gone to the house of Mr. Leatherlegs, or to that of Mr. Fillpurse's, as a private, poor, gentleman, to beg a dinner, and do nothing for it, it would have been highly reprehensible in me to celebrate the fat bacon of the one, or the potato pie of the other; but, as in both cases, I had tramped many weary miles to get to them, and should have been censured had I staid at home, I hope that neither the world at large, nor a certain reviewer (who did not understand my "Rambles of an Evangelist") will blame me for ingratitude, either directly or indirectly. The duty I owe to Christianity in this case, is to give a gentle rub to old *misers*, not to prudent and honourable frugality.

Covetousness, "which is idolatry," is so fearfully perilous to the soul, that every man who wishes to be saved, should do all in his power, in connection with earnest prayer, to keep himself and his neighbours from it. It is a vice which usually bids defiance to sermons and religious books; let us see what it will do after this exposure. In a northern circuit *one* of my numerous journies was a walk of fourteen miles from my residence to the circuit town every third Saturday afternoon, to be in readiness for my Sunday preaching, in a large chapel, where I usually had large congregations. On one of the Saturdays when I arrived, I was told I must go on a mile-and-a-half further, to lodge at a Mr. Such-an-one's, a rich gentleman, and very intelligent. "Ah," thought I,

"this is the very thing, I shall be well entertained. Hospitality and intelligence in combination, are a great acquisition to a man's comfort." I was very tired, the rain and mud adding to my fatigue, and my old umbrella having numerous sky-lights and a broken rib, affording me little protection. I arrived. The good lady of the house I found very conversable, she had been, in fact, well educated; and I soon found that she and her husband had well learned the Church catechism, and did both "renounce the pomp and vanities of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh." Passing along the passage I caught a glimpse of a well furnished parlour, but was politely conducted by my hostess to the underground kitchen. "We make no stranger of you, Sir, we are plain, homely people." "I perceive it, Ma'am," said I. "You are tired." "Yes, Ma'am, I have walked fifteen and-a-half miles since dinner." "Have you taken tea any where?" "No, Ma'am; I thought I was to take tea in the town, but was instructed to come up here." "Ah, well, as we have *had* our tea, perhaps you can do till supper, we take supper early." "As you please Ma'am." I was left to my meditations, wet, cold and hungry. After an hour or so the lady again appeared. "Well, Sir, will you take off your boots, and have slippers; perhaps your feet are damp." "They are *very wet*, Ma'am, my boots having been soaked through a long time." "What would you like for supper?" I knew well enough what I should

have liked; for instance, a bit of steak, and a bit of toast, with a cup of good coffee or tea, or a slice of cold ham and boiled egg; some little matter in *that* line: but I could see that I was not in the right place to name such luxuries, I therefore simply answered: "Really, Ma'am, I can't *say*, I leave this matter to you, I cannot prescribe." "Perhaps you will take a posset?" "Excuse me, Ma'am, a *posset* is, according to the dictionary, milk curdled with wine, or any acid; but, perhaps, in this part of the kingdom it means something else?" "Why, yes, in these parts we mean by a posset, a little small beer, nicely warmed, and crumbed with bread, and sugar in it, and as you are wet, it is perhaps the best thing you can have for supper." "As you please, Ma'am." At length I took this recommended supper, and after family worship, went to bed, ruminating on riches, intelligence, politeness, the lovely simplicity of not making strangers of people; refusing them their tea, giving them their possets, and sending them to bed. No wonder some people get rich, and realize fifty or sixty thousand pounds when trade and commerce flourish, and abstemious frugality is the prominent virtue! *virtue* did I say; pooh! it is a vice, and a point blank contradiction to every thing honourable and noble in the hospitable and generous spirit of the Christian religion, and it is peculiarly offensive to the great body of Wesleyan Methodists, noted as they are as "lovers of hospitality." This I could easily prove, by immediate and direct reference

to those facts and narratives of Holy Scripture, which illustrate the hospitalities and festivities of ancient Old Testament times, and the times of our Saviour and the primitive Christians ; but I believe that no right hearted reader would wish me to tell him on the subject what he knows already.

CHAPTER XXX.

REFLECTIONS—MRS. ADDLEPATE—HER CORRESPONDENCE.

IN every part of this book, desultory as it is, I have had a particular and legitimate aim. I have tried to correct vices, errors and follies, not meddled with in any sufficiently explicit form, or with sufficient pungency, by writers in general. A sense of injury led me to begin my lucubrations; and notwithstanding the fun and frolic I have scattered about in different places, the predominant feeling in my own breast has been that of *grief*; yet it is well for myself (whoever may think to the contrary) that I have written. I have now unburdened myself, I have done, in my peculiar way, *a duty*. And while some will be of another opinion, I am quite sure that many whose judgment is entitled to respect, will side with *me*.

The numerous characters I have introduced will all be recognized in real life. Should the reader think me mistaken, and that these characters are only creatures of my own imagination, then let him take the benefit and comfort of his opinion. I have *hurt* nobody, for I cannot chastise people who have no existence; but such characters have existed and do exist, and if they feel themselves aggrieved, their best way is to be silent, for should they begin to *stir*, they will justify my representations, and elevate

themselves into immense notoriety. I could have entered into descriptions much more minute, into details much more numerous and ample, but the expenses of publishing restrained me.

Let no man think me mistaken in the opinion that I have suffered from *the result* of complaints about eccentricity. Up to the present moment a gentleman is saying to me, "I have often wondered that you have never had superior circuits."

Should any man say, "O, its not eccentricity exactly;" then I demand in the name of our common Christianity, and in my own name too, WHAT is it? I have had overwhelming evidence during thirty-two years that my humble services, as a Christian minister, have been approved. I have been, at once, both pleased and tormented with the question, everlastingly reiterated throughout the entire kingdom, "why don't you get better circuits?" But for these questions, whatever my feelings as to disappointment might have been, this book would not have been written. But why have these questions so disturbed me? You shall know. In the first place, they were a compliment to me, as expressing an opinion of my fitness for higher status, and better pecuniary allowance. But, secondly, they were very disturbing to me on this ground. I have fancied that the parties, though my real friends, would suppose that I must have done some mischief somewhere or at sometime or other, and that *this was the reason of my non-elevation*. But having re-

spectfully challenged investigation on this point before the highest tribunal, and met with the reply, "O, we all respect and love you;" I am right *there*. I am obliged, therefore, to fix upon the cause of my non-elevation as eccentricity, for this has been explicitly and emphatically assigned as the only cause; perhaps a hundred times over. It remains, therefore, for all the legislative ecclesiastical assemblies in this world, and for all redoubtable and valiant remonstrators among "office bearers" in itinerant connexions, to say, whether eccentricity, such as I have exhibited, ought to be *punished*. Whether a man, because he is "a funny brother," is to go any where or no where, rather than have a suitable appointment and adequate means for the support of his family. I very respectfully *challenge all Christendom*, including our most acute scholars, divines, philosophers, editors, reviewers, (and they may come on one at a time, or in troops, just as they please,) to prove to me that it is right, virtually to repudiate, degrade, insult, torment, and injure a man irreparably, because he is eccentric.

Whatever may be my deficiencies, infirmities and faults, (and like *other* men I am not without them,) I don't mean to be, if I can help it, either a fool or a coward; I don't mean to be a sycophant; I don't mean to succumb to the errors, dogmatism and denouncements of Pharisaism; I don't mean to be frightened by gloomy and frowning countenances. I will keep to my Bible, and fear nobody.

To those excellent and superior ministers in my own connexion, who have defended me against whispering insinuations in my absence: to those presidents of the Wesleyan conference who have spoken of me and to me, officially as well as privately, in terms of respect and brotherly affection; and also to those very numerous families, who have ever treated me with a hearty and almost intense cordiality, I tender my warmest thanks.

To those eminent literary men, who have from time to time so cautiously, so handsomely and so generously reviewed my little publications, I feel myself greatly indebted, and I hereby publicly thank them.

To those Missionary committees, Sunday school committees, Mechanics' Institutions, Literary and Philosophical societies, who have, at different periods, engaged me for sermons, addresses, speeches and lectures, I tender my respects; for although my humble labours in these ways have received no emolument, yet the *honour* to me was useful, as it proclaimed to the public that the very man so often put back and kept down for eccentricity, was of some use after all.

I can, however, easily anticipate a tough objection to all my hints about a better position in the churches. It might come in this shape: "Well, after all, I see nothing particular in this man as a preacher, or any thing else that should make it right for him to complain of not been justly dealt with." First, then,

I say, that Mr. Doubtful is not hitting the right mark or putting the right question : granting that he cannot see anything particular, yet others can. But suppose, after all, that there is really nothing particular to be seen at *any* time, either on ordinary or extraordinary occasions, either in any one pulpit, platform, or other exercise, or in many considered altogether ; yet can Mr. Doubtful see anything particular in this or that *other* man, who, in the course of twenty years, has received in salaries one thousand two hundred pounds more than he whose right to complain he now questions ! Mr. Doubtful says honestly, he can *not*, and has often wondered exceedingly how men of this sort could be in perpetuity fixed in such high places. Now we come at it. “ We,” (excuse an editor’s phrase) “ *We* never thought ourselves very particular, but, at the same time, we never thought some *others* very particular, who yet have particular honour and emolument.

Is that gentleman, (not long since Mayor of Leeds,) of the same opinion now as formerly, when he said, “ Sir, your sermons in Oxford-place chapel yesterday, were six times better than those we have from one of our own ministers !” I am sure he is.

Well, then, how long must these irregularities exist to offend the eye, and to outrage justice ?

Things of this sort are exciting wonder, and provoking indignation in many minds, all over the nation.

How long is the astonishing anomaly to last, of

great holiness professed, and great injustice practised? And how long are certain false reasoners to attribute the distressing results of injustice to the will of God, and call their own arrangements the wise and inscrutable arrangements of his providence? Doubtless God *permits* injustice, or it could not occur; but he does not *approve* of it. He permits all the sin that exists, but he does not ordinarily, at least, *force* men to abstain from it. And doubtless he will overrule the sufferings of his injured people, for their good, while the injurious, without repentance, will be punished. A truce to these reflections, I am sick of them, and so, perhaps, is the reader, but they must *stand*, as faithfulness to the great interests of practical Christianity demands their insertion.

From Mrs. Addlepate.

No. 1, Prattle-street, Grumbleton-square,

Sir,—Yoor impurence is unboundable; yoor shelf consheet untolerable; yoor insinivations and hinuen-does monsus; and this orrid book of yours must be met by loud and indignant acclamations from all parts of the youniverse. As to myself you hev posterously tried to make out that I and my *jew-dishus* friends hev been at the bottom and foundation of all yoor troubles. Sir, you soon shall feel the exhuberance of my onnest hindignation. When I can agree with my publisher my mannyscrit shall go to press, and then yoo may prepare to tremble like a hasping leef to the very senter of yoor sole.

Your Konsheenshus Hopponent,

BETSY ADDLEPATE.

To Mrs. Addlepate.

Antipharisee Terrace, Commonsense-road.

Madam,—I make great allowance for your indignation. I am not surprised that you detect, or think you detect, insinuation and inuendo in my writings, as these qualities are those for which you have ever been remarkably conspicuous. You are not wrong in supposing that you and your friends have been at the foundation of my troubles. You once hinted that your *education* had been neglected; it must have been neglected, both mentally and morally. Should your manuscript, in opposition to me, be printed and published, it shall receive my best attention.

Any acknowledgment of error, and any expression of regret for mischief done during many years, by the free expression of your hostile opinions and feelings, will greatly moderate my strictures in a rejoinder.

I am, Madam,

Yours faithfully,

THE AUTHOR.

From Mrs. Addlepate.

Sir,—Yoo think to intimidate me, by hints about a rejoinder. But I will have you to no, that, as a Christian woman, I was never frightened at nobody. Messuers. Snarl, Snappum and Snivelton spent the ole day at my house yesterday, looking over my mannyscrit, they think it is powerful in argiment and apeel; they say I hev followed yer close up thro all your windins, and cut yer to pieces, shivered yer

to atoms, and blown yer as 'dust before the whirlwind flies," according to the im. That my work will enlighten and electrify the ole British hemispear. And tho it will cost a hundred pounds to bring out a thousand copies in silk bindin, yet it will sell by tens o' thousands. I shall get it entered at Stationers' All, and reserve the right of translation; so you see that while you thought to bring me into contempt, yoor sarkistic nonsense will and my name down to posteriority, with honour and applause. Sir, I exult with rapterous delight in the hideer that Betsy Addlepate, the ill-used, the cruelly-treated Betsy Addlepate, will triumph o'er her foes; lay henseggtricity prostrate at her feet, trumple it in the dust, and cry, 'Wictory! wictory!' Already as *Mr. Somnifick*, a perfound critic, declared my work a deep and solemn perduction, and complimented me in his kind way by saying, 'This is *capital*, Mrs. Addlepate; really you have brought up some *heavy metal* against the light squibs and crackers of your adversary.'"

Yours, &c.

BETSY ADDLEPATE.

To Mrs. Addlepate.

Madam,—As a type and representative of that peculiar department of the community to which you belong, you are rich, and therefore as an authoress, you can afford to incur risk, and sustain pecuniary loss, without inconvenience.

Being rich, you can afford to publish; and being

rich and having your name up through the country, your opinions are more likely to be respected among your admirers, than those of an author in humbler circumstances. However, I will not offend you by anticipating any failure as to your book; from your own account it is likely to astonish people and become popular. It is, therefore, with my free consent and approbation that you publish. You will certainly, to use the words of your friends, enlighten and electrify the whole British hemisphere very much if you prove wrong to be right, and injustice to be justice, with other propositions equally astounding. It requires immense ability to invert the order of things and give satisfaction at the same time.

Yours truly,

THE AUTHOR.

So remarkably obtuse, censorious and desperate is the spirit of Pharisaism, that no calm reasonings, no appeals made to it from the holy Scripture, and no words or deeds of kindness on the part of humorous Christians can mollify it, or cause it to abate one iota of its superstitious strictness and severity. It deserves, therefore, to be exposed and chastised.

May all who suffer from the denunciations of this miserable superstition be witty and wise, cheerful, but truly religious, always standing in awe of God, but not of mortal and prejudiced men! Keeping close to the New Testament in principle, disposition and practice, using their liberty, but never abusing it, loving all men and seeking to do them

good. Avoiding all needless intercourse with the censorious, and when obliged to deal with them, shewing them that civility which conventional usages dictate, but resisting their *spirit* as the spirit of him who sometimes appears as an angel of light. Should this spirit ever "go out" of them, the case will be different, and love and unity can be re-established. To accomplish this, however, ignorance, bigotry, sectarianism, and superstition, must all be subverted and overthrown, for all this is a mass of obstructive rubbish. It should be removed that we may lay a good foundation for intelligent, rational, cheerful and pure Christianity; when this is done we shall *add* to the number of true Christians, and the churches will greatly prosper. I can amply justify the satirical pungency I have employed in attacking censoriousness, and giving appropriate names to those who are addicted to it. "We are obliged," says the Rev. Jeremiah Seed, "by a principle of self-defence, to set a mark of infamy on those who have injuriously branded the reputation of their neighbours. For he who has injured *one* person, either in his reputation or fortune, *threatens every body*, and therefore common prudence will teach us to give such a man his just character, that he may not be able to make disadvantageous impressions upon the unwary and undesigning, by giving every man else a bad one." (Seed's dis. v. 1, p. 127.)

As to respectable legislative assemblies, both civil and ecclesiastical, I venerate them; I would not

for a thousand worlds refuse them respect while, for the most part, the excellency of their principles and the purity of their motives are apparent ; but if, in some instances, any leading authorities among them make practical mistakes, seriously prejudicial to honest men, I then refer myself to the authority and teaching of Jesus Christ.

CHAPTER XXXI.

SUPPLEMENTARY—QUEER PREACHING.

ONE matter of great importance is this: Every humorous Christian should acquire and retain a habit of detaching his mental peculiarities from the sober duties of life and godliness. This he may do, and *will*, if conscientious. Nor will he, while he maintains his piety, find any difficulty in doing it.

I remember very well that about thirty years ago, I was supping with a party of friends, including two grave ministers, at Pool, in Dorsetshire. In compliance with their request, I let off an anecdote; they listened with what people call breathless attention during the preliminaries; but when I came to the details, they began to laugh; when I reached the climax, the laughter became a roar, the two ministers fell from their seats, and were sprawling on the carpet, laughing almost tremendously. I gravely bid them to be tranquil, as we were soon to have family worship, but they could neither manage themselves nor be managed by others. They hastily bid us all good night, and ran up stairs to bed. Now, said I, "who is to blame for all this? you *would* have the anecdote; you are all witnesses that *I* did not laugh at all. *You* all laughed till you shed tears; but our grave divines have done wonders. Come

now, let us be quiet and serious; we will not begin prayer abruptly. Change the subject." We did so; got composed; read the scriptures, and prayed as if nothing particular had happened.

If a little mental amusement should unfit us for devotion, the fault is ours. We are pitifully deficient in self-command; we don't keep one thing sufficiently distant from another, we should make an end to diversion in due time. The interesting youths that play at cricket in the beautiful grounds of some colleges, and some collegiate schools, are wisely limited as to *time* in their healthful recreations. When studies should be resumed, the *lovers* of study among them can lay down their bats and balls as willingly as they took them up, and they apply themselves to their educational work with new vigour and advantage. So with regard to *acts of worship*. Mental entertainment, well managed and judiciously limited, is no hinderance to them, where common sense and self-government have the ascendancy. Weak minded and bad tempered religionists are of a different opinion.

There is one thing, however, that I am particularly anxious that all men, including the most eccentric, whether among preachers or people, should guard against, and that is an attempt to amuse people *in preaching*. An odd thing or two may escape the lips of a preacher and provoke a smile; this may do no harm, but I think it argues shockingly bad taste, to say nothing worse, when preachers

study to be witty in the pulpit, and people are unwise enough to admire them for it. There are not a few considerate people in this world, who, though not professing serious godliness, have the good sense to perceive that wit, except in those rare cases where preachers can scarcely help it with all their endeavours, is not suited to the decorum of the Christian pulpit; and when preachers become popular, in consequence of their pulpit witticisms, *that* kind of popularity is too low and too coarse to prove attractive to well judging hearers, and too questionable as to its quality to promise any good to the general interests of morality and true religion. Popularity, however, is but too evidently the *object* of some preachers; they gain it; they retain it; they live upon it; they highly enjoy it; meanwhile, the intellectual and religious dignity which should characterize pulpit exercises, is fearfully compromised. And as to the common and illiterate hearers, on account of whose edification, witty and coarse familiarities are indulged in, they are no such gainers by it as we imagine. All poor and ignorant people are not alike in their thinkings about plainness and familiarities in the pulpit, for though some may like to be tickled and excited to roars of laughter, others are deeply grieved and disgusted by such freedoms. I did, indeed, some few years ago, in my lecture on the Popularity of Christian Ministers, refer to Matthew Wilks and Rowland Hill, as popular preachers with approbation, but certainly not with the most distant hint, that

other preachers should *imitate* them. I simply maintained that their distinctive and unavoidable peculiarities being rendered useful to certain classes of the community, should have been exempt from censure. The case, however, is widely different when other preachers, and especially young preachers, *make themselves* funny and jocose in the midst of sermons, otherwise of a very serious, experimental and devotional character. Reasonings in defence of fun in the pulpit may be ingenious and plausible, but can never be supported by our appeals to the Holy Scriptures, or sanctioned by any man who is wise enough to advocate pulpit decorum and the sober dignity of apostolic models in preaching.

I find it impossible to admire an amalgamation of religious phraseology with the language of comedy and farce in pulpit utterances; and when such utterances are indulged in, to acquire and retain great popularity, it becomes a question of grave moment, whether a preacher be really serving the cause of Christ, or consulting his own fame? When a man, however, by out-of-the-way methods of preaching becomes *a power* in the community, whatever is said either for or against him, increases his fame, and too many are apt unjustly to attribute every honest scruple, and demur to jealousy or envy. Yet surely it must be regretted that sermons, full of oddities, should become attractive to the masses of this country; for notwithstanding the occasional power and *pathos* attending such a mode of preaching, ministers

of this sort often fail. There is not that dependance to be placed upon them which we may safely feel towards those who are wise enough to make more careful preparation, and who, though not popular, do real service to the churches, and edify the people more solidly than rash extemporizers, and with the great advantage of not offending the taste of the most fastidious. And as to *perpetuity* of pulpit instruction, the studious and plodding minister is for the most part to be much preferred to him who thinks himself privileged to say just what he likes and how he likes, because he can get a great multitude to hear him. There are many ministers in this kingdom who *could*, if their consciences would let them, make multitudes laugh themselves well nigh into convulsions; but to do this, would be to make a fearful experiment, and therefore while in the parlour they may occasionally cheer up their friends and tolerate a laugh, they preserve the pulpit as a place sacred to God. It is a melancholy reflection, that some in preaching do both good and harm at the same time; and this I have known to be the case in most of those instances where popularity is *in excess*. Good is done when sinful men are reclaimed from their vices; harm is done where intelligent and sober-minded Christians, in spite of their utmost efforts to like everything a man says, are very much and very deeply disgusted. And this is sure to be the case where, along with qualities of a better sort, there is, in public speakers—*especially if young men*—a large amount of assurance

and impudence. The age in which we live is but too favourable to flimsy talking. It was not exactly so among the ancients. Demosthenes himself, who always spoke to the purpose, who affected no insignificant parade of words, but invariably used weighty arguments, and obtained a wonderful command over the understandings and feelings of the people, would sometimes *tremble* before he spoke. In critical conjunctions of the state, when proclamation was made by the public crier for any one to rise and deliver his opinion upon the present situation of affairs, empty declamation would not only have been hissed, but resented and punished by the assembly. But it is not so now. There may indeed be discussions and questionings at elections and in parliamentary debates, but the pulpit is protected—and men may talk away, right or wrong, to their heart's content; and in some instances at least he who is the most unguarded and extravagant and rash, (if not even saucy) shall have the largest audience; and the modest, yet decidedly superior speaker, shall expend his rational and Christian eloquence upon thin congregations and half-empty seats. We "go a head" with a vengeance!

CHAPTER XXXII.

SUPPLEMENTARY—BOBBY BOY.

I AM fond of circuit horses, I like to talk to them ; and I can amuse myself in fancying they talk to me. A good tempered horse is a man's friend, his services are valuable, and he is one of God's gifts to the human family ; and fie upon such bipeds as are unkind and unmerciful to these quadrupeds. I love to pet horses, and they love to be petted. Horses when well used are, very generally, good tempered and grateful creatures. We talk about their instinct, and are apt to deny them reason ; but I am well convinced, though I cannot convince others, that these noble and beautiful animals have reason, though in a very inferior degree. I am not going to philosophise upon the subject ; I simply gratify myself in giving my opinion.

Bobby, the Northwich circuit horse, was reasonable enough to object to go into any other circuits, or do any extra work in his own, except under the immediate direction of his superintendent or the second minister.

Not long after my arrival in Northwich, somebody put him by the side of another horse to draw an omnibus to a missionary meeting. He did not *like this at all*, and protested against it. It did not

belong to his regular work. He was not planned for the place, and said, in *his way of saying*, "*I won't go.*" He was severely flogged, but he stuck to his refusal, and would not pull. Flogged again, but "*no go;*" he *would* not go, and nobody could make him, so he was turned back into the stable. He was censured and scolded, but did not mind this; he seemed to think that if preachers are censured, no wonder their horses are. Poor fellow, he got a beating, and I was glad I was not present to witness it. I walked to the missionary meeting and walked back again, and it was a short and pleasant walk; and I thought with Bobby, that the good friends who *would* have an omnibus should have got regular omnibus horses, and not taken Bob from his stable any more than people should take a minister (who is out on duty most days of the week) from his study, to do some extra work, when he happens to have a disengaged evening. The colour of Bob was, and is, if now living, a dappled white; his size that of a large pony; his age we did not know, as he had reached that time of life when certain marks in the teeth, which indicate the age, were obliterated. He had lost the sight of his right eye, and in very dark nights seemed to see ghosts and goblins with the left, as he would make sudden starts from temporary affrightments. When these alarms occurred, my plan was either to touch him with the spur to make him bolt right up to the apparition or rapidly pass it; or *reason* with him (while I patted his

neck) on the subject of supernatural appearances. *Talk* to him about the spiritual world; and how very rare a thing it was for ghosts to come at all, and if they did come, neither horses nor men should be afraid of them. My voice usually had a soothing effect upon him. One night, about half-past nine, we started for a short journey of about five miles, through a tremendous and terrific thunder storm; the lightning flashes were so vivid as to threaten to strike us both dead in an instant, these were followed by a dense and very heavy darkness, then thunder claps, so awfully loud, roaring and crashing, and rain like the pouring out of cataracts or water spouts, as if we must both be drowned in a minute or so. "Whoa, my bobby, stand still; don't be frightened!" Instantly another flash of blinding lightning, as though we were about to be burned to cinders. Bob was still as death.

Self.—"Now, my lad, *gallop!*"

Bob.—"I will, Sir; here goes." And my bobby ran like a race-horse. Terrible darkness again; thunder growling and threatening.

Self.—"Stop, Bob!" "Yes, Sir." Another torrent of rain. "Bobby lad, hit or miss, we'll dash on through every thing—*Now for it!*" Away we went. No ghosts and goblins, but something more real and tangible—the rain, most merciless. Lightning as if it would set heaven and earth on fire; the thunder, like the roar of a thousand cannon; but we reached home in safety. In real dangers both men

and beasts have sometimes more quiet self-possession than in those which are only imaginary. As to horses in thunder storms, don't flog them ; don't bawl and rave at them ; *speak* to them in *tones* of kindness and sympathy, stroke and pat them, and you and they will be all the safer for it.

In trying to shut a field gate one day as I sat on Bobby, he being restless, ran me back into a deep, narrow ditch. I fell under him ; his four legs were all the wrong way upwards, and he had no room to turn himself. I had much ado to extricate myself ; I called lustily for help. I got up, being much bruised. Three or four stout farmers came, and with ropes and hard pulling, dragged Bobby out ; he was not hurt. They gave him a good warm supper, and a good bed ; and he soon forgot his troubles. So should *we*, and never ponder them, but think gratefully and joyfully of God's manifold and great mercies.

Bobby was once dangerously ill. We sent for the doctor ; he was bled and took physic. He could not rise from his bed for many days, as he had to take nauseous drugs. We comforted him now and then as he lay on his clean straw, by giving him gruel with a spoon. His illness was the result of his taking a good supper. A well meaning lad, kind to horses, made him up a savoury dish of luxurious articles from the resources of a flour mill ; and he, like the writer, loving a good supper after a hard day's work, pegged away at it rather intem-

perately; this affected his stomach and bowels. He became wiser afterwards.

Bob was fond of coming to our back door for crusts of bread. He would, if invited, walk into the kitchen, and thankfully receive our donations; he loved to feed from our hands. Sometimes he would take apples, pears, plums, bits of stale dumpling; any good thing not inconsistent with the welfare of horseflesh, was agreeable to him. He was a very sociable horse, and was kindly treated by the hospitable farmers and friends in every part of the circuit. His *honesty*, however, was once or twice called in question; now and then, yet very seldom, he saw no corn in the manger; he slipt his halter and walked about the capacious stable to make his observations; he saw a sack full of something which he thought to be good, but the sack's mouth was tied with a strong cord; he could not untie it, so he bit it through, poked his nose in, and helped himself. A complaint was laid by the good farmer, who was a real gentleman as to his hospitality and good manners. The merits or demerits of this pilfering came under discussion; Bob was neither flogged nor defamed. It was agreed on all hands, that it was very natural and not criminal in a horse accustomed to kind treatment in a farmer's establishment, to take liberties, and to say to himself, "I see they are all busy to day, and have forgotten my dinner. I'll look out for myself. This sack *will* have to be opened; I might as well *save them* the trouble and open it myself, for

the Cheshire farmers are always saying, 'Now *do* make free; make yourself quite at *home*. You are heartily welcome! So here goes! I will open the sack, and have a regular jollification. As to the eighth commandment, 'Thou shalt not steal,' every man knows that it never applied to horses; no never. Lor, what capital oats these are! won't I have a rich lick this blessed day?'

Bob was always pleased with four new shoes, and appeared to me to make as much clatter and noise with them on the rough pavements as possible.

Self.—"Bob, why *do* you trot on the rough pavement, while you might amble along on the green sward?"

Bob.—"I have new shoes."

Self.—"And what then?"

Bob.—"I wish the public to know it, and that I am a respectable circuit horse, and don't go hobbling about like an old hack with broken shoes, or three on and one off."

Self.—"What have *you* to do with the public?"

Bob.—"Sir, I wish you to know that horses are as much concerned for their public reputation as the preachers who ride them; don't *you* like to be known to the public as a good preacher, and when you have got a new sermon, or a spik and span new lecture, don't you want the public to hear it? And if you should be appointed to a new circuit, with fine chapels and a good salary, wouldn't you like it, and talk about it? And don't you like to be popular

and get a great name in the world? What's the difference between horses and men as to the very natural love of being well fed, well shod, and well recognized and applauded?"

Self.—"Ah, Bob! alas! ah, alas!"

Bob.—"Now none of your sighing and groaning, if you please, Sir; you know, every man of you, that you like to make a good appearance and a bit of a noise in the world; and I don't blame you, for this is a queer world, and if men don't assert themselves in a proper and reasonable way, those queer people who want everybody to be humble but themselves, will trample them down. Therefore, as it is right for a horse to let the world know he has got good shoes, sure footing, and can walk, and trot, and canter, and gallop, as well as other horses; so as to a *preacher*, when men would elbow him out of his proper position without reason and necessity, it is right for him to shew that while his shoes are good, his reputation and qualifications proper, he can work as well as others; and despising the idle charge of vanity, he should pursue a useful and honourable course, being sure of a good conscience, the favour of God, and the warm approbation of all loving and well-judging Christians. Now, Sir, wherever you go, may God bless you, and don't forget your old friend Bobby. We have travelled together two years; you have talked to me wonderfully and kindly; fed me, petted me with dainties, and given me the best of characters. May you be happy, and if you never get a circuit horse again, remember Bobby."

PROTOTYPES, &c.

THE prototype of Mrs. Addlepate I met with at a friend's house, in Hampshire, thirty-three years ago, and it did not for a moment occur to me, at the time, that her peculiarities would ever furnish hints for a book. It was not, indeed, till many years after this, that I had any thoughts of writing for the press, but her sayings were so memorable and impressive as not to be forgotten. Her main topic of conversation was what she called the "*levity*" of a Mr. B., a minister of some eminence. I thought it remarkable that she should luxuriate in exaggerated representations, or rather *misrepresentations* of his humour and facetiousness, and not have *one word* to say about his virtues and excellencies. Every thing she said tended directly and immediately to depreciate and defame him. The scholarship and pronunciation of this loquacious lady did not at all accord with her fine dress; and her censoriousness was a blank contradiction to her ostentatious profession of religion. It so happened that the minister she complained of was highly esteemed by his congregations, and regarded as an acquisition in the social circle. I remembered to have frequently heard him preach in *London* before I begun my labours as a travelling preacher; his sermons were instructive, and pre-

eminently experimental and practical ; they were carefully and honourably studied, most impressively delivered, and accomplished the true and proper end of preaching. They usually sent me home to my lodgings, devoutly thanking and praising God. But all the excellencies of this truly good minister went for nothing with this prating elderly lady, because, in the parlour with choice and genial friends, he was wise and clever enough to enrich his conversation with an occasional humorous tale or anecdote. Wherever this woman went, and the minister in question was unknown, and yet talked of, she would damage his reputation, save with the select few who separate from any knowledge of the man, would have sense enough to perceive that his censor was a gossip. In writing my book, this well-dressed and ill-tempered female censorer occurred to me ; her grimaces and grumblings (charming peculiarities in the estimation of Pharisees) were, to me, simply loathsome ; and knowing, but too well, that the pleasures of Christian social life have often been poisoned by personages of her description, I felt it on my conscience to make her very prominent, for the edification of cotemporaries and all posterity. What mischief Macbeth's witches did in the world, I cannot ascertain to the full extent, but if they ever accomplished such feats in deterioration and defamation as the sisterhood of Addlepates, they must have possessed extraordinary abilities. It is a most gratifying circumstance that Christian ladies, strictly

and properly so called, never degrade themselves, or injure others, by invidious tattle and depreciation. I have known some such burst into tears when good ministers have been defamed by backbiters. True Christians do not speak evil, even of their enemies, unless in the way of self-defence, or when some very strong necessity obliges them to it; and when it comes to *this*, they use all imaginable caution not to say more than exact and circumstantial truth will warrant, and in self-justification. To speak of evil, to delineate its ramifications and aggravations; to personify it, and even to caricature and ridicule it, where it is obstinate, pertinacious and pragmatical, is a thing, which, however disagreeable, *ought to be done*. Now this speaking *of* evil is as different from evil speaking as is the case of the man who publicly protests against a public injury, and thereby, *of necessity*, speaks *of* evil; and he, who from bad habit and evil inclination, goes about as a busy body, and from *no necessity at all*, deteriorating the character and injuring the circumstances of his neighbour.

So numerous, various, and in some cases, calamitous are the results of evil speaking, that moralists, philosophers, and divines of all ages, have been obliged to attack it. Dr. Isaac Barrow, as I have elsewhere mentioned, produced ten long, learned and powerful sermons against it. And so long as it dares molest the world and the churches, it must be *chastised*, and there is no help for it.

PROTOTYPES OF OTHER CHARACTERS, MORE OR LESS
HOSTILE TO ECCENTRICITY.

ALL these I have seen and known in various parts of Great Britain. Had they been remarkable, *merely* for ignorance, as to their conceptions of eccentricity and of the English language, in which they pretend to speak, I should have passed them over in simple pity. But roughness and rudeness are sometimes invested with a modicum of official power; and when that is the case, any brother who, like Don Quixote, fancies a windmill to be a giant with long arms, will attack it, being *consarned* for "the cause" and the honour of his connectional "ism." A modicum of power secures a modicum of influence, and this turned against a man is no joke. Happily, however, the number of Robin Roughheads is diminishing every day. The haters of wit are not so numerous as formerly, and Pharisees, both rough and smooth, are receiving such a terrible flagellation that they will be obliged either to turn Christians or emigrate to the frozen regions, set up a colony, and display their phylacteries to the white bears and other animals, as grave and as cold as themselves.

PROTOTYPES OF THE AMIABLE CHARACTERS.

THESE, I am glad to say, may be found in great numbers throughout the Christian world. They are *the ornaments* of Christian churches, the comfort of

Christian ministers, and the New Testament describes them as "Sons of God, and daughters of the Lord Almighty."

Amongst amiable characters, however, may be found some whose movements are eccentric, but who are seldom, if ever, censured, because their oddities are connected with professions of great zeal, and they are indefatigable in promoting revivals.

Many years ago, in an ancient city, there was a "revival." Samuel Stump got safely "pulled through," his joy was unbounded; he gave vent to it with his voice and his wooden leg; with which latter, he hammered and smashed a few yards of mahogany veneering on the tops of the seats. The pious trustees had to get the damage repaired; they felt queer, but did not like* to say much, supposing the joy to be sacred; they, therefore, tried hard to fancy that the loss of a few yards of mahogany was a very trifle as compared with the glorious event of an old pensioner being "pulled through."

Nobody doubts the goodness of Abraham Longpole; it would delight you to see him crossing the fields to a village lovefeast; he glories in these services, and is ever anxious to be in at the beginning. He don't like steeple chases: whoever said he did? But you would imagine that he meant to shew you how that sort of travelling could be managed. Being very tall, he takes very long strides, as if determined to cover an acre of ground in a dozen steps. Hedges and ditches, intended to keep grounds

separate and prevent trespass, are no impediments to him when he is resolved to take a short cut. He knows all the gaps already made, and how to make new ones in double quick time. He can crush the old hedges and the new quickset hedges with alacrity, and leave the farmer to ruminate on the ungodliness of blocking up the way for "the people of the Lord." A blessed man that brother Longpole! The ordinary travellers to the lovefeast take the beaten paths and authorized styles and gaps; but *he*, having long legs, and too much zeal to stand upon such trifles as injuring his neighbour's property, distances those cold dead formalists, who go where they *ought to go*, and no where else. These so called formalists also observe the rules of godly order and decorum in the relation of their Christian experience. They speak to one another's mutual edification; they express their devotional feelings in the Psalms and hymns, parts of devotion in which feelings can have vent in harmony, with good sense and propriety. But Mr. Longpole is far from being satisfied with these orderly doings. He, therefore, shouts tremendously, kindles a blaze—a sort of a conflagration—tramples on decorum as he did on the farmer's hedges; alarms the villagers, who are told for the one hundred and fiftieth time to expect the conversion of all England in a week, and all the world in a fortnight; why not say all nations this very minute, "just now, just now." Every Christian, of course, wishes the moral renovation of *the world*, and prays for it; but no Christian in his

proper senses can expect, as to time and means, what God has never promised. He has never promised to subvert man's moral powers, and take away his obligation to duty. Both these require attention, time and effort. He will give the holy spirit to them that ask him, not that they may take it easy and do nothing; but that they may work together with him. We should hail with delight the day in which nations at large should come over to Christianity. But wild aspirations and extravagant anticipations will never bring this about. Men that *do justly*, love mercy, and walk humbly with God, in a quiet unostentatious way, are in a much better sense of the word revivalists, than those who make such a din and pother, and fancy nothing is going on unless *they* can be conspicuous both in speech and writing. Let us have the true kind of fire, without using the *word* so often, and making such a preposterous noise about it. And let Abraham Longpole go to the love-feast along the appointed paths, and not straddle his long shanks over hedges and ditches, making gaps, scratching himself with brambles, and sticking in mud and mire to the annoyance of the chapel-keeper, who has made the house of God clean and tidy.

Susan Scarecrow was for many years a good Christian woman in her neighbourhood, she was remarkable for her Christian simplicity; she had a decided aversion to the "pomps and vanities of this wicked world;" she protested against the whimsical *le bonnets* that came into fashion some few years

since, and thought that even *Punch* must be a converted man at *heart*, because he so ably ridiculed them; she wore a head gear peculiarly her own, three night caps and a duchess of Oldenburgh bonnet, introduced into this country in the year 1815, and somewhat resembling a coal scuttle. She retained this pattern for all her bonnets through life, as most becoming "professors." Nobody had a right to censure her for singularity, especially as this bonnet was a blessing to the farmers, by frightening the birds from the sown wheat. She was respected, as I have known many of her class to be in different parts of the kingdom, not because she ever did anything particular, but because she did *no harm*. She left the world in peace and hope. I have frequently observed, that where the powers of thought and reasoning are very little exercised, either through ignorance or mental indolence, a very little thing will get one man a character for piety, and a very little thing will cause another man's piety to be suspected, if not ignored. Let a man frequently attend religious meetings, talk largely about his experiences, use exclamations, and boast of his great spiritual attainments; and from *his own account of himself*, he will be extolled as a holy man of God. Yet it should be noted that this perpetual *talking* can never, *of itself*, and abstracted from the real inward graces which constitute the *mind* which was in Christ, and the performance of all practicable works of piety and *mercy* which are in imitation of Christ's example,

prove that the talker is a thorough Christian. *Talking* is easy to those who are fond of it. *Being* really good, and *doing* real service to the churches and to the world, are things requiring study, labour and persevering effort.

Again, for *little things* a man's piety shall be doubted or denied. He is facetious, and therefore not a saint, but "a funny fellow," "a queer chap," "a rum stick;" and, therefore, though his evangelical labours may be arduous, his writings numerous and very useful, his services various and valuable, yet it cannot be imagined how "fellows," and "chaps," and "sticks," can possess the attributes of personal piety; nor is this denial of *piety* to the facetious man the only disadvantage. I have before hinted that certain brethren in their conduct towards him, illustrate but too forcibly the old saying, "familiarity breeds contempt." The same persons who joecously give you humiliating titles are apt to carry on the little intercourse they have with you in the same familiar fashion. It may be suggested that all this inconvenience may easily be prevented, by the entire abandonment of facetiousness. This, however, will not do, for two reasons, first, facetiousness is often very useful, though misunderstood and misinterpreted; and secondly, well behaved people never diminish their respect and courtesy to you on account of it, and would much regret that you should sacrifice or *abridge* your Christian liberty to accommodate the *whims* of people, who ought not to wish to be

accommodated by such a needless surrender of your characteristic peculiarity. The fact is, witty Christians are just as pious as other Christians who are not witty, and who don't know how to be so; the only difference is, that the former don't make a parade of their piety, and in indirect ways tell people how very holy they are, while the latter keep on hand a large stock of groans, sighs and grimaces to dispose of, where such commodities will fetch a good price. The sighing of a penitent and contrite heart I regard with the most sincere religious respect. The emotions of a truly repentant sinner I never trifled with in my life, and never will.* It is not, therefore, of *these* that I now speak; I refer to a foolish habit some religionists have contracted of being, or seeming to be, always doleful, and the equally foolish propensity of some people to pet them and give them superior salaries on account of this so thought mark of great piety, while men much their superiors in *real* piety and usefulness, because cheerful and witty, are pinched and embarrassed.

* And yet how very rarely it is that *true* penitents obtrude their sorrows on other people. When Peter deeply considered his ungrateful and cowardly sin against his divine Master, he sought retirement and solitude; he "went out and wept bitterly." *Ostentatious penitence* is a perfect and most objectionable anomaly in the Christian world. To kneel down immediately before men to confess and pray, in a place of public worship, whether with desire to obtain their intercessions, or with a fancy that they have power to pardon our sins, is to me, at least, a sight most fearfully offensive. If penitents want advice and encouragement from prayer, let them retire into a vestry, be calmly and patiently conversed with, and prayed for according to their *state*.



WORKS BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

EXTRACTS FROM REVIEWS.

RAMBLES OF AN EVANGELIST.—“Mr. Kendall is decidedly a man of genius, with a dash of eccentricity in the character of wit and sarcasm, and a strong spice of originality. While the present volume may be read with interest and instruction by all, it will be especially so among the Methodist body. Johnson’s Tour to the Hebrides is, in our judgment, incalculably inferior both in interest and importance. * * * Every page of the book is replete with fascination and amusement; it abounds in facts, calculated to illustrate, not simply Methodism, but British society, throwing not a little light both on men and books. It is interspersed with biographical touches of a happy and curious character. The book is one that a man could read interminably. We should like, as we have said before, to see a uniform edition of Mr. Kendall’s writings, for they possess a freshness, a raciness and originality; a point, wit, and a vivacity, such as belong to no other Methodist writer in these realms. Mr. Kendall may claim descent from Dr. South, relationship to John Berridge, Rowland Hill, and Matthew Wilks. We predict for him respect and usefulness in the generations to come.”—*Christian Witness*.

SERMON ON PEEVISHNESS.—“Thank thee, Mr. Kendall, this is capital. The subject requires plainness, and you have used it, but not excessively. Your rough, rasping, good humoured sarcasm, is often well directed. The general perusal of thy treatise could not fail to work a world of good. Adieu! we shall be glad to meet thee again. Many of the

illustrations of Mr. Kendall's plain sermon are inimitable. Nervous people will find their account in learning by heart the following plain piece of testimony; it will do them more good than a bushel of Dr. Humbug's powders. [An extract is then introduced.] We thank the writer, and very cordially commend his sixpenny work, which would be cheap at half-a-guinea. The piece in some parts is not unworthy of Dr. South, and it speaks well for the public that it is now in the third edition."—*British Banner*.

NOTE.—It is now in its fourth edition.

A POCKET VOLUME ON PUNCTUALITY.—"This pocket volume presents us with the philosophy of punctuality, illustrated by appropriate anecdotes. The design of the author is to point out for correction certain practices which prevail, less or more, in most Christian communities, and exercise an injurious influence. This he does in a spirit of meekness and love. His little work has such a charm, and so much good humour in it, that after reading a few pages, one feels constrained to finish it before laying it down; and the effect it is almost certain to produce is new and laudable resolutions in regard to the future."—*Watchman*.

After comparing the author to that celebrated philosopher, *Democritus*, a reviewer says, "There are anecdotes so pungent, so originally told, and withal so useful, that we hope they will be both read and remembered. This unique writer pours well merited ridicule on the numerous class of late comers, whether they enter the pulpit or the pew, or any other place where a time for coming is appointed."—*Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*.

PULPIT LIBERTY; OR NOTES on the "Tongue of Fire," recently published by the Rev. W. Arthur—Price 3d. "This tract should be read and studied by ministers and people of all religious denominations." Hatchard, 187, Piccadilly, London—and all Booksellers.

NOTE.—As another edition of the author's **LECTURE ON POPULARITY**, is wanted, we may insert the recommendation of the first edition. "All preachers, in the church or out of the church, may derive benefit from its perusal. Mr. Kendall is evidently a shrewd observer of mankind. He is a wise and prudent man in Israel, and being zealous and earnest himself, he wishes to behold everything earnest and straightforward in others. It is a book enlivened by anecdotes and replete with rational advice on the dangerous subject of ministerial popularity. May those who read it be guided by its salutary contents."—*Church of England Journal*.

To refresh the memory of our readers, they are respectfully informed that the following productions may be had of Mr. Alexander Heylin, 28, Paternoster-row, London, *who is the Publisher*; also of Mr. Mason, 66, Paternoster-row, London, and of all Booksellers. It will be necessary to inform country booksellers who is the publisher.

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